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A CONVERSATION IN THE GALAPAGOS

MR. WILLIAM BEEBE AND A MARINE IGUANA

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MR. BEEBE. You are not afraid of me.

THE IGUANA. Why should I be? I have seen sea lions before and they have never done me any harm.

MR. BEEBE. The tropic-birds that come from the mainland to breed on the crater-slopes of Daphne have different ideas from you other inhabitants of the islands. They snap at me with their jagged red beaks when I try to go near their nests. They know that I am not a seal but a man, and they have had to do with men before.

THE IGUANA. We iguanas are the masters of life; we are afraid of nothing. The inferior caste of smaller lizards find the hawks rather troublesome, I believe; they are sometimes caught and eaten and are always getting nasty frights. But we iguanas know that there is nothing in the universe which can interfere with us. Lie down beside us here on the hot rock and enjoy a good stupefying doze.

MR. BEEBE. I would rather visit with you a little. I have come a long way to see you. I believe that you animals can help me to understand a mystery to the solution of which I am

devoting my life; and as there are no other marine iguanas in the world I have naturally made a point of coming here.

THE IGUANA. I cannot help you. So far as I am concerned, everything is a mystery.

MR. BEEBE. You talk as my own race has long talked, but as we talk no longer. When my ancestors interrogated animals, their questions were merely rhetorical: they never expected them to be answered. 'Tiger! Tiger! burning bright In the forests of the night . . . In what distant deeps or skies Burnt the fire of thine eyes? . . . What the hammer, what the chain, Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?' The man who addressed the tiger in this fashion was resigned to the mystery; he became exalted in contemplating it. But I can no longer be content in the contemplation of something which I do not understand, and it is only in the clearing-up of mysteries that I taste my exaltation. I have come to put you a similar question, but I mean to make you answer it.

THE IGUANA. Your trouble is wasted; I have nothing to say. I can only

recommend a warm siesta — the most satisfying thing in the world.

MR. BEEBE. Yet when the first of our investigators came among you, nearly a hundred years ago, you islanders gave him the clue to the labyrinth. Hitherto, as I say, we had been resigned to accept life as a mystery — to suppose that each of the different species of animals had been created separately by a miracle. But when the great Darwin visited these islands he observed that each had its special families, — its special tortoises, its special finches, its special plants, — each quite distinct from those of the other islands and from similar creatures on the mainland, yet so much alike that it occurred to him they might be descended from a common ancestor and the differences which he noticed between them might be the result of the different conditions under which they had been living in the different islands. It was as if the Galapagos had been arranged as a special simplified demonstration of the process by which species change.

THE IGUANA. We iguanas have always been the same and there is only one species of us. We are immutable.

MR. BEEBE. You are mistaken. If you were to travel inland, you would find an entirely different species, unlike you in habits, shape, and color. Where you have webbed feet and flattened tails, because you have to get about in the sea; where you have strongly developed claws, because you have to climb the rough rock, they have only such claws and such tails as they require for the easy savannas; and where you are black like your lava-beach, they are yellow like their cactus flowers. Yet you are the offspring of a common stock, and the differences which have arisen between you are the differences between sea and land.

THE IGUANA. I cannot accept that: we notice no differences arising. We

don't observe our color turning dark or our claws growing longer.

MR. BEEBE. They have done so, for all that. You know that you differ among yourselves. Well, Darwin saw that the iguanas with the flattest tails and the feet which tended most to be webbed would be in the most advantageous situation for supporting life on the shore because they would most easily be able to swim, and therefore best able to get seaweed to eat. They would survive the others and interbreed and perpetuate their characteristics, which would in time become intensified and the common property of the whole race. So, not only did it appear that two kinds of iguanas might be bred from the same ancestor, but also that all lizards, turtles, and snakes, with their three-chambered hearts and their scales, might have common parents, too; that even the whole race of reptiles, on the one hand, and the whole race of birds, on the other, — since your scales in their earliest stages look so much like their feathers, — might have sprung from a remoter father, whose skeleton, as a matter of fact, has been found. Why not, then, all we creatures with backbones and with nervous systems stemming from them? Why not all creatures with tubelike bodies? Why not all creatures that are born from cells and build their bodies up from cells? Why not, in short, all life? I, a man, as well as you, a lizard? The seaweed you live on, a plant, as well as you and me?

THE IGUANA. I cannot understand how beings so unlike each other as the seaweed, you, and myself could have been built up through such trifling differences as occur between different iguanas. After all, the tails of all the iguanas are of almost exactly the same length!

MR. BEEBE. You fail to realize how long a time this process has been going

on. No one knows how many million generations may have gone to make an iguana. And I should also explain that, as a matter of fact, very wide variations from the ordinary type may appear suddenly without warning. Some believe that these and not the small variations are what have brought about the change. So that, for all I know, your flattened tails may have come into being, as it were, overnight when a new brood was suddenly hatched that had them.

THE IGUANA. Then a miracle did occur.

MR. BEEBE. Not at all. The young iguana was once an egg, and the egg was once a tiny cell which multiplied by dividing and grew gradually into an iguana. The smallest accident to one of those cells at an early stage of the young iguana's growth — a cell too few or a cell too many — might have produced an entirely different kind of animal.

THE IGUANA. What would be the cause of such an accident?

MR. BEEBE. That is what we are trying to find out. It may be that the place where the animal lives has a direct influence upon him, so that, instead of being merely the residuum of a sifting-out of the iguanas best adapted to the Galapagos coast, he is also the product of the direct moulding of the tides in which he swims, of the equatorial sun which warms him, and of the seaweed which forms his diet.

THE IGUANA. That's all nonsense. You can see for yourself that these boulders around us here have been exposed to the same sunlight and sea and surrounded by the same seaweed as I; yet they have not changed into iguanas. You talk as if I were merely an adding-up of accidents and influences, whereas I am plainly a separate force in myself. I can assure you that, if I have been made, it is not the sun

and the sea which have made me, but I who have made myself.

MR. BEEBE. Yet you must admit that the boulders and you have some characteristics in common: you are grayish-black like them, and their backs are dull and rough like yours. In fact, from a distance it is almost impossible to tell you apart.

THE IGUANA. But we can swim, crawl about, and lay eggs, whereas the boulder can do nothing. And we swim because we will to swim, crawl about because we will to crawl, and lay eggs because we will to perpetuate an incomparable species.

MR. BEEBE. Very well; but such a statement as that tells us investigators — us scientists — nothing. Even assuming that by willing to swim you eventually become able to and develop webs and flat tails for the purpose, it is our business to take that will apart and find out what it is really made of and how it really works.

THE IGUANA. My dear fellow, you are wasting your time. You will never master life that way. As one animal to another, I can only advise you to follow your instinct without worrying about what makes it work. That is the great force that drives us — instinct! Let it carry you along from triumph to triumph! Let it guide you to the passionate enjoyment of the fullness of life! Just at present my instinct commands me to go to sleep, and I am sure you must feel the same yearning. *(He closes his eyes.)*

MR. BEEBE. 'As one animal to another' — so you animals are always saying to me! One night at Panama, on my way here, I went hunting in the jungle and wore a jack light on my forehead. Everywhere I looked I saw the animals gazing at me with burning eyes. That was all I could see, — their eyes, which reflected the light from my lantern, — so that I shot a crayfish

and a large toad, mistaking them for crocodiles, and almost fired at a spider under the impression that it was a possum. Amphibian, crustacean, mammal, and arachnid, — as we think ourselves so clever in distinguishing them, — they were all the same there, and if they had had jack lights like me they could not have told me from one of themselves. Here we are, I thought, all staring at one another with the same pairs of eyes, each with the same fear for his life — a lot of animals in a jungle! Yet I could see what they could not see, for I could see with the eyes of the mind — I could see both beyond and below them. I looked out upon a different universe from them and from you.

THE IGUANA (*without opening his eyes*). My own is quite good enough: there is everything necessary in it.

MR. BEEBE. None the less, since your eyes are closed to your own, consider mine for a moment. When you look out, you see only the barren coast and the level and quiet sea; when I approach, you think only of a sea lion — another being, another will, like yourself. But when I look out I see a vast machine functioning with infinite complexity: for me iguana, ocean, and coast are all one interplay of parts. The solid scene dissolves into tiny objects each ten million million times as small through as the width of my little-finger nail. I see two different kinds of these, which mutually attract each other, and one of which is whirling about the other at an unimaginable speed. In some cases, I see only one particle revolving around another; in other cases, almost a hundred arranged in as many as six successive rings with a group of both kinds at the centre, themselves in revolution. When one of the electrons, as we call them, shifts from one ring to another, it does so instantaneously and, if it shifts from a

larger to a smaller ring, loses a certain amount of energy, which you see given off as light. The combined weight of the revolving electrons always equals the weight of the central group; but when the outside ring finds itself overcrowded by the number necessary to strike this balance, it allows the outer ring of another system, which has room for extra electrons, to take over a few; and the two atoms, as the systems are called, adjust themselves to each other's movements and travel about together. The same thing happens when they find themselves with too few or too many electrons for their centres. I see, as a matter of fact, that all the atoms have combined in this way and that they have done so according to definite laws: some have twice the capacity for attraction of others and are able to attract two atoms of the kind which have least capacity for attraction; others only balance with three, and so on up to six. And beyond this there are certain kinds which, by internal attractions among groups, are able to combine in associations running into thousands.

I see the air about us made up of certain of these atom-groups — which we have named molecules — moving in straight lines very rapidly in every direction and continually colliding with one another; I see the ocean made up of some of the same groups in combination with certain others, but moving much less rapidly and beginning to stick together. In fact, the molecules themselves tend to combine as units, as many as sixty together, to form larger aggregations. I see the rocks we are sitting on built up of these larger groups fixed in regular formations called crystals, and I see our bodies composed of other aggregations in a more unstable condition, which is continually breaking down and re-forming between fluid and a state of jelly where the molecules

have linked together in a network like foam. I have thirty million million such units in my body organized in a great community, — all reacting with each other and with the molecules that surround me, — some alive and performing their rhythms of agglutination and dissolution, others dead and pressed into service as scaffoldings and walls to form envelopes for the live ones. We call these cells; their average length is a five-hundredth of the width of my little-finger nail; I see them filled with a grayish jelly which is sprinkled with little grains and strung through with a net of threads stretched from the sides to a small body in the centre. Near the latter is a larger nucleus containing its own network, body, and grains. But in the community different kinds of cells are designed for different uses. All have breathing grains in them for the purpose of splitting up a certain kind of molecule, which we call oxygen, and supplying the cell with the separate atoms; but other grains perform different duties according to the function of the cell. Some store fat; others starch, for fuel in the muscles; some the material proper for nerves; some the material proper for eggs; others the colors of our skin, and so forth. I see similar kinds of cells banded together and collaborating in their office. These are tissues; some breathe, some breed, some enable you to move. They work together in your body in a manner which I understand extremely well, but which I have n't time to rehearse here. What it amounts to is that the whole community are exchanging energy with the world outside and among themselves. The cells of the plants — like your seaweed here — have solid envelopes different from ours, and in the envelopes special grains which give the plants their greenish color and which take in energy directly from the sunlight. You eat the plants in order to

acquire that energy, and with the aid of the oxygen from the air you convert it in turn into energy of your own which you discharge in your movements. We humans eat not only plants but other animals as well, and thus get the energy of the sun at third, instead of second, hand.

I see you and me and the seaweed situated, along with a great number of other beings, on the surface of a large solid mass of molecules of the crystallized sort nearly a thousand times as big around as this island is long — a body with a rocky crust and an iron core, almost spherical like the sun, as it looks to us from here, but caved in somewhat on four faces, in which the oceans have collected. It has caved in because it is giving off energy, and as it does so its atoms are crowding closer, and as they do so the earth is shrinking; and it is roundish because it is revolving. It is revolving steadily about the sun, which is one million and three hundred times as large as it, along with seven other bodies of the same kind, as do the electrons around their centres, in a series of successive rings — except that here there is only one body in each ring, that each body continues in its course, and that all the courses are on the same level. The sun itself is spinning in space, and these other bodies are fragments broken off from it — as the moon is, in turn, from our earth. The planets go around the sun and the moon around the earth in this way because space is warped in the presence of matter, and in following a curve they are merely taking what is for them the straightest possible path, from which, once they are set going, they are unable to depart. I see no molecules and no atoms in this space, — our air is only a film about the earth, — but a medium different from those we know, incapable of being divided into parts, but through which energy is able to pass in the form

of light and heat. As the other planets and the sun cool down, they are contracting like the earth; but the sun is still extremely hot and, where the atoms are in violent agitation, is giving out energy at a terrific rate. In fact, we depend upon it for energy.

Beyond the system in which we find ourselves, I can see half a million other systems in different stages of the same process through which our own has passed or through which it has still to go, and a hundred million or more suns. These systems have collected in a larger system something the shape of this watch of mine, in which our own is situated slightly above the middle and close to one end. They are all moving in relation to one another, but I do not know precisely how: it seems to me that our own is headed at top speed toward a certain group of distant suns. The great system is probably itself moving as a unit and absorbing stars as it goes along. The space in which all this happens gives me the impression of being boundless, but, though I could probably travel through it in any direction without actually arriving at a boundary, I have reason to believe that there is only a certain amount of it and that my impression of its infinity is an illusion. — I see that you are sound asleep and have not listened to one word I have been saying. But it has been a satisfaction to me to recapitulate all I know.

THE IGUANA (*waking up*). I have enjoyed listening to you very much. The gentle ebb and flow of your voice has had a soothing effect on my spirit like the surf against the shore, and the refrains which occurred from time to time lent a refinement of rhythm. You were humming a song when you first came up, and I felt that it had the same fine qualities. Both exercises were delightful expressions of the rhythm that we all feel — in eating, breeding,

or respiration. Rhythm — that is the great thing!

MR. BEEBE. I gave you, then, no new view of the universe?

THE IGUANA. From what you had said I was under the impression that you were going to elucidate a mystery; but in the little I listened to before I fell asleep I observed that you were basing your universe on mysteries even more extraordinary than those I urged you to accept. What, in fact, are those electrons you speak of, and what makes them rush about in that way? What, precisely, is that energy they release? I am unable to imagine it. Electrons would evidently be live creatures like ourselves and therefore incomprehensible. But whereas I had supposed that only the animals were alive, you want to convince me that everything is. Furthermore, how is one to understand the behavior of beings which from revolving about a centre in one orbit appear instantaneously in another? Such a conception is against all my experience. When the birds which I see flying above me want to come down to the earth or the sea, they do so gradually and in an unbroken descent — they do not drop instantaneously. I cannot understand for the life of me why you sneer at the man who apostrophized the tiger when you appear to be satisfied with the mystery of the electron. Why could one not address to the electron — and with greater reason — a similar rhetorical question: 'Electron! Electron! circling swift, Who taught you that tremendous shift?'

MR. BEEBE. I am not satisfied with the mystery of the electron. I expect presently to find it out.

THE IGUANA. Take my word for it, you never will and you may as well give it up. The electron, if it exists, evidently follows its instinct like you and me. It is inspired by a will, a vital force. You may take an iguana or an

atom apart — you may even take an electron apart. But how can you take an instinct apart? How can you take life apart? Let us put ourselves in harmony with this instinct — let us not hope to analyze it. I have a deep conviction that the life I experience is something incapable of being divided.

MR. BEEBE. We scientists cannot admit that. When the first voyagers used to navigate these seas three hundred years ago, they called this archipelago 'the Enchanted Islands,' because they knew so little about calculating distances that, when strong currents carried them out of their courses, they had the illusion of sailing straight over the places where the islands had formerly been. That is, they attributed to an unknown and unintelligible power something which they had merely not been clever enough to give its natural explanation. And that is the type of all scientific progress. To-day, our electrons which disappear from one orbit and instantaneously appear in another are inexplicable, like the Enchanted Islands, which were sometimes there and sometimes not. But we have found out the secret of the islands and we may find out the secret of the electron. As for what makes the electrons move, science has never pretended to deal with ultimate realities. We leave that to mystics like you. It is enough for us to know *how* they move. All that we scientists pretend to understand are the relations between realities, and why should we not understand even the relations involved in the processes of living bodies as well as the relations involved in the processes of the nonliving world? People used to imagine that life appeared spontaneously — like the Enchanted Islands again. They talked of bees suddenly springing into life in the bodies of dead animals and of mice generated from a piece of cheese and a pile of dirty rags;

but now we understand how the bees and mice got there just as we understand how the islands got there. And who knows if we may not in time come to understand their genesis so well that we shall be able to construct bees and mice ourselves out of their component energy and atoms? We have already made impressive beginnings in this direction. Already we have produced out of nonliving materials artificial cells that look like real ones and that move, divide, and eat as if they were alive, and have caused artificial seeds to sprout and grow into the leaves and stalks of live water-plants. Already we have made a substance called formaldehyde, which is one of the systems of molecules built up by plants and which has always been supposed inseparable from living organisms, out of a nonliving gas passed through a nonliving salt in the presence of rays of sunlight; and by mixing certain crystals with certain liquids we have even created the living organisms called moulds. We have kept a piece of animal tissue alive by feeding it its accustomed diet five years after the body was dead. We have determined the sex of pigeons before they were hatched, and fertilized frogs' eggs by pricking them with needles. And we have stimulated the ova of sea urchins to develop into eggs and hatch by supplying them artificially with the enveloping membrane which had formerly been contributed by the male!

THE IGUANA. Is that so? Well, I really cannot see what is the point of taking all that trouble. There are always plenty of water-plants. I have never known the supply to give out; and I am sure they reproduce themselves a great deal better than you can reproduce them. And as for mice, I cannot conceive why anybody should want to manufacture them!

MR. BEEBE. It is not that we want

to manufacture mice, but that we want to recast human beings. If it is a question of mice, you have no idea how useful they are proving to us. By breeding ordinary mice, for example, with the kind that have a gift for waltzing, we have been able to find out the exact mathematical proportion according to which they inherit their peculiarity, and from this have come to hope that we may some day be in a position to trace the inheritance of our own characteristics. Furthermore, from experimenting with the embryos of rats we have reached the conclusion that it may be possible to gestate human embryos outside the womb of the mother and thus do away with the difficulties of birth, which are so much greater among us human mammals than among you iguanas, who have already developed a natural device for growing the offspring outside the body. May we not hope to find the seeds of human qualities among the bodies of the germinal cell? May we not hope to fertilize the ova and to rear the embryo outside the womb? And may we not therefore succeed in preserving and improving those of our qualities which we have decided are valuable and in destroying the others? May we not, in short, come to breed genius and virtue in human beings as we already can breed waltzing in mice?

THE IGUANA. I cannot understand this passion for changing yourselves. Aren't you good enough as you are? I am sure that, for my part, it would never occur to me to try to tinker with the iguanas — they are perfectly satisfactory already.

MR. BEEBE. No, we humans are not satisfactory; there is always something wrong with us. In the first place, we frequently inhabit climates where there is so little food available that we are obliged to work extremely hard in order to have enough to eat, and where the

weather is so unfavorable that we are obliged to construct elaborate shelters from it and to wear artificial skins. Those who do not care to cultivate animals and plants themselves or to manufacture houses or clothes are obliged to perform other kinds of labor in order to get enough precious metal to exchange for these commodities; and this latter class tends to huddle in large communities something like those of the bees and ants, except that they are not so well organized, for there are so many inhabitants and so little work that all kinds of ridiculous tasks have to be invented of which the products are either harmful or unnecessary, and even with these the competition is so great that many starve from having nothing to do and all who have work are compelled to use up their whole lives attending to it for fear it will be given to someone else. Furthermore, our cities are so densely built and so befogged with the gases from our workshops that they have ended by excluding the sunlight, upon whose energy all life depends. So that, as a rule, our city populations are overworked and undersunned. And we are so ill adapted to our natural conditions — let alone these artificial ones — that we are perpetually falling victim to all kinds of enfeeblements, insanities, and illnesses caused by our failure to cope with them. What seems the crowning gratuitous curse of our plight is the fact that we are surrounded by a poisonous race of invisible plantlike creatures which are always ready to fall upon us and devour us when the slightest weakness on the part of our tissues allows them an opening. With all these difficulties, we have become so quarrelsome that we are continually fighting one another individually and collectively, sometimes on a scale so great that whole races of men attack each other for some valuable source of food

or money until both have been completely ruined. Now we scientists — aside from the possibilities which I suggested a moment ago — have already begun to find out how to remedy these misfortunes. One of our sciences studies communities and the distribution of money and food with a view to better organization; another studies the growth of plants and attempts artificially to produce the substances supplied by them, with a view to making our food as abundant and as easily accessible for us as your seaweed is for you. Another tries to straighten out the sad tangles in our minds which result from our natural desires for mating, pleasure, or relaxation, attempting to make their requirements felt in societies which have provided for them insufficiently. Another hunts down the bacteria which prey on us and invents means to destroy them; another stimulates our organs when they are weak and purifies them when they are poisoned; another takes them apart when they are out of order and sets them running properly again, grafts new tissues when the old have been torn away, and supplies new blood when the old is failing; and a fourth, when the atomic structure of our bodies has been thrown out of gear, readjusts it by the application of rays. Unfortunately we are the victims of an infectious stupidity which is perhaps our most serious plague of all, and which allows us to pervert the uses of our discoveries till they become the instruments of our undoing — so that out of our knowledge of molecules and atoms and our mastery of energy we have created machines to enslave and overstrain us and new weapons of unprecedented power to wage war on one another. But even this we may in time find remediable. Already by the stimulation of certain secretions in the recesses of our bodies we have found a

means of advancing the idiotic to a normal condition. Who knows if we may not soon raise the normal to a condition of intelligence?

THE IGUANA. The more you say, the plainer it becomes to me that you men are hopelessly mistaken. The further you go along the lines you have been describing, the worse off you are certain to be. Your misfortune really lies, not in knowing too little and in not having rearranged things enough, but in ever having embarked on researches which are obviously destined to be incomplete, and in attempting to tamper with your souls and bodies before you really understand them — which, believe me, you never will. What you need is to return to the natural state — from which you never should have departed. How do you know, for example, that before you have succeeded in stimulating the rest of humanity to think the same thoughts that you think and to see their salvation as you do — which in itself sounds improbable — they may not already have slaughtered the whole race, including you, in one of their scientific wars? In the meantime, in any case, you fall sick, you starve, you die before your time — you are excessively unhappy. Now those are things that never happen to us iguanas. We follow Nature's divine decrees and we are never troubled by those 'sad tangles' of which you speak, which result from the repression of natural desires. We enjoy ourselves, we mate, we relax. In the morning, in our comfortable burrows we come to life with the waking of the light; then we lie about on some favorite rock till the waters have withdrawn from the seaweed; we lounge down and munch it fresh from the surf — wet, slimy, and delicious. Then all day, as you see us here, we bask in the warm luscious sun. Go back to Nature! Live as we do! You talk a great deal, like the birds;

but it is plain from your own description that you live primarily to pursue the same ends as they and as we — you wish to eat, to enjoy the sunshine, to perpetuate your kind. If you find yourselves in a sunless climate and with a scarcity of nourishment, that is very regrettable. I advise you to move to our country, where there is room for so many more. Only, if you do, kindly leave us alone. Do not try to put us together differently; do not stimulate our secretions. You would only distress us and make us sick. Iguana nature never changes and we do not want to have it change!

MR. BEEBE. Does it not? I have seen the skeletons of lizards twenty times as large as you, twenty times the largest of your species! — obviously offshoots, in the remote past, of some common ancestor with you. Would you tell me in the face of those monstrous skeletons — articulated exactly like your own — that your nature had never changed? I could show you at the top of my own brain the last useless vestiges of an eye which has disappeared in me but which still survives in you to the degree that a certain scale in the middle of your forehead wears the image of its retina and lens, and when you are asleep and I pass my hand before it you become aware of it at once; and I could show you in the embryos of both our races the gill-clefts of the water-breathing beings from which we have both sprung! What sort of creature was I when I had an eye in the middle of my forehead? What sort of creature were you when you breathed through gills? Neither a lizard nor a man! We were perhaps the same creature then. But have we not changed since that time? You are right — we all have the same nature; but the characteristic of that nature is to change! Your ancestors changed to dinosaurs — that is, they

became enormously strong — and they must have had the mastery of their world. But when the climate turned from warm to cold, their strength did not help them to cope with it and they perished, every one. Now we men, when we in turn took our flight from a different stock from yours, developed a more effectual means of dealing with the treacheries of the globe. We became, not strong, but skillful — we hit upon the use of tools. You other animals had been under the necessity of growing the tools you needed yourselves — your wings, your oars, your diving-helmets, your electric batteries, your lights, your weapons to defend yourselves, and your traps to catch your prey. It takes you a long time to acquire these things, and the number you can manage at one time is very limited. But we humans found out how to make these instruments out of the materials of the inanimate world, and so could command them all at once because we could pick them up when they were wanted and lay them down when we were done. And this genius may carry us far.

I told you that we were always mal-adjusted; the truth is that we can adjust ourselves more successfully — that is, to more kinds of environment — than any other creature that has ever lived. You must consider the difficulty of what we try to do; then our achievement will become impressive. Yet we must work at our tools day and night. And that is the scientist's purpose. Despite other men who are content, like you iguanas, to eat and sleep and enjoy the sun, to look no further than their own deaths, and to cultivate the enjoyment of their sensations, or to put blind confidence in the instincts which stir us and in the energy which moves us all, *he* knows that we must be saved through abstract thought and through the construction of

machines — lest we be caught by some new trick of Nature or some perversity, of our own before we are ready to deal with it, and the conquest of matter be all to be begun again by some new race with a new genius, while only degenerate members of our own live on, all their fine aspirations given up, as you iguanas in stupid indifference watch us sail the seas and drain the marshes where your family were once supreme. Not the artist nor the prophet shall save us, but the scientist, for he alone handles the tools. The artist and the prophet, like him, chafe at their existence on this impossible earth where they are half masters and half slaves. Like him, they hear the voice which torments us all: 'Not good enough! Not good enough!' But the artist can turn all his chagrin into a beautiful and satisfying work of art and so be relieved of it; and the prophet can hope that what we lack on earth will be made up to us after we have died. Both can assert, like any iguana, that human nature never changes and that they would not have it change. But the scientist has seen it change and knows it must change as much again — as much again and more! Then, then, we shall have a real world like the dreamed worlds of our prophets and poets — a world which has passed not only through man's mind but also through his hands! In that day we shall no longer have to compensate ourselves by the falsehoods of our imagination for the mutilations of our bodies and the starvations and frustrations of our souls. Living in a universe which is itself the masterpiece of our imagination, our common speech and the songs which we improvise in the enjoyment of our strength and our power would make the utterances of our Dantes and Beethovens sound like the

stammerings of barbarians! And in that day our saints would stand ashamed to have bought sainthood with suffering!

THE IGUANA. Your Beethovens, your Darwins, and your Dantes do not matter to me. It is growing dark — I must get home to my burrow. *(He begins to crawl away.)*

MR. BEEBE. Yes. The earth, turning away its face, hides the ball of the sun from our eyes; and the light, striking through earth's film, streams divided in purple and green. But you shall not go back to your burrow — you shall come with me! *(He lassoes the Iguana with a cord.)*

THE IGUANA. What do you want to do with me?

MR. BEEBE. You must help me to attain that triumph!

THE IGUANA. If, as you say, the sun is burning out and you depend upon it for life, where will your triumph be when the sun is dead and the earth cold?

MR. BEEBE. Look! Behind us a million suns begin to shine in the eastern sky, all burning like our own. We shall have those down to warm us when our own has given out!

THE IGUANA. That strikes me as a remote hope — if their sizes are what you represent them. Only a mystic faith like mine, I am sure, could inspire a thought so unscientific. In that faith, let us go to our beds; let us sleep on the divine mystery. There is nothing so comforting or so delicious in the world as falling asleep in a cool burrow.

MR. BEEBE. While we sleep we prepare our children's ruin. Since you have done nothing to save yours, you shall help me to save mine! *(He carries him off by the tail.)*

THE IGUANA. I go unwillingly!

ANONYMITY: AN INQUIRY

BY E. M. FORSTER

I

Do you like to know whom a book's by?

The question is more profound and even more literary than may appear. A poem, for example — do we gain more or less pleasure from it when we know the name of the poet? The *Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens*, for example. No one knows who wrote *Sir Patrick Spens*. It comes to us out of the northern void like a breath of ice. Set beside it another ballad whose author is known — *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. That too contains a tragic voyage and the breath of ice, but it is signed Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and we know a certain amount about this Coleridge. Coleridge signed other poems and knew other poets; he ran away from Cambridge; he enlisted as a dragoon under the name of Trooper Comberback, but fell so constantly from his horse that it had to be withdrawn from beneath him permanently; he was employed instead upon matters relating to sanitation; he married Southey's sister, and gave lectures; he became stout, pious, and dishonest, took opium, and died. With such information in our heads, we speak of the *Ancient Mariner* as 'a poem by Coleridge'; but we speak of *Sir Patrick Spens* as a poem.

What difference, if any, does this difference between them make upon our minds? And in the case of novels and plays — does ignorance or knowledge of their authorship signify? And newspaper articles — do they impress more when signed or unsigned?

Thus — rather vaguely — let us begin our quest.

Books are composed of words, and words have two functions to perform: they give information, or they create an atmosphere. Often they do both, for the two are not incompatible; but our inquiry must keep them distinct.

Let us avoid Literature for our next example, and turn instead to Public Notices. There is a word that is sometimes hung up at the edge of a tram line: the word 'Stop.' Written on a metal label by the side of the line, it means that a tram will stop here presently. It is an example of pure information. It creates no atmosphere — at least not in my mind. I stand close to the label and wait and wait for the tram. If the tram comes, the information is correct; if it does n't come, the information is incorrect; but in either case it remains information. The notice is an excellent instance of one of the uses of words. Compare it with another public notice which is sometimes exhibited in the darker cities of England: 'Beware of pickpockets, male and female.' Here again there is information. A pickpocket may come along presently, just like a tram, and we take our measures accordingly. But there is something else besides. Atmosphere is created. Who can see those words without a slight sinking feeling at the heart? All the people around look so honest and nice, but they are not — some of them are pick-

pockets, male or female. They hustle an old gentleman; the old gentleman glances down — his watch is gone. They steal up behind an old lady and cut out the back breadth of her beautiful sealskin jacket with sharp and noiseless pairs of scissors. Observe that happy little child running to buy sweets. Why does he suddenly burst into tears? A pickpocket, male or female, has jerked his halfpenny out of his hand.

All this, and perhaps much more, occurs to us when we read the notice in question. We suspect our fellows of dishonesty, we observe them suspecting us. We have been reminded of several disquieting truths — the general insecurity of life, human frailty, the violence of the poor, and the fatuous trustfulness of the rich, who always expect to be popular without having done anything to deserve it. It is a sort of memento mori, set up in the midst of Vanity Fair. By taking the form of a warning it has made us afraid, although nothing is gained by fear; all we need to do is to protect our precious purses, and fear will not help us to do this. Besides conveying information it has created an atmosphere, and to that extent it is literature. 'Beware of pickpockets, male and female,' is not good literature and it is unconscious. But the words are performing two functions, whereas the word 'Stop' only performed one; and this is an important difference, and the first step in our journey.

Next step. Let us collect together all the printed matter of the world into a single heap — everything: poetry books, exercise books, plays, newspapers, advertisements, street notices, everything. Let us arrange the contents of the heap into a line, with the works that convey pure information at one end, and the works that create pure atmosphere at the other end, and the works that do both in their interme-

diate positions, the whole line being graded so that we pass from one attitude to another. We shall find that at the end of pure information stands the tramway notice 'Stop,' and that at the extreme other end is lyric poetry.

Lyric poetry is absolutely no use. It is the exact antithesis of a street notice, for it conveys no information of any kind. What's the use of 'A slumber did my spirit seal' or 'Whether on Ida's snowy brow' or 'So we'll go no more a-roving' or 'Far in a western brook-land'? They do not tell us where the tram will stop or even whether it exists.

And, passing from lyric poetry to ballad, we are still deprived of information. It is true that the *Ancient Mariner* describes an antarctic expedition, but in such a muddled way that it is no real help to the explorer, the accounts of the polar currents and winds being hopelessly inaccurate. It is true that the *Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens* refers to the bringing home of the Maid of Norway in the year 1285, but the reference is so vague and confused that historians turn from it in despair. Lyric poetry is absolutely no use and poetry generally is almost no use.

But when, proceeding down the line, we leave poetry behind and arrive at the drama, and particularly at those plays that purport to contain normal human beings, we find a change. Uselessness still predominates, but we begin to get information as well. *Julius Cæsar* contains some reliable information about Rome. And when we pass from the drama to the novel, the change is still more marked. Information abounds. What a lot we learn from *Tom Jones* about the west-countryside! And from *Northanger Abbey* about the same countryside fifty years later. In psychology too the novelist teaches us much. How carefully has Henry James

explored certain selected recesses of the human mind! What an analysis of a country rectory in *The Way of All Flesh*! The instincts of Emily Brontë — how they illuminate passion! And Proust — how amazingly does Proust describe not only French society, not only the working of his characters, but the personal equipment of the reader, so that one keeps stopping with a gasp to say: 'Oh! how did he find that out about me? I did n't even know it myself until he informed me, but it is so!' The novel, whatever else it may be, is partly a notice board. And that is why many men who do not care for poetry or even for the drama enjoy novels and are well qualified to criticize them.

Beyond the novel we come to works whose avowed aim is information — works of learning, history, sociology, philosophy, psychology, science, and so forth. Uselessness is now subsidiary, though it still may persist as it does in the *Decline and Fall* or the *Stones of Venice*.

And next come those works that give or profess to give us information about contemporary events — the newspapers. (Newspapers are so important and so peculiar that I shall return to them later, but mention them here in their place in the long procession of printed matter.) And then come advertisements, time-tables, the price list inside a taxi, and public notices — the notice warning us against pick-pockets, which incidentally produced an atmosphere though its aim was information, and the pure information contained in the announcement 'Stop.'

It is a long journey from lyric poetry to a placard beside a tram line, but it is a journey in which there are no breaks. Words are all of one family and do not become different because some are printed in a book and others on a metal

disc. It's their functions that differentiate them. They have two functions, and the combination of those functions is infinite. If there is on earth a house with many mansions, it is the house of words.

II

Looking at this line of printed matter, let us again ask ourselves: Do I want to know who wrote that? Ought it to be signed or not? The question is becoming more interesting. Clearly, in so far as words convey information, they ought to be signed. Information is supposed to be true. That is its only reason for existing, and the man who gives it ought to sign his name, so that he may be called to account if he has told a lie. When I have waited for several hours beneath the notice 'Stop,' I have the right to suggest that it be taken down, and I cannot do this unless I know who put it up. Make your statement, sign your name. That's common sense.

But as we approach the other function of words — the creation of atmosphere — the question of signature surely loses its importance. It does not matter who wrote 'A slumber did my spirit seal' because the poem itself does not matter. Ascribe it to Ella Wheeler Wilcox and the trams will run as usual. It does not matter much who wrote *Julius Caesar* and *Tom Jones*. They contain descriptions of ancient Rome and eighteenth-century England, and to that extent we wish them signed, for we can judge from the author's name whether the description is likely to be reliable; but, beyond that, the guaranty of Shakespeare or Fielding might just as well be Charles Garvice's. So we come to the conclusion, firstly, that what is information ought to be signed, and secondly, that what is not information need not be signed.

Now the question can be carried a step further.

What is this element in words that is not information? I have called it 'atmosphere,' but it requires stricter definition than that. It resides not in any particular word but in the order in which words are arranged — that is to say, in style. It is the power that words have to raise our emotions or quicken our blood. It is also something else, and to define that other thing would be to explain the secret of the universe.

This 'something else' in words is undefinable. It is their power to create not only atmosphere, but a world, which, while it lasts, seems more real and solid than this daily existence of pickpockets and trams. Before we begin to read the *Ancient Mariner* we know that the Polar Seas are not inhabited by spirits, and that if a man shoots an albatross he is not a criminal but a sportsman, and that if he stuffs the albatross afterward he becomes a naturalist also. All this is common knowledge. But when we are reading the *Ancient Mariner*, or remembering it intensely, common knowledge disappears and uncommon knowledge takes its place. We have entered a universe that answers only to its own laws, supports itself, internally coheres, and has a new standard of truth. Information is true if it is accurate. A poem is true if it hangs together. Information points to something else. A poem points to nothing but itself. Information is relative. A poem is absolute. The world created by words exists neither in space nor time, though it has semblances of both; it is eternal and indestructible, and yet its action is no stronger than a flower; it is adamant, yet it is also what one of its practitioners thought it to be — namely, the shadow of a shadow. We can best define it by negations. It is not this

world; its laws are not the laws of science or logic, its conclusions not those of common sense. And it causes us to suspend our ordinary judgments.

Now comes the crucial point. While we are reading the *Ancient Mariner*, we forget our astronomy and geography and daily ethics. Do we not also forget the author? Does not Samuel Taylor Coleridge, lecturer, opium-eater, and dragoon, disappear with the rest of the world of information? We remember him before we begin the poem and after we finish it, but during the poem nothing exists but the poem. Consequently, while we read the *Ancient Mariner* a curious change takes place in it. It becomes anonymous, like the *Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens*. And here is the point I would support: that all literature tends toward a condition of anonymity, and that, so far as words are creative, a signature merely distracts us from their true significance. I do not say literature 'ought' not to be signed, because literature is alive, and consequently 'ought' is the wrong word to use. It 'wants' not to be signed.

That puts my point. It is always tugging in that direction and saying in effect: 'I, not my author, exist really.' So do the trees, flowers, and human beings say, 'I really exist, not God,' and continue to say so despite the admonitions to the contrary addressed to them by clergymen and scientists. To forget its Creator is one of the functions of a creation. To remember Him is to forget the days of one's youth. Literature does not want to remember. It is alive — not in a vague complementary sense, but alive tenaciously — and it is always covering up the tracks that connect it with the laboratory.

It may here be objected that literature expresses personality, that it is

the result of the author's individual outlook, that we are right in asking for his name. It's his property — he ought to have the credit.

An important objection, also a modern one; for in the past neither writers nor readers attached the high importance to personality that they do to-day. It did not trouble Homer or the various people who were Homer. It did not trouble the writers in the Greek Anthology, who would write and re-write the same poem in almost identical language, their notion being that the poem, not the poet, is the important thing, and that by continuous rehandling the perfect expression natural to the poem may be attained. It did not trouble the mediæval balladists, who, like the Cathedral builders, left their works unsigned. It troubled neither the composers nor the translators of the Bible. The Book of Genesis to-day contains at least three different elements, — Jahvist, Elohist, and Priestly, — which were combined into a single account by a committee who lived under King Josiah at Jerusalem, and translated into English by another committee who lived under King James I at London. And yet the Book of Genesis is literature. These earlier writers and readers knew that the words a man writes express him, but they did not make a cult of expression as we do to-day. Surely they were right, and modern critics go too far in their insistence on personality.

They go too far because they do not reflect what personality is. Just as words have two functions, — information and creation, — so each human mind has two personalities, one on the surface, one deeper down. The upper personality has a name. It is called S. T. Coleridge, or William Shakespeare, or Mrs. Humphry Ward. It is conscious and alert, it does things like dining out, answering letters, and so

forth, and it differs vividly and amusingly from other personalities. The lower personality is a very queer affair. In many ways it is a perfect fool, but without it there is no literature, because unless a man dips a bucket down into it occasionally he cannot produce first-class work. There is something general about it. Although it is inside S. T. Coleridge, it cannot be labeled with his name. It has something in common with all other deeper personalities, and the mystic will assert that the common quality is God, and that here, in the obscure recesses of our being, we near the gates of the Divine. It is in any case the force that makes for anonymity. As it came from the depths, so it soars to the heights, out of local questionings; as it is general to all men, so the works it inspires have something general about them, namely beauty. The poet wrote the poem, no doubt, but he forgot himself while he wrote it, and we forget him while we read. What's so wonderful about great literature is that it transforms the man who reads it toward the condition of the man who wrote, and brings to birth in us also the creative impulse. Lost in the beauty where he was lost, we find more than we ever threw away, we reach what seems to be our spiritual home, and remember that it was not the speaker who was in the beginning, but the Word.

If we glance at one or two writers who are not first class, this point will be illustrated. Charles Lamb and R. L. Stevenson will serve. Here are two gifted, sensitive, fanciful, tolerant, humorous fellows, but they always write with their surface-personalities and never let down buckets into their underworld. Lamb did not try: 'B-b-buckets,' he would have said, 'are b-beyond me,' and he is the pleasanter writer in consequence. Stevenson was

always trying, oh, ever so hard, but the bucket either stuck or else came up again full of the R. L. S. who let it down, full of the mannerisms, the self-consciousness, the sentimentality, the quaintness which he was hoping to avoid. He and Lamb append their names in full to every sentence they write. They pursue us page after page, always to the exclusion of higher joy. They are letter-writers, not creative artists, and it is no coincidence that each of them did write charming letters. A letter comes off the surface; it deals with the events of the day or with plans; it is naturally signed. Literature tries to be unsigned. And the proof is that whereas, during our reading, we are always exclaiming 'How like Lamb!' or 'How typical of Stevenson!' we never say 'How like Shakespeare!' or 'How typical of Dante!' We are conscious only of the world they have created, and we are in a sense copartners in it. Coleridge, in his smaller domain, makes us copartners, too. We forget for ten minutes his name and our own, and I contend that this temporary forgetfulness, this momentary and mutual anonymity, is sure evidence of good stuff. The demand that literature should express personality is far too insistent in these days, and I look back with longing to the earlier modes of criticism where a poem was not an expression but a discovery, and was sometimes supposed to have been shown to the poet by God.

'Explique-moi d'où vient ce souffle par ta bouche
façonné en mots.
Car quand tu parles, comme un arbre qui de
toute sa feuille
S'élève dans le silence de Midi, la paix en nous
peu à peu succède à la pensée.
Par le moyen de ce chant sans musique et de
cette parole sans voix, nous sommes
accordés à la mélodie de ce monde.
Tu n'expliques rien, ô poète, mais toutes choses
par toi nous deviennent explicables.'

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'Je ne parle pas selon ce que je veux, mais je
conçois dans le sommeil.
Et je ne saurais expliquer d'où je retire ce
souffle, c'est le souffle qui m'est retiré.
Dilatant ce vide que j'ai en moi, j'ouvre la
bouche,
Et ayant aspiré l'air, dans ce legs de lui-même
par lequel l'homme à chaque seconde
expire l'image de sa mort,
Je restitue une parole intelligible.
Et l'ayant dite, je sais ce que j'ai dit.'
— CLAUDEL: *La Ville* (second version)

The personality of a writer does become important after we have read his book and begin to study it. When the glamour of creation ceases, when the leaves of the divine tree are silent, when the intelligible word is restored to the universe, when the copartnership is over, then a book changes its nature, and we can ask ourselves questions about it such as 'What is the author's name?' 'Where did he live?' 'Was he married?' 'Which was his favorite flower?' We are no longer reading the book, we are studying it and making it subserve our desire for information. 'Study' has a very solemn sound. 'I am studying Dante' sounds much more than 'I am reading Dante.' It is really much less. Study is only a serious form of gossip. It teaches us everything about the book except the central thing, and between that and us it raises a circular barrier which only the wings of the spirit can cross.

The study of science, history, and so forth, is necessary and proper, for they are subjects that belong to the domain of information; but a creative subject like literature — to study that is excessively dangerous, and should never be attempted by the immature. Modern education promotes the unmitigated study of literature and concentrates our attention on the relation between a writer's life — his surface life — and his work. That's one reason why it is such a curse. There are no

questions to be asked about literature while we read it because 'peace takes the place of thought,' as Claudel beautifully says. An examination paper could not be set on the *Ancient Mariner* as it speaks to the heart of the reader, and it was to speak to the heart that it was written, and otherwise it would not have been written. Questions occur only when we cease to realize what it was about and become inquisitive and methodical.

III

And now for the newspapers — for they raise an interesting contributory issue. Journalism conveys, or is supposed to convey, information about passing events. It is true, not to itself like a poem, but to the facts it purports to relate — like the tram notice. When the morning paper arrives it lies upon the breakfast table simply steaming with truth in regard to something else. Truth, truth, and nothing but truth. Unsated by the banquet, we sally forth in the afternoon to buy an evening paper, which is published at midday, as the name implies, and feast anew. At the end of the week we buy a weekly, or a Sunday paper, which, as the name implies, has been written on Saturday; and at the end of the month we buy a monthly. Thus do we keep in touch with the world of events as practical men should.

And who is keeping us in touch? Who gives us this information upon which our judgments depend and which must ultimately influence our characters? Curious to relate, we seldom know. Newspapers are for the most part anonymous. Statements are made and no signature appended. Suppose we read in a paper that the Emperor of Guatemala is dead. Our first feeling is one of mild consternation; out of snobbery we regret what has happened, although the Emperor

did n't play much part in our lives, and ladies say to one another, 'I feel so sorry for the poor Empress.' But presently we learn that the Emperor cannot have died, because Guatemala is a Republic, and the Empress cannot be a widow, because she does not exist. If the statement was signed, and we know the name of the goose who made it, we shall discount anything he tells us in the future, and weigh it carefully before we believe. If — which is more probable — it is unsigned, or signed 'Our Special Correspondent,' we remain defenseless against future misstatements. The Guatemala lad may be turned on to write about the Fall of the Franc and mislead us over that.

It seems paradoxical that an article should impress us more if it is unsigned than if it is signed. But it does, owing to the weakness of our psychology. Anonymous statements have, as we have seen, a universal air about them. Absolute truth, the collected wisdom of the universe, seems to be speaking, not the feeble voice of a man. Journalists have taken advantage of this. If everything in a paper were signed, it would lose its all-pervading influence on our minds. It is supposed to tell us what is happening. It actually serves up a mixture of true facts, false facts, and comment, and serves it unsigned. Modern journalism is therefore a pernicious caricature of literature. It has usurped that divine tendency toward anonymity. It has claimed for information what only belongs to creation. And it will claim it as long as we allow it to claim it, and to exploit the defects of our psychology. 'The high mission of the Press.' Poor Press! As if it were in a position to have a mission! It's we who have a mission to it. To cure a man through the newspapers or through propaganda of any sort is impossible: you merely alter the symptoms of his disease. We shall be cured

only by purging our minds of confusion. The papers trick us not so much by their lies as by their exploitation of our weakness. They are always confusing the two functions of words, and insinuating that 'The Emperor of Guatemala is dead' and 'A slumber did my spirit seal' belong to the same category. They are always usurping the privileges that only uselessness may claim, and they will do this as long as we allow them to do it.

This ends our inquiry. The question, 'Ought things to be signed?' seems, if not an easy question, at all events an isolated one, but we could not answer it without considering what words are, and disentangling the dual elements they contain. We decided pretty easily that information ought to be signed; common sense leads us to that conclusion, and newspapers, which are largely unsigned, have gained by that device their undesirable influence over civilization. Creation — that we found a more difficult matter. 'Literature wants not to be signed,' I suggested. Creation comes from the depths — the mystic will tell you, from God. The signature, the name, belongs to the surface-personality, and pertains to the world of information; it is a ticket,

not the spirit of life. While the author wrote, he forgot his name; while we read him, we forget both his name and our own. When we have finished reading we begin to ask questions, and to study the book and the author we drag them into the realm of information. Now we learn a thousand things, but we have lost the pearl of great price, and in the chatter of question and answer, in the torrents of gossip and examination papers, we forget the purpose for which creation was performed. I am not asking for reverence. Reverence is fatal to literature. My plea is for something more vital — imagination. 'Imagination is as the immortal God which should assume flesh for the redemption of mortal passion.' Imagination is our only guide into the world created by words. Whether those words are signed or unsigned becomes, as soon as the imagination redeems us, a matter of no importance, because we have approximated to the state in which they were written, and there are no names down there, no personality as we understand personality, no marrying or giving in marriage. What there is down there — ah, that is another inquiry, and may the clergymen and scientists pursue it profitably, and to the end.

'GOOD-NIGHT, ALL'

ANONYMOUS

THE book which I have spent a dozen years in writing will probably be published after my death, if at all. This is not because it is being held back for that event, but because the doctors do not guess time enough for me to see its publication take place. A cancer has sentenced me to death. An operation and kindly meant lies some time ago have proved futile, and recurrence seems to settle the matter.

Somewhere or other I read of a chap who had been sentenced to Sing Sing. He described a frank terror and a curious occasional impulse to commit suicide. The desire to 'hasten the impending doom' must be common, for I am told that occupants of death cells must be watched closely lest they cheat the State. Perhaps the passionate nature which first leads to the act that places him in the shadow of the noose also causes the unstable criminal to seek an earlier end. Perhaps his fear of death becomes so intense that the definite surcease from fear which death promises is an illogical but natural mental flip-flop. I cannot quite understand this because I am, so far at least, quite untouched by either fear or a desire to hurry the event. Nevertheless, very radical effects on me have taken place.

In the first place, I am relatively free from pain, so that I am not craving relief. By that I mean that what pain is present has been so long a companion of mine, and I have been able so long to ignore it, that I am aware of it only now and then. When I am aware of it,

the awareness serves simply as a signal that I am not attending to affairs properly. Yet I assure you that I know to the last degree the full significance of the vulgar sentence, 'He has n't the guts.' A liberal section of my colon was removed, and on occasion severe intestinal pains have made me realize the vivid value of the vulgarism. Nevertheless I have never experienced a pain, mental or physical, which did not yield to clear thought. Certainly none I have known was less desirable than death.

In the next place, I have a very good color and I am not thin. This relieves me from the anxiety of my family and the sympathy of friends. I can mingle with them in a normal way. My wife knows that I have been ill, but has not the faintest suspicion of the present fact. It has been a serious question with me whether this is either fair or altogether wise. I think it best, for the present, to keep her in ignorance even to the extent of what it cost me to let her spend this summer in the North apart from me and happy in the conviction that I am once more virtually well. There was something of the pang of our inevitable permanent parting for me when I said 'Good-bye,' but I know by that very fact that her pang will be severe enough without introducing it now to torture her from hour to hour. I cannot see that any good will come to her through knowledge of facts. What seems unfair, however, is that I should want to know were our positions reversed.

Like many other things, this very practical problem in ethics and wisdom ceased to be of major importance once a course was decided. There has been a subtle alchemy at work in me which has quite changed values in many respects. At the same time I am more than occasionally amused and puzzled by my illogical retention of old habits of thought.

It seems that I ought to feel the need of haste, in view of the short while left to me, but instead I am less pressed for time than ever before. This is because I am not greatly concerned by so many little projects and busy ambitions. I have lost a good measure of that absurd sense of self-importance which keeps us all so very busy and hurried. Of all I have ever done, the only bit which maintains a permanent value in my sight is the writing of a book, and in that respect the world may disagree with me completely. I am not indifferent about it, but neither am I seriously concerned. On this side of the Door, I shall probably not know how people view the book. I accept this fact as I accept the uncertainty of a promissory note I hold, due two years hence and secured by a mortgage on property of very questionable value. Both the note and the book will prove important or unimportant to others, but they can be neither to me. I have dismissed them from thought with amazing ease.

In curious contrast, only yesterday I found myself not merely entertaining, but actually negotiating carefully, a business deal wherein my personal activity for several years would be a necessary factor for success. In action I tend to be quite as normal in thought as if I had forty years ahead of me. This may be explained partly by the fact that I have chosen work of a temporary nature which will pay well while my strength lasts. It is organization work wherein we are striving to unite

altruistic ideals with the completely self-interested business activities of an industry. The contact with virile business-men, and the clash of strong wills which must be moulded to a somewhat alien purpose, lead my mind to greater concentrated activity. One cannot be in such a world unless a part of it, and it is easy to forget occasionally that I am perforce but a temporary actor on the stage. In most moods, however, I feel detached, aloof, calm, seer-sighted. I issue dicta with a finality which demands and, surprisingly, gains respect, as if a new authority had mantled my shoulders.

I shall leave as legacy a very small insurance and even smaller property values otherwise. Whatever I can earn one way and another and add to this will be vitally valuable. This situation is not so alarming as it might be. We are 'well connected,' as the saying goes, so that the more glaring dangers of poverty do not threaten my wife and boys. My wife is untrained and no longer a girl, but she has a great personal charm and a clear, practical mind, together with a very dignified and sweet beauty. These are assets in any business she may choose if she finds it necessary to work or desirable to be independent, so long as I can provide the capital for the painful transition period. It will be a very small capital, but by the time it is necessary I think it will be enough.

She is young enough to remarry. Once I should have been very unhappy at the thought of this. I have learned long since to love so greatly that it does not disturb me to think of it now. We have been so very happy together that it is difficult to imagine her happy alone. I want her to be happy, and believe her chances for happiness are greater if she should meet a good man after our pain of parting has ended. 'Nature' seems to have provided that

life shall be protected by a quickly fading memory of emotions. One can remember that a time was painful or dear, but the pain or the joy itself is not re-created except by living so as to merit it. This is not done in the memory.

Thus briefly have I disposed of problems which ought, perhaps, to cause me greatest concern, but, like others not mentioned, they do not. They did cause me concern when I thought I had unnumbered years ahead of me, as we all assume. Now that the problems are imminent they are oddly easy to settle. They seem somehow unimportant.

What does seem important? That people shall read, understand, and use what I have written in my book? Yes; but, since no more that I can do will materially affect that, I have put it aside. What else?

Nothing. I feel as a fine tool might with a rust-spot on it which will cause it to be discarded. A scientist, so the papers say, has isolated the micro-organism which is responsible for my rust-spot. I should like very much to benefit by the discovery, but the probabilities are too contrary to raise this desire to hope. I do not mean to imply that I am yielding supinely to the pronouncements of the doctors, for they are frequently in error, even when unanimous as in this case. The probabilities are too much in favor of their opinions, however, to permit me to stick my head in the sand. A good friend of mine once refused to visit a doctor 'because I just know he will say I have cancer.' In her case it was appendicitis and she survived nicely, but I can understand and sympathize with her feeling, in spite of its common-sense absurdity. Nevertheless I am glad to know the truth as clearly as they can tell it to me.

I am doing what I can, and what

seems wise or promising. The chief fact of this is a certain reliance on the rightness of all things, which perhaps another might call 'faith' or 'trust in God.' I have examined Christian Science carefully, without subscribing to some of its doctrines. Earnest Scientists assure me that the error is mine when I believe there is error in the tenets of the faith. Perhaps I am not sufficiently afraid of death to surrender to the saving 'science.' Perhaps it is the reverse of this. At any rate that is where the situation stands now.

During the World War an old-wives'-tale superstition of mine was destroyed. I had believed that there was an all-powerful 'law of self-preservation,' which caused one to struggle violently against personal destruction. Too many men have courted destruction for the sake of ideals to permit that fallacious supremacy of the 'law' to retain my credence, hence my lack of fear of death is not altogether surprising to me. Philosophically also, I can see no reasonable indication that death is a destruction.

I anticipate no wings, either of white feathers or black leather, but neither have I any conviction that the thing I identify as my personality will continue as I am now conscious of it. I am very confident of some sort of continuation, but not of continuity of awareness of it.

Here is the way this matter of life and death appeals to me now, quite apart from any philosophical conceptions I may hold. A generation of us embark on a great ocean-liner, called Life. Its port is Death. Now and then one of us falls off the liner. Behold, we are simply in port before the rest!

Perhaps we who fall off must reënter life and make the journey to the common port nevertheless. Once in port, mayhap we all transship to another

liner. The idea of a life-process that we do not escape by death is logically appealing, so that I have it among the several hypotheses which I am not at all reluctant to test.

There you have it! Stripped of the sentiment which wraps about my mind from time to time now, and cleaned of all speculative guesses, the most enduring emotion I have is epitomized by the thought, 'At least I shall know what is beyond that Door.'

That may be a matter of temperament. I have always peered at this Door with a certain zest. There was always gusto in my frequent query, 'What next?' I remember slipping when up in a tall tree, as a boy, and though a hot surge bathed my inner breast, and I scrambled to safety, nevertheless the dominating and completely cool thought was, 'What would it feel like to be dead?' I was not afraid then, even though convinced that I should die if I fell. Similarly I am not afraid now, but curious. I am scrambling for a hand-grip on life as I did then for a hold on a limb, but if I miss the grip now, why—'What next?'

I have tried to imagine what the sensation of death will be like. I have fainted several times in my life. There was a distinct distaste each time for the encroaching darkness, but never any dreadful horror about it. I have been under anaesthetics twice. Experience varies with individuals, but many have described their sensations as the same as mine: an encroaching darkness and a sinking, waving motion, not entirely unpleasant, until consciousness pinched off—then nothing until waking again.

I have slept nightly. This is quite different from the fainting or anaesthesia, in that I am rarely directly conscious of the process of going to sleep, although I always know that I was almost asleep if something disturbs me.

Nevertheless I have occasionally been aware of that same gentle, swinging, sinking motion when passing into slumber, and a similar pinching-off of consciousness. Under the ether and in sleep some sort of mental activity goes on, for in the one case I babbled of many things and in the other I am often aware that I have dreamed, although I seldom remember the dreams. The 'I' seems to be separated from the consciousness more or less completely, so that I can scarcely say that consciousness continued, but certainly the 'I' did.

I fancy that just preceding death these symptoms of sleep will occur. Perhaps the similarity ends there. My whole experience with these states analogous to death, however, makes it easy to believe that I shall awaken again. I am not much impressed by the fact that I have never seen another person awaken from death, but neither am I impressed on the other hand by those who assure me of the fact of such awakening without having experienced it directly or indirectly themselves. I hope Thomas was 'saved,' for I also doubt the resurrection of Jesus in the flesh, and need at least an equally effective proof of it.

I am an agnostic about this question of living again, after death, even though I have very clear and definite opinions on the subject. I am not skeptical of 'after-life,' but on the contrary find abundantly what is satisfactory evidence of a perpetual continuation of life itself. What I do not find is a clue to the exact nature of it or just how it will affect me. I shall be very much astonished if any of the various theories which I have heard or thought are correct. Any conceptions of spiritual existence which I have been able to glimpse are so very different from what I can imagine with my mortal mental equipment that I am

more than prepared to find no remotest likeness to the ideas of men in the reality, if I shall be aware of the reality at all.

Ever since I can recall, I have been reluctant to go to bed at night. It has always seemed too bad that the day must end, that activity must be laid aside awhile. Even when very tired my mind has relinquished its busyness with poor grace. Sleep generally has stolen upon me subtly, so that a thought was broken off in the middle, as it were. Yet, beneath this slow-to-surrender activity is an impatience. 'Come! Come!' I feel. 'You are delaying the arrival of to-morrow.' And usually the busy mind compromises by thinking about the morrow. 'What next?'

Sleep is sweet, once won. It takes real force of will to arouse the busy mind to business. The restfulness of lying there, slipping back into the beautiful peace of sleep, is as potent as was the zest for wakefulness the night before. How perverse we are — at least, I am! When I ought to go to sleep I dislike it, even when genuinely wishing to do so. I dislike to awaken again with equal intensity. We come wailing into the world and leave it with protest.

What shall to-morrow be? Perhaps another day like this. Perhaps it will

be like my first remembered train-ride when I went to sleep in familiar Kentucky and woke up in Alabama. How marvelous and yet how commonplace Alabama seemed when my sleepy eyes peered through the sooty window!

My feeling now is chiefly akin to that of my little boys when they are sent to bed.

'Come, boys, bedtime.'

'Pshaw, Daddy!'

'Now you know there is no use in protesting. Put up your books. Just think how nice to-morrow will be.'

To-morrow? Boys' thoughts do not much dwell on to-morrow. To-day is sufficient, and a mere to-morrow, without some definite prospect to give it substantiality, has no virtue for them. We older ones, when our bedtime comes, are already living in to-morrow with our thoughts, but the children are not yet wise enough — or else too wise. Their 'Good-night, all' has a sincere disappointment and reluctance in it, which charges us with a tender amusement. They were happy to-day and will be happy to-morrow. Why, then, this ridiculous desire to preserve to-day?

May not our spiritual elders find us such children? Bedtime is here. Like a well-trained child, with honest reluctance, yet without fear, I am ready to say, 'Good-night, all,' and go to sleep.

THE UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR OF THE MOVIES

BY AGNES REPPLIER

THE conscious humor of the movies is a perfectly straightforward article. There is no mistaking its intention, no difficulty in following its clue. Either because subtlety is an asset of speech, or because film directors mistrust the intelligence of their audiences, every jest is exposed with painstaking bareness to our apprehension. Hogarth is not more explicit than is the comic reel; and if Charlie Chaplin be the only comedian capable of suggesting for a brief moment the tragic shadows that fall on Hogarth's fun, and if no living comedian can touch for even a moment his vigorous humanity, it must be admitted that the cinema is admirably adapted for carrying to their conclusions the multitudinous mishaps and misadventures which enter largely into his robust conception of humor. The pie-dish carried on the head of the flirtatious servant wench in 'Noon,' and 'tottering like her virtue,' could in the film meet its inevitable fall. The pilfering rogues in 'The March to Finchley' could really bore the keg, and drink the stolen beer. The stout and nervous candidate balanced so precariously in 'Chairing the Member' could be overturned with a great kicking of plump, tight-gaited legs; and the little pigs scampering with their agitated mother over the bridge could really tumble into the water. In the matter of detail, the moving picture has points of vantage over the picture which does not move.

These are the high lights of the cinema. Unlike Dr. Holmes, it need

never hesitate to be as funny as it can. So highly and so widely appreciated is this fun that we have Douglas Fairbanks's word for it that on the rim of the desert Arab children may be seen trying, with shouts of laughter, to imitate Charlie Chaplin's inimitable shuffle — a tribute unsurpassed since the days of *Lalla Rookh*: —

I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan.

Mr. Fairbanks also tells us that the Right Honorable Winston Churchill told him that India could be conquered (meaning, I presume, Europeanized) in two years by a judicious application of films, an influence surpassing the seductions of *Lalla Rookh* as easily as it surpasses the valor of Clive and the diplomacy of Curzon.

Pending the accomplishment of this lofty purpose, this 'inspired propaganda' destined to revolutionize the world, the movie disports itself on an easy level of irresponsibility. The life it portrays is not precisely the life of the stage, which has a setting of inflexible limitations (people have to be pushed together in the right place at the right time to the discrediting of circumstance); but which commands and interprets the whole range of human emotions. Neither does it in the least resemble the life we know about us, which is both complex and commonplace. The film enjoys a limitless control of accessories, and uses them with skill, artistry, and

daring. The exodus of the Jews in 'The Ten Commandments' was a thing of beauty. The passage of the Red Sea was a thing of wonder. But the American men and women who obeyed and disobeyed the Commandments were puppets jerked by cords, compared with whom Italian mario-nettes appear refreshingly spontaneous and intelligent.

Perhaps it is because the marvels of the screen affect us so strongly that we are disposed to resent the unconcern of the actors. To film a story like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *Lost World* would seem impossible; and apparently it had nothing but impossibility to recommend it. A small group of daring scientists explore a South American plateau, inhabited by prehistoric monsters which have successfully resisted the march of progress and preserved intact their conservative habits and traditions. Now an imaginative author can write about Dinosauria sixty feet long as easily as about field mice and sticklebacks; but to put such creatures through their paces on the screen, and make them appear truly alarming, requires remarkable ingenuity. The producer has succeeded in doing this; and to add to the vraisemblance of the pictures he has engaged the services of a small but notable group of contemporaneous beasts and reptiles, including the highest-salaried boa constrictor in the world, a crocodile which stands at the head of its profession, and a very charming and accomplished monkey.

These distinguished supernumeraries live up to their reputation. The boa constrictor hangs itself in graceful coils from a low-branching tree, the monkey shivers and chatters with terror on catching sight of it, the crocodile swims the shallow stream, and a superb tigress (an unlooked-for denizen of that locality) steps hungrily from her lair.

When the plateau is reached, horrors multiply themselves. Gigantic and terrible shapes crash through the forests, engage one another in hideous conflict, and tear their bleeding prey asunder. The audience gasps, but the actors remain unmoved. *Their* serious business is love-making, and they take this unpropitious time and place for its endearments. At each fresh peril, one or other of the suitors enfolds the girl — who has been brought along for the purpose — in a close and protective embrace. When she makes her choice, a discreet caption informs us that the young couple will be married by one of the party who is duly authorized to perform the ceremony, and will set up housekeeping in an entourage which has been best described by Bret Harte's soothing lines: —

When beside thee walks the solemn Plesiosaurus,
And around thee creeps the festive Ichthyosaurus,
While from time to time above thee fly and circle
Cheerful Pterodactyls.

It remains to be observed that, amid fearful dangers and hardships, the lovers preserve an immaculate nattiness of costume; and that, when rescued finally from surroundings which might well have driven them to idiocy, they and their companions emerge with the refreshed and hilarious air of excursionists who have been taking a week's holiday at Margate.

It is the exemplary habit of screen actors to keep their clothes in order: —

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast,

is ever their rule of life. When the young American is pitched by rude Nubians into the Nile ('A Café in Cairo'), we observe him half drowned, but inviolably correct, from well-cut waistcoat to pressed trousers and patent-leather shoes. No vulgar, twisted disarray such as might conceivably

happen to a man struggling for his life. In 'The Covered Wagon,' that magnificent triumph of photography, where the long wavering line of prairie schooners stands for all that is dauntless and adventurous in the history of our land, the hero, who serves as scout, leader, and special Providence to the emigrants, with the superadded duty of saving the heroine and foiling the villain every other day, always finds time and hot water for a shave. It is to the credit of human nature that a man so hard driven and so sore beset should have so smooth a chin. As for the much-rescued heroine, she emerges from her wagon in the wedding garments of sophistication. Whatever hardships these pioneers suffer, a lack of proper habiliments is happily not one of them.

There are two classes of people who write about moving pictures, and both of them write a great deal, having always a keen and attentive public. The first class tells us of the marvels of mechanism and the dizzy cost of production; the second class, of the lofty ideals which animate producers, and of the educational value of films. We hear of pictures costing well over a million dollars, 'and every dollar showing,' and of cameras so immense that they cannot be worked for less than a thousand dollars a minute. These details are very satisfactory. Every true American likes to think in terms of thousands and millions. The word 'million' is probably the most pleasure-giving vocable in the language.

But when we leave business for benefactions, when we cease to contemplate vast expenses and vaster revenues, and are solemnly assured that 'the impression made by the films is greater and deeper than that of any other circulating medium,' we ask ourselves what on earth this impression is, and of what value to those who are impressed. We

are even more at sea when a contributor to *Current History*, who is obviously serious, and obviously sincere, assures us that the picture-hall is the 'people's university,' and that the picture itself is 'an instrument destined to take its place alongside of the written alphabet and the printed word, as among the modern world's most far-reaching social forces.'

This is saying so much that it is but fair to conclude that some meaning underlies the words. The alphabet and the printing press gave form and substance to the secret thinking of humanity, carrying it through space and time to the bookshelf on our wall, so that the least and last of us may, if he so chooses, live under 'the distant influence of exalted minds.' What have the moving pictures done to so vivify the world? Mr. Hays and Mr. Fairbanks are the only enthusiasts I know who courageously face this question, and they make the same reply. The film is to be the peacemaker of the future. Mr. Hays says that it 'will do more than any other existing agency to unite the peoples of the earth, to bring understanding between men and women, and between nation and nation.' He does not, however, make clear the character of this understanding, nor explain how the battling nations and the battling sexes are to be turned into friends by the good offices of the cinema. Mr. Fairbanks is more explicit. He says that the film — the American film especially — will go further than the Geneva Conference in establishing international relations, because it represents 'the pure drama of life,' and because it shows the inhabitants of countries far remote 'how alike we all are.'

If Mr. Fairbanks means that people in moving pictures are alike, he is correct. They are. They even look alike, the women especially, because they all paint their mouths the same shape,

which is not the shape that any human mouth (a self-revealing feature) was ever known to be. But if he means that living people all over the world *are* alike, he is in error. They are not. If ever they come to love, or even to tolerate one another, it will not be on a basis of similarity.

No Oriental, for instance, would understand the 'Thief of Bagdad.' He would recognize its setting, its fantasies, the marvelous adroitness with which a difficult tale is told; but not the pure American sentiment which is the keynote of the telling. The ennobling and purifying influence of woman, a commonplace with us, is unfamiliar to the East. It took the wise Scheherazade a thousand and one nights to tame her ferocious lord and save her neck from the bowstring; but one look at a beautiful princess turns the Thief of Bagdad, like the good American he is, into the paths of righteousness and knight-errantry.

So firmly established is this feminine tradition, this simple and amiable reverence for woman as the nursery governess of the Western world, that a sorrowing critic in Argentina has recently censured our moving pictures because they fail to support so noble and consolatory a creed, because they do not consistently present 'the splendid characteristics of American women.' It is hard to portray the 'pure drama of life,' and keep in mind an especial line of guaranteed virtues. The millionaire's wife who, in the movies, neglects her little golden-haired boy (a nice, clean, gracefully affectionate little boy who wants her to hear him say his prayers) for the pursuit of fashionable dissipation may represent 'the pure drama of life,' but not 'the splendid characteristics of American women.' The millionaire's daughter (the moving-picture world is congested with millionaires) who abandons the sumptuous home of

her unscrupulous father, and a perfectly new ermine coat, to live in a flat with the young husband of her choice, and do her own housework in a costume of studied simplicity and with a coiffure of studied elegance, may represent 'the splendid characteristics of American women,' but not 'the pure drama of life.' And neither can do much toward uniting the nations of the world in a bond of friendly and sympathetic understanding.

As a matter of fact, historical and informative films are not the ones which travel most successfully from continent to continent. Charlie Chaplin is the delight of Arab children. Jackie Coogan is the delight of French, Belgian, English, and Irish adults. It was impressive to read in all our papers that the League of Nations knocked off work when Jackie visited Geneva, that he was honorably received by Sir Eric Drummond and photographed under the memorial tablet to President Wilson. If there were anything in Mr. Hays's theory of moving pictures and a cemented world, surely the United States would have entered the League the next day.

Mary Pickford is as overwhelmingly popular in Europe as at home. A fair proportion of the eight hundred thousand letters which she has received in the past five years, and which have failed to depress her spirits or destroy her belief in the sanity of the human race, have come from foreign enthusiasts. But only two years ago 'The Birth of a Nation,' one of the most successful of American films, was suppressed in France; perhaps out of deference to the black troops, perhaps from fear lest it should suggest to some imitative madman the murder of the French president. It was richer in knowledge and understanding than ninety-nine out of a hundred moving-picture plays; but it did not present

itself as a bond of sympathy between the American and the Gallic mind, nor as a welcome proof of 'how alike we are.'

It would be unwise and ungrateful to doubt the educational value of the film. Only an expert can speak with assurance on this point. Since I read in the veracious pages of the *Nineteenth Century* that 'slow motion' illustrations of lawn tennis have helped players to improve their stroke, I am prepared to respect any utility claim. But education is a side issue in the gigantic business of making moving pictures. It is not to educate the public that billions of dollars are invested in this industry. The million-dollar film, 'with every dollar showing,' is not an educational film. The fabulous salaries are not paid to men, women, and children who are imparting information. The uncounted throngs who go to moving-picture halls do not go to be educated. The uncounted halls make no pretense of educating them.

Whatever is meant by the phrase 'people's university,' it must not be taken to imply any avenue to knowledge. 'Le monde où l'on s'amuse' is now everybody's world; and the task of amusing everybody, apart from the task of educating anybody, is the biggest business going.

There is nothing reprehensible about the daily search for amusement, if it is not called education. There is nothing repellent about the childishness of the average film, if it is not called an influence. The unconscious humor of the movie consists often in the contrast between the thing as we know it and the thing as we have it described to us. Sentimentalism is not a regenerative force, any more than debauched history is a source of universal enlightenment. If, by the rarest of all rare chances, a film is produced which is beautiful, interesting, and accurate, the producers,

doubtful of our capacity to appreciate its worth, proceed to insult our intelligence by advertising it in terms which are reminiscent of Barnum in the forties.

A case in point is 'Grass,' the most remarkable performance ever achieved by the camera. It tells a tale of sober truth which is as adventurous as an epic. It shows us, with a wealth of beautiful detail, the migration of the Baktyari, a nomadic Persian tribe of unknown ancestry, in search of food for their herds; of the perils they brave, the hardships they endure, the traditions they follow. Nothing simpler or more serious could be conceived. Nothing bolder or more determined could be recorded.

Is it really necessary to headline this accurate narrative as 'written by an angry God, staged by fear, adapted by disaster'? Is it well to describe the stars as 'doubting,' the sun as 'laughing in cynical glee,' the snow as 'burning like the fires of Hell,' the sunshine as 'freezing the blood in the veins,' the herdsmen themselves, who do as their fathers did before them, as 'fighting a finish battle with a Mad God, on a battlefield planned by the hand of cruel destiny, and commanded by the angel of disaster'?

This is a deplorable way to write. It is not fair to the innocent stars, or to the unconscious sun, or to the snow which is like snow the world over, or to the uncomplaining Baktyari, or to God. The habit of ascribing to God our own point of view is not, as we might suppose, confined to simple savages. Highly educated people are sometimes content that He should supplement their intelligence. Mrs. Stowe ascribed to Him the authorship of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Her only excuse for the statement is that she meant it to be complimentary.

If we heard less about the making of

films, we should probably be more contented when we see them. If we were not led to expect the impossible, we should never dream of asking it. All moving-picture men know the popularity of animals. Every kind of beast or bird, from a kitten which we can see at home to a goat or a hen which we never want to see at all, delights us on the screen. Its naturalness of demeanor contrasts favorably with the facial contortions and irrepressible gestures of the actor. Why, then, when we are so easily pleased, should one of the producers of 'Quo Vadis' think it wise to tell us that the lions employed in this spectacle were not circus lions or zoölogical-garden lions, but captives from the Sudan, 'absolutely wild, and in their ferocious natural state.' As if this were not terrifying enough, we were furthermore informed that the creatures were maddened by starvation and by the smell of warm blood before being turned into the arena; in consequence of which one of them leaped the twenty-foot barrier, and devoured a rehearsing Roman.

Well, lions will be lions, and it was unreasonable, so said the producer, for the family of the victim to raise a row over the perilous nature of the performance. It was equally unreasonable for us to be disappointed because these furious animals, when screened, appeared calm and collected, distressingly indifferent to the Christians, and disposed to stand around in groups and discuss the situation. They were certainly handsome, but they were of the cricket rather than of the football order of players.

An American film director has recently admitted (in the *Literary Digest*) that actors who have to do with lions are not paid high salaries, because they are in no great peril. A lion, it seems, has, like Mr. Wilson, a single-track mind. His method of assault is

always the same, and, when understood, can be avoided. A tiger is temperamental, and consequently dangerous; a lion is dependable, and consequently safe.

It is the habit of moving-picture magnates to lay the blame for most of their absurdities on the shoulders of the censors, who are the privileged meddlers and muddlers of the country. A big New York producer said last year that no Pennsylvanian had any business to find fault with the movies, because he or she had yet to see one as it emerged unspoiled from the studio. We have no doubt that the unconscious humor of the censor rivals, though it cannot surpass, the unconscious humor of the producer. Perhaps the inimitable touch of the 'Lost World' marriage came from the censor's hand. A valiant effort was made recently in Philadelphia to film a sermon, to illustrate with pictures the preaching of a highly successful evangelist who had been telling — or rather reminding — a forgetful world that the wages of sin is death. The Pennsylvania Board of Censors, disliking or distrusting sermons out of church, — and who can blame them? — cut these pictures so liberally that they told no story at all, and left a bored and mystified audience in doubt as to the lesson they were meant to convey.

When 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' was produced, a strange rumor went the rounds that Tess was hanged in one state and reprieved in another, according to the prejudices of the censors. The Pennsylvania Board has been known to strike out the word 'anarchist' and substitute the word 'fanatic,' as illustrating its own standpoint; while in Ohio a parrot was prohibited from saying 'Give him hell, Dickey!' lest it scandalize the ears of maturity.

But after all what is a marriage, or a hanging, or a sermon, or a swearword,

more or less? Mrs. Gerould is doubtless right when she says that nobody fit to be a censor would ever consent to be a censor. He has to see to it that the average film resembles Mrs. Inchbald's celebrated description of her own countenance, 'voluptuous without indelicacy,' and the line of demarkation is a difficult one to draw. Few reformers bring to their work anything but good intentions; and good intentions have gone a long way toward wrecking the happiness of men and the blessed simplicities of freedom.

At their worst, however, the blunders of the censors are incidental. They can be trusted to spoil a scene or two, but they cannot destroy realism in what is already unreal. The blunder of the producer is fundamental. It is contempt for the public's intelligence. This contempt may be justifiable, but it should not be so artlessly recorded. In the matter of titles it betrays itself in a nervous preference for words which mean nothing, and so cannot be misunderstood. When Barrie's clever play, *The Admirable Crichton*, was screened, the management, apprehensive lest the name should suggest to Americans 'something connected with the navy,' changed it to 'Male and Female,'

which had the advantage of being equally applicable to *Hamlet*, or *Abie's Irish Rose*. The English comedy, *Captain Applejohn*, was adroitly rechristened in New York *Captain Applejack*; but, when turned into a movie, this title was considered as too intoxicating, and was changed again to 'Strangers of the Night.' Ever and always the managers and producers of motion pictures act on the assumption that their public, if not actually feeble-minded, is

. . . idiotically sane,
With lucid intervals of lunacy.

Even the captions seem written for the blackboard of a child's school rather than for the 'people's university.' 'The winter was long in passing, but it passed' ('Tides of Passion'), swings us back to the chapter on 'Verbs and Their Tenses' in our first little grammar. 'Like a knight of old, inspired by a shining star, Jimmy ventures forth to slay the Dragon' ('Bad Company'), has the familiar inaccuracy of a second reader. If, as *Current History* tells us, 'the movies are peculiarly fitted to the age in which we live,' what is the intellectual status of our day?

GOOD BUSINESS

BY FRANK BRANDON

'Would you like to see an interesting document, Professor?' the millionaire banker asked. (He meant quite sincerely to flatter me with the sonorous title, but I have been out of conceit with it ever since I heard of the Southern man who addressed Booker Washington as 'Professor' — 'because,' he explained, 'I would n't call any nigger Mister, so I call him Professor.')

It was a warm, delicious spring evening and I had strolled over after dinner at the Faculty Club to chat with the banker, who was Senior Trustee of the great university which I served as a humble instructor. The bond which had drawn us together was our mutual admiration for the genial wit and lyric grace of the poet Horace. The banker had gathered a rare collection of early editions which he delighted to display to another enthusiast; and it had become a habit with me to spend an hour now and then in his study, handling the beautiful volumes and matching his favorite quotations with my own. And so on this particular evening I had walked through the shadowy campus, down the main street of the little college town, passed through the imposing gateway into the banker's grounds, circled the private lake and the deer park, and finally entered the vast house, being ushered by an incredibly correct butler to the owner's study. He was writing at his massive desk as I came in, and nodded a cordial greeting; then presently rose with a slip of paper in his hand and said, 'Would you like to see an interesting document, Professor?'

'Surely,' I replied, and took the green paper from him. It was a bank check, whose sum ran into six figures. 'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, vastly impressed, 'that's the biggest check I ever saw or am likely to see. You're not making me a present, are you?'

He grinned amiably. 'No, it's just an installment on my income tax.'

For a minute I was stunned by the thought of this man's vast possessions and power; then I had an inspiration. By the veriest luck, I had that afternoon paid my own income tax, amounting in all to \$8.67, and had the duplicate 'work sheet' in my pocket. Here was the opportunity for a grotesque contrast. 'Would you like to see an interesting document?' I retorted, and proffered him my paper. He studied it for a moment with a puzzled look; then a sheepish smile overspread his face, and he handed back the paper without a word.

'Now, sir,' said I, determined to follow up my unexpected advantage, 'before we talk Horace, I should like to ask you two or three thoroughly impertinent questions. You need not answer them, of course, unless you choose to.'

'All right,' he replied genially, 'fire away!'

'Very good, sir,' I began. 'Do you mind telling me what wages you pay your chauffeur?'

'Which one do you mean?' he asked. 'I have three.'

'Well,' said I, 'your head chauffeur.'

'He gets \$2100 a year, besides his

uniform and his living-quarters rent-free.'

'Is n't that pretty good pay for a mere chauffeur?' I asked, really surprised at the sum.

'Yes,' the banker admitted, 'but he's a wonderfully expert mechanic and a fine driver; and you know, my young friend, that in this world if you want a good article you've got to pay a good price for it. The thousand-dollar job attracts the thousand-dollar man, and I'm not going to trust my safety to any but a good chauffeur.'

'Oh, I'm not arguing that he is over-paid,' I put in hurriedly. 'I don't doubt he's worth every cent of his salary. But now for another question. How much do you pay that amazing butler of yours, who always terrifies me?'

The banker chuckled. 'He is rather a formidable personage, is n't he? Well, I pay him \$2500 a year, and of course he has his uniform and room and meals free. You see, he's a real treasure, — lived in several noble English families, he has, — and as butler he's absolutely the last word in perfection.'

'That means,' I challenged him, 'that he is really being paid about \$3000, or perhaps even \$3500, a year, does n't it? Is n't that a more than fairish income for a butler?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I suppose it is. But I tell you again that if you want a good thing you've simply got to pay a good price for it. That's only good business.'

'Aha!' I cried. 'That's exactly what I hoped you would say. Now, just one more question. Do you know how much this university pays *me*?'

'No,' he said, 'I don't.'

I was n't going to spare him now, so I hurried on. 'I've had an expensive training to fit me for my work. Four years in college, three years getting my Ph.D., a term each at Oxford and Cambridge, a year at a German university,

nearly a year in Italy, — all at my own expense, — that's what it has cost me to be eligible to a position on your Faculty. Of course, I had to borrow most of the money to do it, but by careful saving I'm gradually paying it back. After I had taught three years in another great university, I was invited to come here, and the lure was a salary of \$1100. I've been here three years and am now earning \$1400, so I've been pretty successful. I don't get any clothes free, either, nor room and board. And, being a member of the Faculty, I can't live as an ordinary laborer does. I must look neat and well-dressed, so as to be an edifying example to my young charges; I must have an afternoon coat, in order to be presentable at the President's receptions; I must own evening clothes, if only for those pleasant occasions when you ask me to dinner. I need books, — usually expensive imported works, — I need the theatre and the Opera and the Symphony now and then, else I shall grow into an old foggy; and an occasional trip to European libraries is almost a necessity if I am to keep pace with the subject I teach.

'By the time I have found a place for all these in my budget, and have paid the annual installment on my debts, — and my income tax, — there is n't a great deal left out of my princely salary of \$1400! (It's absurd to call us college teachers "unpractical"; we know more about the purchasing power of a dollar than most "practical" business men!) Marriage is clearly out of the question, at least until I may expect my assistant-professorship, some five years hence, when my wages will be raised to \$2500. But even that will scarcely finance the proper maintenance of a wife, the rent of a decent house, and the wages of a maid, to say nothing of providing for possible children. And, of course, it will not be a very good house, nor will

the maid be really competent, because, as you yourself have so emphatically asserted, if you want a good article you have to pay a good price for it.'

The banker was growing restive and had made several ineffectual attempts to check my torrent of language. But I had never had such a chance before, and I was n't to be stopped until I had thoroughly unburdened my mind.

'Let me put it to you as a plain business proposition,' I continued. 'One hears on every side the complaint that college ruins more men than it helps. Even you have bewailed in my hearing the totally inadequate equipment of the average new college graduate for business. I will readily grant you that the complaint has considerable justification. But is n't it you, and the other prosperous business and professional men who hold the purse strings of all our colleges, who are really to blame? "Millions for new buildings, but not one cent for teachers' salaries!" You repeat with maddening iteration that you must expect to pay a good price for a good article, you assert with conviction that the thousand-dollar job attracts only the thousand-dollar man. You, and countless others like you, ungrudgingly pay your chauffeurs \$2100 a year and your butlers \$3000, because you must do so in order to get good service.

'But consider your own case. You have a son, now in this college. You send him to college to acquire the proper training for life, you want him to be adequately prepared to carry on your huge estate after you die. He has been in my own classes. You unhesitatingly entrust him, at the most important formative period of his life, to the tender mercies of a group of teachers whose average salaries are far below what you gladly pay to mechanics and glorified waiters. Now if, as you have so contemptuously said, the thousand-

dollar job is held by the thousand-dollar man, *is it good business to trust your son to us?* We must be, by your own showing, a pretty shoddy, contemptible lot. You will not trust your precious safety to a cheap chauffeur, not you! But you will trust your own son's spiritual and mental welfare to me, whom you pay \$700 less than you think necessary for that same chauffeur! I ask you again, *Is it good business?* You can't get good service without paying a good price, you say. Very well, I quite agree. But, my dear sir, considering the situation as I have outlined it, how, in heaven's name, can you reasonably expect your son to get the proper training at college? And how do you muster the colossal effrontery to complain that you are not getting good service? Of course you're not! If you want a general manager for your office, you don't advertise that the salary will be \$1400; you know too well how incapable a man who would accept that sum would prove. Well, then, don't expect the general managers of your son's education to be marvels of efficiency on such salaries. Or, if you insist on keeping the wages so low, don't you *dare* to complain if the service is n't good!'

I stopped, fairly from lack of breath, and wondering how soon the great man would rise in majestic wrath and slay me.

But he only gazed at me thoughtfully for a moment and then said musingly: 'Well, to be perfectly frank, I never did think of it in that way before, and perhaps you're right. But look here, you don't mean, do you, that if every man on our Faculty were given \$10,000 a year, beginning to-morrow, they would all automatically become good teachers?'

'Of course not,' said I; 'but I do mean that until the teaching profession is made financially attractive you need n't

expect, save in rare instances, that really good men will deliberately choose it. Of course a few will; and we have a considerable number of men on our Faculty here who are extraordinarily able and inspiring teachers, and who carry on with the job simply because they love the work sufficiently to put up with its disadvantages. But that does n't make it a fair arrangement, nor is it good business. I know a man, for example, who is a born teacher. I am willing to bet that he could lecture for an hour on Nabataean inscriptions or on a railway time-table and sweep a group of undergraduates off their feet with enthusiasm. And he considered teaching, for a long time, too. But he wanted to marry and have children and taste a little sugar on the bread-and-butter of life, so he turned all those compelling qualities of his, all his boundless enthusiasm, to the selling of bonds. I'm told he's making around \$60,000 a year. But some college has lost in him a wonderfully inspiring teacher, although he would gladly have chosen the profession if he had been assured of as little as \$8000 a year. And he is typical of hundreds.

'Would n't you think it good business to ensure that all the college teachers who share in the training of your son should be like this man? If all the faculties of all our colleges were born teachers, who all loved their work, and who could all really inspire and educate our youth, don't you believe that a large proportion of the "problems" in college education would simply vanish at once? And don't you think that there would be an end of the complaint

that college spoils more men than it helps? If we college professors are really almost all old fogies, if we don't seem able to get the results you hard-headed, practical, efficient businessmen and fathers demand, whose is the fault, if not yours? A chauffeur, who can learn his trade in six months, can earn \$2100 a year and have his living-quarters free; a college professor, after six years of graduate study (at his own cost), can, when he has been teaching some ten years, earn as much as \$2500 or even \$3000 — and have nothing given him free. And if he is a born teacher he knows right well that those same gifts which enable him to thrill his students, to "sell" his subject, will equally well enable him to thrill prospective clients and sell bonds, to the tune of \$60,000 every year. Is n't he just a plumb fool if he chooses teaching? It would n't be good business!

'And who are left, to man the ranks of our faculties? Aside from the small number who cannot be stopped from teaching, chiefly the thousand-dollar-job men. It is to them that you must commit the education of your sons. I ask you for the last time, *Is it good business?*'

'N-n-no,' said the banker meditatively, after a long pause, 'it's *not* good business. And I'm going to do a lot of hard thinking about it, and then some pretty vehement talking. — Now, I've a new Baskerville Horace here —'

A month later he was dead, and nothing has ever come of our conversation. I have often wondered if it was the shock of my onslaught that killed him!

HE ASKED THE DEAN

BY BENFIELD PRESSEY

Of course this never happened. You will see why.

One September morning an awkward, homely boy walked into the office of the Freshman Dean and, on being invited, sat down, holding his hat between his knees. He told the Dean his name. 'I came,' he said, 'to ask about my course.'

'Miss Smithers,' called the Dean, 'Mr. A. B. Robinson's card, please. — The card shows that you may enter without conditions, and that you will take Spanish for your modern foreign language, since you present it for entrance. Since you present no Latin or Greek, you will have to take mathematics. Your other courses will be English, Contemporary Civilization, and a science — either physics, chemistry, or biology.'

The boy cleared his throat. 'I knew all that,' he said, 'from the catalogue.'

'Then why did you ask about your courses?' asked the Dean.

'I did n't,' said the boy. 'I asked about my course. I did n't know what else to call it. I mean I want to find out, before I go through it if I can, what college is going to do to me. I did n't know who else to ask.'

'Surely,' said the Dean, 'you know some college men. You can see what college has done to them.'

'No, I can't,' said the boy. 'They're all different from each other. And how can I tell what in them came from college, and what from something else?'

'But you have answered your ques-

tion yourself,' said the Dean. 'You say all the college men you know differ. Has n't it occurred to you that college may be responsible for the difference, that it has developed those men's individualities?'

'It does n't seem to me quite the same thing,' said the boy. 'I can't tell, of course, whether college did it or not, but some of those men are different just because their individualities are not developed. Some of them can't keep a job; some of them are irritable and unhappy; some are just noisy good fellows. Did college make them that way?'

'No,' said the Dean. 'College tries to develop each man in the direction best suited to him, but a good many men refuse to profit by what college offers.'

'I thought of that, too,' said the boy, 'but it does n't seem reasonable. If college really offers a way for a man to realize himself, so that he can recognize it, why should he refuse to profit by it?'

'As a matter of fact,' said the Dean, 'college does not offer *any* man a way to realize himself. It will offer the way to such men as are capable of *intellectual* development. A good many men come to college who are n't capable of that sort of development. Naturally they refuse it.'

'I see,' said the boy. 'Now I should like to ask about myself. Can you tell me whether I am capable of intellectual development?'

'I can't tell certainly,' said the Dean, glancing at the card. 'As far as I can

tell now, you are, to judge from your high-school and entrance-examination grades and your intelligence test. But whether you will profit from college depends upon your application to your work and your willingness to submit to its discipline.'

'Then,' said the boy, 'to profit from college I need something more than intellectual capacity?'

'Yes,' said the Dean, smiling. 'Call it character.'

'Have I character?' asked the boy.

'I don't know,' said the Dean. 'We know of no way of telling except by trial. We will let you into college, and if you really have the intellectual capacity, *and* the character, you will profit from it.'

'But,' said the boy, 'I don't know whether I have character, either. I am seventeen years old. I have never been away from the oversight of either parents or teachers in my life. This coming to college is the beginning of a life of my own. I want to make my own life worth-while, to me and to other people. I can't run any more risks with it than necessary. College, you say, offers me a way to realize myself intellectually. Does college offer me a way to realize myself in regard to my character? I understand that I shall have spread before me all the intellectual food I wish, but shall I learn to feed my character? Shall I learn what enjoyments will do me good, what harm; what companions I should seek, what avoid; what desires I should gratify, and what repress? As far as I can tell, my character is a blank. Yet on what it is or becomes depends my intellectual progress, as you yourself say. Do English, Contemporary Civilization, and the rest take care of my character as well as my intellect?'

'College punishes for immoral acts,' said the Dean, 'when they come to

our attention. We also require attendance at church a certain number of times each semester.'

'Will that take care of my character development?' asked the boy.

'No,' said the Dean, 'I'm afraid not. You'll have to chance it. We don't know how to take care of character development. The old ways, putting the fear of God into 'em, spying on them, treating them like children, did n't work. Now we're trying leaving them alone, letting them sink or swim, though we know it's wasteful. But we don't know what to do. If you outrageously neglect your work, or if you overtly violate the rules of decency, we won't let you stay, of course. But if you behave with ordinary decorum, and exert yourself just enough to stay in college, we shall have to put up with you, because we don't know how to make men who are content with mediocrity grow discontented with it.'

'I'm sure,' said the boy, 'I should n't develop well if I were treated any longer like a child. I know putting the fear of God into me would n't work either. I don't expect to violate the rules of decency and I won't neglect my work outrageously. I am not content with mediocrity, and I think very few boys my age are. But the life we are going to begin in college is a life we don't know anything about. We may, without knowing how to avoid it, fall into ways that doom us to mediocrity whether we will or no, even if we have the capacity for more than that. Don't you find many men leaving college who have blindly and senselessly wasted their time just because they were never waked up, not because they could n't wake up?'

'We assume,' said the Dean, 'that if we teach you facts, their relations to each other, and their relations to life, we teach you at the same time how to live. It should be so. We know,

however, that many men leave college apparently untouched by it in any essential quality of their beings. But we don't know how to touch them. They themselves must learn how to use what we have offered.'

'What is a college, anyway?' asked the boy.

'A college,' said the Dean, 'is a group of men working together for the advancement of knowledge.'

'The advancement of knowledge,' repeated the boy. 'Among others, or among themselves?'

'There is n't, or at least should n't be, any distinction there,' said the Dean. 'If we advance knowledge among ourselves, we advance knowledge among others at the same time.'

'But that won't follow,' said the boy, 'unless you try to advance the knowledge of others as much and as hard as you try to advance your own knowledge, will it? If I knew that in coming to college I should be under the direction of men who were as anxious that I should develop as that they themselves should develop, I should n't worry about my course. If they were willing to take the time and trouble to show me how their facts, and the relations of their facts, bear on *my* life, on me as a man, among men but a separate man, I should know my character would develop as well as my mind. Shall I find at college men who are willing to be interested in me and who at the same time are capable of advancing my knowledge? If they will be interested in me I will try to live so that their interest will be repaid.

But if they are more interested in English, or Contemporary Civilization, or mathematics, than they can ever be in me, while they may be advancing knowledge in themselves, they won't be advancing knowledge in me, or in others.'

'My dear boy,' said the Dean, 'you are simply asking for good teachers, or, perhaps, the best teachers. Not all of the men who compose the college will answer your description, but you will find some. They won't be the majority, or even very many. But perhaps there are more such men at college than anywhere else. If you entered business, for instance, you'd be very lucky if you found anyone to help develop the best in you. College does n't have enough such men, no doubt, but it does n't seem able to keep them out entirely.'

'Does it try?' asked the boy.

'Sometimes it seems to,' said the Dean. 'The teacher who works with his men has very little time for the things that give him reputation among his colleagues. They are apt, therefore, to ignore him and discourage him. But he generally manages to survive that treatment. If you come to college, try to find these teachers. I am sure you will.'

'Thank you,' said the boy. 'That is what I wanted to know.' And he went out.

Of course this never happened. Even if there ever were a subfreshman capable of these questionings, the Freshman Dean would probably be too busy to talk to him about them. It never happened, but one wishes it might.

‘WE, THE CAVEMEN’

BY MILUTIN KRUNICH

THERE were only six cavemen — Rada, Misha, Bogoboy, Radivoy, Zdravko, and Jarko. Life could bring together such symphonic names only once. And only once in a lifetime could there have been such men whose souls lived in such perfect harmony.

One not wholly enlightened about our cavemanship might have stated that there were seven cavemen. And I must tell you right now that there were eight at the time of this story. But observe the subtle nuance. The seventh was only our host; and the eighth was only our guest. The former was utterly incapable of even guessing what the cavemanship meant; the latter — But wait — thereby hangs this tale.

First of all, let us finish with our host. A young chap of no consequence whatever. I won't even give his name. The world, and I am sure this story, will lose nothing by it. He was a stupid and heavy fellow, whose wit had brought him as far as the second year of the Jurisprudence Department of the Great School. There he stayed, and was contented there even as a bullock in a barren field. He was good-natured, and was unbelievably stupidly flattering to us, which bored us to tears.

But he was idiotically rich — that is to say, his father was. And that same fat father of his owned the cave. The cave's door had three keys. One of them was in the possession of our sloppy host. This was the sole reason why he was the seventh fellow who went with us to the cave.

In passing, I might add that his only good quality lay in the fact that he slept peacefully and noiselessly when he got drunk. Which really was all we wanted.

Now about the cave. Here was a wonder! Like all real, honest-to-goodness caves, this one was glorious and wondrous. But its location, I am sure, was unique. It was under the Capital's park, one end of which faced the Save.

To reach the cave from the city you had to come to the cathedral. This somewhat modern edifice was on a hill, lower than that of the park. Now from the cathedral the road led downhill, skirting the park hill. Midway there was a fork — you either turned to the left and went down to the Save port, or went straight on to the Lower Fortress. Just a little above the fork was the entrance to the cave. Over it, fastened to the rock of the hill, was a huge sign which read: ‘Wine Cellar.’ This could be read from all the ships which passed up and down the Save. But from the road you were able to decipher also this: ‘Marko Simonovich, Proprietor, Established 1871.’

The cave was halfway up the hill. To the left of it, and a little distance from it, was the Witch's Precipice — as though a giant had scooped up a large portion of the hill, leaving a sheer wall, some four hundred yards high. At the bottom of this precipice was the largest woodyard of the city. There were the great piles of stove wood, high, tier upon tier, — resembling the sides of the Great Pyramid, — against the wall of the precipice.

Through the woodyard ran the road to the Lower Fortress.

The entrance to the cave was simply stupendous — a monster tunnel. It was over a hundred feet high, three hundred wide, and almost two hundred deep. The end of it was closed with a brick wall in which there was a huge gate, whose one wing had a small door in its middle. This was the door that had three keys.

To the right in the tunnel were the wine presses; to the left the giant stills. All around was the strong, pungent odor of fermentation.

In the daytime there was always great commotion and bustle there: steam hissed; great wagons came and went; barrels large and small ran down the runners from the bowels of the earth; men yelled and sang and swore. At the time of vintage there was a veritable bedlam there. But at nighttime, year in, year out, peace was about, deep and complete. Then we, the cave-men, walked up the zigzag road in darkness, passed through the tunnel, unlocked the small door, and entered the cave. Then it was our domain, our kingdom — of dreams, youth, song, poetry.

It was said that the cave was endless. Perhaps. But we cared naught for that. Geologists and other scientists explored it and wrote about it, and explained its many marvels. But we looked and found different marvels there. Indeed vastly different.

No doubt it was 'endless.' But the enterprising wine-merchant used only the upper cave for his extensive business. This was not very high. Perhaps the highest point was a little over a hundred feet. However, it was half a mile long and almost as wide.

There you had 'streets,' perfectly straight and quite wide, of barrels and vats and kegs of great dimensions. There you had, in their proper places,

pumps and wooden buckets by the dozen. There you had, by the door, a pile of 'lights' — tall iron sticks, one end pointed, the other with the hole in it. Above the pile of lights you had, on a shelf in the wall, thousands of candles, one of which you put in the hole, lighted it, and pushed your iron light in the earth wherever you wanted it.

Imagine the picture when a hundred of these lights burned in the streets here and there! But imagine the picture when only one light was burning in the great darkness — in the midst of the cave-men!

And there was that rich, heavy, yeasty odor which played with our senses, caressed them, lulled them, and transformed them into something new and glorious — quite different from what they were outside.

But who were the cave-men?

Had we lived in the Latin Quarter of Paris, we most certainly would have been called Bohemians. And, perchance, one of us at least might have attracted the attention of M. Murger. But we lived in a Balkan capital, when that capital was still rather young as such, in the respectable homes of our highly prosaic parents. Outside the cave, then, we were like thousands of other young men of twenty or thereabouts. It was only when we passed through the little door that we changed and became something so different that our very mothers would not have recognized us. There we became crusaders with a great mission in life. Crusaders verily!

Otherwise, Misha, for instance, was an actor — a member of the Royal Serbian National Theatre; nothing less. He had to fight hard and suffer considerably before he attained this distinction. His male parent wanted him to carry on the most honest and respectable trade of bookbinding, and

after he, the parent, had gone, to replace him at the highly coveted position as head of the bookbinders' guild. But Misha had a horror of the crowd in the great and mighty guild — and the smell of glue was poison to his artistic soul. Secretly he learned all the famous parts of all the famous plays, considering constantly the ways and means by which he could present them to the world through his art. So, at seventeen, he defied his stern father and entered the theatre. From the beginning he was a good actor and progressed rapidly — so much so that even his father forgave him in the course of a year or two. Misha, of course, was very handsome, and suffered tremendously from trials and complexities of love.

Bogoboy, on the other hand, was a painter. Was he a good one? Well, we never knew. Coming from a poverty-stricken family, he had to earn his own living. So he painted red and blue and yellow robes of saints for a very famous artist, who in his turn, in order to live, had to paint icons for churches, monasteries, and homes of that pious land. He, Bogoboy, never had time for his own work. And that was the great tragedy of his life. Except for a number of sketches — mostly unfinished — and his own confession, his great enthusiasm and equally great lament against his destiny, we should never have known that he was a painter. He was a small fellow, with a little pinched face, very nervous and restless. But what a polemist! It was he who could convince one that white was black, and one most assuredly would have been grateful for it — the mastery of his argument, the marvelous usage of words, the symphony of his voice, were a delight. Moreover, he had read 'everything under the sun.'

Zdravko, the poet, was even more famous than the actor. In truth, his

fame was nation-wide. Though only twenty-two at the time I am telling you about, — that winter when our guest appeared, I mean, — Zdravko had already published two books of poems. Very, very famous they had become. Besides, he was writing a poem a day, which, strange as it may seem, was published right away in some paper or magazine. He was even handsomer than the actor. But, unlike Misha, he enjoyed complete freedom. Outside the cave he was a lonely man, very stately and dignified — for, mind you, he was always in the Muse's company. On the street, or anywhere else, all a poor mortal girl was able to get from him was a whiff of *Fleur d'Amour*, which came, rather discreetly, from the tips of his butterfly necktie.

It was Jarko, though, who was the wonder member of our institution. He was exceedingly ugly. Once the poet had said of him, and truly, 'There are two of you; when I look at you full in the face I see one; when I look at you from the side I see another.' But Jarko was more than indifferent to this meagre endowment of nature; for he had character and spirit, and brains. One who judges men by their achievements in life might call me a liar. Why? Because, forsooth, he remained five years in a two-year commercial academy! To me — to us — that was the proof of Jarko's greatness. You see, that academy was the only school where, at the time, men and women studied together. Naturally a thing like that would be of enormous interest to a man like Jarko. Why get a diploma?

He earned his living as a journalist. And that, let me tell you, was a great distinction in that age — a journalist was one of the rarest birds imaginable. In fact, Jarko was rich always — vastly more prosperous than any other member of the cavemanship. He was a clever

and skillful gambler. Besides, he was the only one of us who mingled with 'common people.' He knew how to do it, and never suffered from it. He enjoyed life, I believe. He knew everybody and everything, more or less.

Radivoy and myself, alas, were only students. But we were students of Literature, and we too had, in a smaller way, quite a bit of distinction. Radivoy, for instance, was known as a very good essayist and an authority on German, Russian, and other Slavic literatures. I was also an essayist, a polemist, an orator, and an authority on French literature. For had I not translated — or rather begun to translate — *Le Rouge et le Noir*, only a year or so after Stendhal's prophecy was fulfilled? Radivoy was an ordinary-looking youth, a bit too tall and thin perhaps, but he was always bright and cheerful; he was ready to laugh at everybody and everything, and his laugh was most infectious. Alas for that — it brought about an ugly death and ruined the cavemanship.

Such were the cavemen.

But in what manner was the cavemanship brought about? Who organized it? Like all great and truly unusual things, this came about by itself. Tentatively I might say that the desire for expression, the outcome of civilization, the voice of the age, the stride of progress, were some of its causes.

Well, at first we six used to meet in my room and discuss ideas. We loved it; it was fascinating — it was glorious for a youth to become conscious of this. To be able to express one's self; to be able to criticize; to find oneself, of a sudden, a skeptic! It was a new life — one soared to a great height and looked joyously upon the drab and common and ugly things on earth; looked boldly upon the endless beastliness of existence. One understood all — and was

young and bold and idealistic enough to say, 'I can change that.'

But my room was too small — in fact, was too small for myself alone. When we moved to my mother's bright and spotless kitchen, she, good soul, became so frightened that we had to abandon the new haven in a hurry. In two or three other homes we had the same experience.

Then we moved from a café to a tavern, from that one to another, with but little success. There were too many 'common people' everywhere — our souls were out of place everywhere.

And then, one evening, the thing just happened. We found ourselves in the cave. Of course, we all knew our host. But who broached the subject, who suggested the thing to him, who made him invite us, I simply don't know.

Suffice that we were there, sitting in a circle on the upturned buckets, at the entrance of the 'first street.' In the middle of the circle was another bucket, filled with the very best wine that the cave boasted — and what, oh, *what* wine it was!

And in our hands we held the tin cup with which to help ourselves now and then while the wondrous conversation developed itself. And we ate a bit of dried sausage and bread which somebody had brought along. And the solitary candle burned peacefully in its holder, three feet above the wine-bucket, shedding a yellowish-red light on the wreath of young and happy faces.

Thus it was. Who mentioned the word 'caveman,' I have n't the slightest idea. It was in the air; and every one of us saw it and felt it. But a few days later our poet read us a very stirring poem about 'The Modern Cavemen.' We were deeply impressed and moved.

The cavemanship was born.

We had been rebels for a few years, no doubt about that. What we rebelled against was rather doubtful. We were inarticulate before we found ourselves in the cave. We groped in darkness, semidarkness, and grayness, with the vigor and despair of youth, finding no aim, no path.

But in the cave, in that immense hollow darkness, lighted by but one candle, we saw the aim and the path very clearly indeed. Every particle of us found expression. We knew what we wanted. Our mission was holy to us. And following our chosen path was the crusading of old — aye, even more fanatical and necessary to our lives.

And yet I doubt now — after almost half a century. I doubt whether our great mission and crusade would have been sufficiently strong to have kept us together, well-nigh two years, without the life we led in our cave. At that time we, of course, would have said that the life was but an incident — the mission was all! Now — I doubt; I doubt our minds of yore. I have a tragic reason.

Still that life was more — much, much more — than fascinating and beautiful. You of the present and a different clime, how can you understand such a life?

It was never debauchery or orgy — never. Except for our host, we were never drunk. Gay, yes. Boundlessly, irresistibly gay — when every fibre in our bodies danced and vibrated in that glorious, mysterious dance of living.

And then there was singing. I do believe that it was song which was the strongest bond that held our souls together. We all sang beautifully — those sad and gay Slavic songs that sprang from the very bottom of a people's heart — suffering, loving, and trusting heart.

Poetry was as strong a bond — many-tongued poetry, which came out of understanding souls, through honeyed

lips. That age, that clime, loved rhymes and beautiful words — their music was a great, great necessity.

Our feelings ran sky-high. And, after a particularly beautiful song or poem, two of us would lean over the wine-bucket, embrace, and kiss on the lips. Do you understand such a kiss? The ecstasy of emotion demanded it; the friendship that hovered above us commanded it. That kiss was the purest of the pure — of youth that dreamed and loved and lived.

Then, at times, fun and mischief took hold of us. We wrote, on open postcards, scathing, biting, and highly sarcastic poems to girls who had, in some way, injured our young pride. We stole numerous fans and wrote sad sonnets on them. Or we criticized and ridiculed, through various means, all the public men and women who did not come quite up to our standard or fancy.

These were strong bonds. But we believed our mission was the only one.

And what was that great mission?

Heavens, when I think how much was written about it by the cavemen! We came to the cave with our pockets bulging with papers, which we read, hour after hour, by the light of that solitary candle. Yes, it was hard to read — but never hard to listen, never!

There, under the runners on which the huge barrels reposed, was a large wooden box — the great secret of the cavemen. There the papers were hidden, waiting to be printed. We believed that the world, by such a grace on our part, would profit enormously — nay, would change completely.

We believed that. Because we understood the world. Because we knew its numerous maladies, and were certain of our remedies. The world was degenerating — mind you, all this was before Nordau had blazed forth — and we were to generate the new force and put vitality into it.

Yes, 'too much goodness' was the greatest evil that beset the world. Goodness that had sprung out of old, artificial social customs, city civilizations, and unnatural habits. That kind of goodness was the cancer. Eradicate it! Down with it!

Natural human beings were lost, buried under the heaps of modern junk of laws and philosophies and religions. What we wanted was to clear it away. 'Give us a natural man!' was our cry. 'Free absolutely, and unhampered by your Victorian Age!'

No, we did not want 'migration back to the primitive' — no 'back to barbarism.' Cavemanship was but a symbol. But we wanted freedom and simplicity.

We were influenced by no man or social group. We laughed at them — socialists, anarchists, and nihilists particularly. They were impractical and impossible. We were not. We were concrete and more than possible.

Here was our remedy, prescribed so ably by Bogoboy: 'We want to give new food to Mother Nature, so that her breasts will swell with the new milk of kindness with which to feed her children, thereby creating a human and glorious race.'

Kindness was all — pure human kindness. The power that would rejuvenate the old tottering world.

And the food? The food was to be given through Art. Give us a new, strong, natural Art! We saw to the ways and means by which this could speedily be accomplished.

This was our mission and crusade. Neither less nor more.

And all this vanished, utterly and hopelessly, on that December night when our guest spoke for the first time, after three weeks of silence.

Human kindness! How passionately we believed in it for two long years — when we were by ourselves, secure in

the glorious isolation of our cave! At the moment when we were called upon to exercise it — to give but a wee bit of it — we failed. Nay, we forgot the cavemanship and its great mission and — imitated a whole continent!

The Koshava was blowing full blast that evening when we met our guest. The cold was fierce, and Jarko was late. We stamped our feet, we ran around the lamp-post on the corner by the cathedral, which was our usual meeting-place. The clock boomed eight above our heads and still Jarko did not come.

And just as we decided to go without him two figures appeared out of the darkness, snow, and storm.

'Mr. —, our guest,' shouted Jarko to us. We did not hear the name — the storm swallowed it. And to this day I don't know it. Yet the man must have been famous, or rather notorious, for a time throughout a great continent. All we saw was a giant who did not seem to mind icy wind, and whose laugh of evident pleasure in meeting us rose above even the Koshava. And when we were going downhill to the cave, struggling rather desperately with the wind, he walked beside us straight and quite nonchalantly.

In the cave — after the candle had been lighted, the bucket placed in its proper place, and we were seated around it — I looked at him with great curiosity. I looked at him — and forgot my anger; and I am sure the same thing happened to the other cave-men. You see, it was against our rules to invite anybody. More — it was inconceivable that any one of us should bring into the cave an outsider. Never was a secret society wrapped in greater secrecy. So, when Jarko brought with him a stranger, without a hint of warning, naturally we were angered, if not downright panic-stricken.

One look, however, disarmed us. There he sat before us, our guest; and in a moment he ceased to be that — in fact, he ceased to be anything. Really, as though a mere shadow sat there.

No doubt he was a giant, but his round face, with big gray eyes and chubby little nose, was that of an infinitely good-natured child. An unhappy child, who suffered of some wrong or ailment so peacefully and unobtrusively that he himself appeared unreal, nonexistent.

He sat and smiled for a few minutes. Then he folded his huge arms, hardly breathed, and we noticed, wondering a little, that the unhappy child was transformed into a happy child.

Jarko explained. 'I met this gentleman in a restaurant. As a boy he left our country and went to America. He was there till four months ago. He came back because something evidently awful happened to him there. His family are all dead; he has no one. He needed, he said, good people; otherwise he would do something rash. I brought him here.' This was short, but to all purposes it was sufficient. Especially when the giant himself added in a very pleasant voice: —

'Please, brothers, don't mind me. Just let me come here; let me sit here — and let me be.' That was all.

Honestly we forgot him. The usual life of the cave went on. And for three weeks he never said a word — not one. He sat on his bucket, huge and motionless, with crossed arms, a smile of inexpressible contentment on his rosy round face. Thus hour after hour. Only once in a while, after a particularly beautiful song or a remarkable spark of wit, he would cover his face with his enormous hands and remain that way for a minute or so. Evidently his emotions got the better of him. But that was all — for three weeks. He never drank, even!

Then, utterly unexpectedly, he broke the silence with extravagant eagerness, and told us his story.

It was a pitiful little story. And how little of it did we understand! What we did grasp we took in the light in which millions had taken it. Yet there was an excuse for us. I am clutching at straws, you see. Some words we did not understand at all. Those I shall italicize.

'When I was fifteen I began to work in *Montana* mines,' he launched himself, with infinite assurance, eagerness, and faith. 'I was six feet tall. I was very strong. When I was eighteen I could lick any miner in our *mining-camp*. I like boxing. It came sort of natural-like to me. I used to box whenever I could. *Well*, when I was twenty I knocked a *local champeen* senseless. A *trainer* seen me do it. So he said, "I'll make a prize-fighter of you." So I said, "*All right*." I did n't like anything better. He took me to *Butte* and there showed me a thing or two. He taught me how to fight — to box, you know. Then I laid down everybody that came to the *ring*. Then this *feller* became my *manager* and got lots of money for me and got me more *trainers*, and pretty soon there was a crowd around me, following me wherever I went. I got all kinds of money. *Well*, soon we began to travel. Sometimes I fought, sometimes I was *exhibiting*. Then I began to fight big *fellers*, and I laid them down. So my *manager* said, "Now we will tackle the *heavy-weight national champeenship*." I said, "*All right*." So I went into *training-camp*. And then I met a girl. And I liked her, and she said she liked me. *By and by* she said, "Leave the fighting and I'll marry you." *Well*, I liked her better than fighting even, so I said, "*All right*." My *manager* and *trainers* and people around me went crazy. And *newspaper fellers* — you

know, journalists — went crazy too. My picture was in every paper, you understand. But I said, "No." I stuck to this girl. I left the *camp* and all and went to *Indiana*, where she lived with her *folks*. And they liked me fine, and said I'd work with them. And to make me better they took me to a *revival meetin'* — sort of open-air church, you understand — and I *got religion* — sort of became religious and pure. *Well*, I was kneeling there and lots of people around were crying, so I promised all sorts of things. I did not regret the *champeenship*, or the money, or nothing. I liked the girl fine. *Well*, I was fine for two or three months, going to church, working hard, and my money in the bank, when the girl up and married the *minister*, because he was going to the *heathens* and she wanted to help him. And she left me in the *lurch*.'

He stopped and looked at us with big appealing eyes, puffing short little breaths of fright.

He was ridiculous; his story even more so; and — we laughed! Radivoy started as soon as our guest had finished — there was no possibility of interrupting the stream of words — and we followed. We laughed heartily, swaying on the buckets.

But the man's face darkened. He closed his eyes for a moment, then suddenly grabbed the wine-bucket and began to drink.

He drank for five minutes. The hard breathing that sounded in that big bucket was awful. We sobered and stared at him, nonplused, aghast.

Then he put the bucket on his knees and with one hand wiped his mouth, while he was catching his breath. His face was terrible.

'All the States laughed at me — you too!' he gasped.

Then again he lifted the bucket and drank and drank, the sound of that

horrible breathing spreading over the cave.

We made furtive motions to stop him. I saw pale faces. For a second we understood the unhappy man. Oh, he wanted only a wee bit of kindness and sympathy and understanding. Nothing more. The very substance of our cavemanship. But we sensed tragedy — and we forgot all else. We stood up, petrified. He still drank.

Suddenly he jumped, tottered, and pitched the bucket over our heads, breaking it into bits against a giant barrel. Then he lurched toward the door, wrenched it open, and ran out, we after him. When we cleared the tunnel, we saw him running up the hill with enormous strides.

It was as light as day. The full moon shone brilliantly on the hard, foot-thick snow. The frost bit our cheeks.

We ran after him, scrambling on all fours, slipping on the snow, shouting to him. He ran on — toward the precipice.

I was the first to reach its edge. He stood fifty yards from me — an unearthly giant. Completely out of breath, I still managed to ejaculate a few words of warning. For a moment he stood; then laughed twice; then jumped. He fell like a sack, but for his right arm, which clutched the air.

Even at that height we heard the thud. He struck the second tier of the great pile of stove wood. He struck it in the middle, and the wood immediately began to slide down, burying him in an awful mess of snow and ice and bark and wood-lengths.

We stood watching, our very blood frozen by the utterly unexpected tragedy. Tragedy because of the cavemen! What bitterness and regret for months and months afterward!

He, the guest of the cavemen, came five thousand miles to find that 'milk of human kindness' — and I, for one, went five thousand miles to forget.

IMMORTELLE

BY BLISS CARMAN

My glorious enchantress,
She went in silken hose,
With swaying hip and curving lip
And little tilted nose,
As full of fragrant fire
As any English rose.

Her voice across the morning,
Like olden balladry
Or magic notes from woodland throats,
It laid a spell on me
As wondrous as the west wind
And haunting as the sea.

She might have walked with Chaucer
A-jesting all the way,
Her figure trim a joy to him,
Her beauty like the day,
With that unfailing spirit
Which nothing can dismay.

Her heart was full of caring,
Her eyes were touched with dream.
In happy birth, in noble worth,
I thought that she did seem
As fair as Kentish roses
And rich as Devon cream.

IMMORTELLE

I loved her airy carriage,
Her bearing clean and proud,
When glad and fond she looked beyond
The plaudits of the crowd,
Or when in prayer or sorrow
Her comely head was bowed.

I loved her eerie piping
Of measures without name.
Wild as a faun at rosy dawn,
Out of the crowd she came
To breathe upon old altars
A fresh untroubled flame.

I loved her lyric ardor,
Her chosen words and dress,
Her dryad's face, her yielding grace,
Her glowing waywardness,
Her deep adoring passion
No careless eye would guess.

And all the while as lovely
As early daffodils,
When woodland Spring comes blossoming
Among the western hills,
And from her trailing garments
A mystic glory spills.

O sorceress of raptures
Beyond the dream of art,
Be still our guide to walk beside
And choose the better part —
Thou lyric of enchantment!
Thou flower of Nature's heart!

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A SOUL

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

THE first definite information about God came from the 'Ella girl.' That was what we always called her, and memory offers no other name. She had a gift for dramatic narration and sources of information denied to Sunday School teachers. Her father was a Millerite, and no doubt what she told the Boy was her own understanding of what that sect believed. Millerites, he knew, were people who gathered in the fields outside the town dressed in their nightgowns in readiness for the second Advent. She was a year or two older than the Boy, and in the intervals of play she told him about God. After a season of revelation he went about scared and nervous. He learned that God was a Being of infinite powers and a disconcerting disposition. According to the Ella girl God could do anything, and she illustrated what she meant by 'anything' as feats of legerdemain, such as making the clock run backward, or the wheelbarrow fly, or the red sun turn blue, and the Boy would hurry fearfully home in the gathering dusk, expecting God to pop out from behind the next bush and perform some of His wonders. He had no desire to witness miracles. He was about six years old, and the new theology kept him awake nights. Streaming with perspiration, he clutched the bedclothes to his chin for protection, and eyed the 'heat lightning' which played along the horizon. They were the flames of Hell, he thought, and the

Devil might come for him any moment.

All of a long hot summer he suffered, but he suffered in silence. If he could only have brought himself to confess his fears to his mother, they would soon have been explained away. But from his earliest recollection he felt a reluctance to talk about his soul. A sort of shame prevented him. He seemed to feel that his soul was in no state for public inspection. And this reluctancy grew as he became increasingly aware of the hostile and inquisitive attitude of a Western town in which religion seethed and boiled. In those far-off days the line of demarcation was definitely fixed. You were either 'damned' or 'saved' and there was no middle ground.

The creed of the Boy's mother was a practical one, the asperities of the belief in which she had been reared being softened by her sound common-sense. Her father was a grim figure of the Boy's childhood, tall, slightly bent, with a grizzled beard and shaved upper lip, as though made up for the part of the religious zealot. He was one of the pioneers of that region and had the virtues as well as the vices of empire-builders. In his austere creed whatever was pleasant was wrong. Fortunately he lived in a neighboring village, so his visitations were infrequent, but while they lasted they were terrible. The paternal grandfather was the protagonist, a cheerful old sinner, who got drunk on occasions and who

was seldom seen without a scythe over his shoulder, as his occupation was cutting the grass that bordered the village streets. He had a white beard and was entirely bald, and looked so unbelievably old that he stood in our cosmogony for Father Time, just as the other grandfather seemed like one of the denunciatory Minor Prophets out of the Bible. His son was of the same easy-going disposition and seldom went to church, but strangely enough he backed up mother's determination that the children should go. But his skeptical attitude was a constant influence, and produced a cross current which further complicated the Boy's attempts to unravel the riddle of existence.

The First Baptist Church was a wooden building painted yellow, the grandest structure the Boy had ever seen, except the opera house, and was as full of mysterious passages as a castle of romance. He explored the belfry with awe, fearing and yet hoping that the great bell would begin to swing. And in the basement beneath the pulpit he discovered coils of pipes and a force pump with which Joe Lorain's father filled a tank beneath the pulpit, over which the minister stood while he preached; and, though he sometimes stamped on the floor in the transports of exhortation, he never broke through, as the Boy sometimes hoped he would.

Early impressions of church remain: the characteristic lead-pencil smell of mother's mink furs, kept in cedar during week days; the long sermon by Elder Haigh, who looked like a skull, and whose voice was hollow and echoed dismally through the barnlike church, supplying a living emblem of mortality — when the choir sang 'Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound,' the Boy thought it meant the sermon; uncontrollable curiosity as to whether the

tessellated floor and pillars painted on the back drop behind the pulpit were real or not: —

'Could the minister walk back there if he wanted to?' he would whisper, only to be told to 'hush.' The same with the pipes between the windows. What were they? To be told they were 'gas' and not to talk got him nowhere. What was gas? The light at home was furnished by a kerosene lamp with a red-flannel wick.

Old Deacon Wiswell in front goes to sleep with his head resting on the back of the pew. The Boy does n't know he is asleep. He thinks he is interested in something on the ceiling. He leans his head back and stares at the ceiling too. Up there are more of those iron pipes sticking through holes in the roof. Are they 'gas' too? He must remember to ask about it when he gets home, but dinner, long delayed, drives out every other thought, and so he never asks and never learns.

Then there was Sunday School, which followed church, for another hour and a half at least, more when somebody wanted to talk after the lesson — a returned missionary, for instance, the dulllest entertainment a hungry boy ever listened to. After a preliminary service in the big room the school broke up into classes, two — the oldest and the youngest, the Bible Class and the Infant Class — having rooms to themselves. The others turned over a seat and made a little niche like a section in a sleeping-car. The Infant Class was taught by a well-meaning lady whose husband was superintendent of the school. Her way of talking was much like that of the *Line upon Line* book, and her regular discourse consisted of one long sentence that lasted the entire lesson hour, moistened and lubricated with a superfluity of saliva, due to false teeth. The Boy sat on the front seat, where he was exposed

to this barrage and finished the session damp but informed.

Every thirteen weeks there was 'review Sunday, or lesson selected by the school,' when twelve Infant Class stars, flushed with pride and scared to death, marched up on to the platform before the entire Sunday School and intoned a rubric that went something like this: —

'And the first lesson was,

'Ahab's Wicked Reign,

'And the verse,

'And Ahab the son of Omri did evil in the sight of the Lord above all that were before him.'

From that early time when the Bible narrative was broadcasted in a sort of voluble chronicle, illustrated by chalk diagrams on the blackboard, until the Boy became an independent thinker and struck out for himself, and sampled other Sunday Schools, he worked his way at least three times through the entire Bible, barring a few indecent passages and the long catalogues of the begats, assisted by *Line upon Line* and the *Biblical Reason Why*, and later by *Farrar's Life of Christ* and Peloubet's *Select Notes on the International Sunday School Lessons*. Without undue vaunting he believes he could, and still can, give a connected outline of Bible history from 'In the beginning' up to where the historical trail is lost in the vague generalities of the Minor Prophets, and from the beginning of the New Testament to the Epistles. He sets this down with particular emphasis because of the old belief about bringing a child up in the way he should go, on Holy Writ and in the fear of the Lord. There was nothing the Boy feared more than the Lord and, as for Holy Writ, there was nothing he was so thoroughly grounded in; and here he is, fifty years later, trying to set down his spiritual state of mind and appraise what he got out of it all.

II

The town where he grew up was a religious town. Everybody went to church, in theory at least, and everybody's children were made to go to Sunday School. To escape this fate was a rare and thrilling adventure, reserved for the daring few. The local college had been founded by Christian pioneers, for the sole purpose of training young men to preach the Gospel, and it had n't got that idea out of its head even when the Boy attended. No other use for an education was dreamed of in their philosophy.

There were some twenty churches in that little town, ranging from a very small Episcopalian at one end up to a very large Catholic at the other. In between were Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists, — firsts, seconds, and Africans, — to say nothing of scattering Campbellites, Universalists, Lutherans, Christian Brothers, Wesleyans, Unitarians, Second Adventists, and, a little later, Christian Scientists. Each regarded itself as the only direct, rock-ballasted, double-tracked way to Heaven, and looked upon all competitors with the same scornful intolerance with which the general passenger agent of the 'Q' regarded the general passenger agent of the Santa Fe.

Sunday was a busy day for the devout, with meetings as exacting as the 'hours' in a mediæval convent. The programme began at nine in the morning with Gospel meeting, followed by church at ten-thirty, Sunday School at noon, and Y. M. C. A. at four. There was Young People's Society at six and church again at seven. Wednesday night there was the regular weekly prayer meeting, and Friday night the college Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. had their devotional sessions.

In order that time might not hang

too heavy on the hands of small boys on Sunday afternoons, before they were old enough to join the Y. M. C. A., they attended the Band of Hope. This was a temperance organization, but with a strong evangelical flavor. Its meetings were held in a small white chapel standing beside a large white church, of which it was evidently the architectural offspring. The church was Congregational, but was called the old First Church in recognition of the fact that it was the pioneer church of the colony. Around it hung the aura of romance. Runaway slaves had been concealed in its attic when it was one of the stations on the underground railway. But the Band of Hope was not denominational. Citizens of either sex who had reached the age of six and wished to assume an uncompromising attitude toward the demon rum were eligible. Just how uncompromising that attitude was may be learned from the pledge, recited standing and in concert at the beginning of each session:—

‘Trusting in God to help me keep this pledge, I do solemnly promise to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquor as a beverage, wine, beer, and cider included, from all profanity, and from the use of tobacco in all of its forms.’

In the short interval between church and Sunday School it was permitted to go to the post office for the mail, a respite as grateful in the midst of so much religion as *mi-carême* in Lent. On the way one passed the free spirits loafing in front of Andy Dow’s livery stable and realized that there were other worlds in which church and Sunday School were not the chief end of man.

Then there were the revivals and protracted meetings, periods of unhealthy excitement when hardened sinners of ten years tried vainly to keep their feet against waves of emotion that

almost swept them away, while comrades and playmates who but yesterday had played marbles for keeps abandoned one on one’s island of immunity and went down to join those being prayed for, and were wept over by the famous twin evangelists whose record for harvests of souls was high, and who charged accordingly. The technique of these two remarkable harvesters was similar to that of the redoubtable Billy Sunday, but no others had such a way of fomenting the excitement after each accession to the mourner’s bench by the constantly reiterated query, ‘Ar-r-re there another? Ar-r-re there another?’ like an auctioneer running up the bids.

The protracted meetings began sometime in January and lasted for several weeks. Everything was laid aside, housework, social life, and study. During these weeks the assault on the Boy’s soul, which went on intermittently all the time, reached a climax. Every night he was faced by two dreadful alternatives—to give his heart to Christ and go forward to be prayed for, or to hang back and be cast into outer darkness where there would be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. The wear and tear of such experiences as these, the mental agony of resisting, at one knew not what awful penalty, of watching the subsequent careers of those who ‘got religion,’ of the antidote of father’s skepticism, all had their cumulative effect on a small growing mind. Mother always kept her head, and her sanity was a help. Her sense of duty made her go through with it,—it was a part of the religion she professed,—but she reserved the right to reason for herself, and some of the good sisters of the church shook their heads over her also.

After each revival there was always a series of immersions, dramatic spectacles, when the pulpit rolled back like

a scroll and was discovered full of water underneath, and the minister put on great rubber boots ('baptismal pants,' they were called) that came to his waist, and waded out into the midst of the font, and a trembling row of boys and girls—mostly girls, in white, with the hems of their dresses weighted with iron washers sewed into them to keep them from floating, while the boys wore their second-best suits—were handed down in the pool.

The minister took the candidate by the right hand, placed his left hand behind his shoulder, and said, 'On the public confession of thy faith I now baptize thee, my dear brother, in the name of the Father, the Son,'—the candidate was tipped back suddenly until completely immersed, and then raised to his feet again,—'and the Holy Ghost,' and immediately the choir began, 'Ye *must*—be *plunged*—be-*neath*—the *wave*.'

The haunting weird melody added to the painful solemnity of the scene; the little shivering procession climbed up the opposite steps while the minister said the benediction standing waist-deep in the water.

All this was a part of the religious education of the Boy. It made a profound impression on him that has lasted all his life. For instance, almost the only music he has known was what he heard during those early years while his ears remained open, and that was almost entirely the music of the Sunday Schools and prayer meetings. Instead of the mighty chants of the two elder churches, he had dinned into his ears and mind the apparently endless series of Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs turned out by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, five volumes during the period of his apprenticeship. Beside the fecundity of these two song-writers Irving Berlin is tonguetied. There were two editions of each

book, large ones with the music for singers, and small librettos so that the unmusical might follow the words. Whenever a prayer meeting struck a dull spot, someone would start a hymn and the rest would come trailing in.

Over and over the Boy heard these songs until he learned them by heart, and is now unable to forget them. He can repeat the words of hundreds—'Pull for the Shore, Sailor,' 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' 'The Palace of the King,' 'Beulah Land,' 'Alas, and did my Saviour bleed'—and they run in his head and haunt his nights. Like most deafened he has head noises,—the medical term for which, *tinnitus aurium*, is far more poetical,—and these noises are always rhythmical; and in the silent watches of the night, when he cannot sleep, he listens to the endless variations of 'Will anyone there at the beautiful gate,' or 'Palms of victory, palms of glory, palms of victory, I shall bear.' At least he is less afflicted than that one of Thomas Hardy's humble characters who always heard the sound of frying fish.

As the Boy advanced in the public schools new interests competed to weaken the grip of evangelicism. He became acquainted with wickedness, committed various deadly sins, including, no doubt, the mysterious sin against the Holy Ghost. Increasing deafness made religious discourse as ineffective as secular, and there were periods when he ceased to be at all concerned about his soul. But his entrance into the local college brought him in contact with a new force for righteousness. Many of his fellow students were something more than passive Christians. They were preparing themselves for the ministry, or the foreign missionary field, and in the meanwhile practised on the heathen around them, of which the Boy was evidently one.

But by now he had begun to think

for himself. He had pushed his reading into religious history. The searching cross-examinations about the state of his soul which once stirred him so now merely annoyed him. There was one student more persistent than the others. He fancied himself a sort of voice crying in the wilderness. He was not obnoxious because he was a Christian, but he made Christianity obnoxious to all who were brought into contact with him. He was privately known as 'the dirty Christian' because of his aversion to soap and water. With him cleanliness was not a close second to godliness. He possessed the vocabulary of the exhorter, and used to labor with his fellow students to 'give their hearts to God,' 'get right with Christ.' 'Where do you expect to spend eternity?' he would ask, as one might inquire about vacation plans.

The language of the college evangelist was not so crude as that of the Baptist Church, where one old deacon astonished the Wednesday night prayer meeting by announcing that he 'was all unbuttoned with the grace of God,' but its tenor was the same. The Boy continued to feel that his soul was his own, that his plans for spending eternity were a personal matter; and in his eagerness to escape Scylla he for-gathered with Charybdis, and became identified with the freer spirits of the college world, and was the subject of earnest prayers, especially on the part of the co-eds. He became wiser in his generation than the children of light, and used his familiarity with the Bible to confute many of his inquisitors, some of whom were not so well posted. But his deafness acted as a check in either direction. He could not hear well enough to get the full effect of religious propaganda, but neither could he learn the ways of the worldly so fully as he desired. He lived in a twilight country, unable to be very good

or very bad, and remained friends with both parties.

It is a good thing he had not heard of Saint Augustine's City of God in those early years when religion was such a travail with him, for that worthy pillar of the early Church argued that, as spiritual counsel came only through the ear, the deaf were forever denied the Kingdom of Heaven. But Saint Augustine overlooked the converse of his proposition, which is that the deaf are equally immune from the voice of temptation. The adder, sings King David, is deaf and will not hear the voice of the charmer, charming never so wisely.

But what the dirty Christian failed to accomplish was wrought by a girl. The Boy fell in love with a classmate. It could not be denied that the influential part of the student body, the best students and athletes, the men and women who controlled the destinies of the body politic, were of the Y. M. C. A. party. The girl had a certain pride about it, which influenced the Boy. One night he startled the meeting by rising and testifying, and felt amply repaid by the whispered 'I am so glad.' What Heaven thought, Heaven only knows. For a season he enjoyed exalted popularity. He even led one of the Friday night meetings. He tried to give his testimonies a literary quality, illustrating them with inspiring anecdotes, a formula he later found effective in advertising. But alas, in another year his Egeria had become fascinated by a dashing senior, and lost interest in both the Boy and religion, and the Boy fell, like Lucifer, nine times the space that measures day and night, and landed among the unregenerate.

The 'Evidences of Christianity' was a senior study taught by the president of the college. This president came at the end of the old dispensation, when

college presidents were venerable scholars, and frequently doctors of divinity. Nowadays they are young men with more the aspect and qualifications of sales-managers than professors. Their function is to sell the college, not to teach the students. But Dr. Bateman was venerable and picturesque. He was a little man with a noble head, surrounded by a halo of white hair, which he wore long, and white beard. He looked like a steel engraving in an ancient book, and his old-time appearance was heightened by the long frock-coat, buttoned to the chin, which he habitually wore. 'Evidences' interested the Boy greatly, but, like all studies at this time, his lack of hearing rendered it barren as far as the classroom went. And so he did not hear the little incident which follows, but it was told him by classmates afterward.

The topic was the resurrection of the soul. One of the class, whose father was governor of the state, wanted to know if it was not equally conclusive evidence of the resurrection of the body. Prexy closed his book and with considerable severity rebuked a certain questioning and skeptical attitude he had noticed.

'That is no spirit in which to approach this subject,' he said. 'We are not here to question the evidences upon which Christianity rests, but to learn them. They are proved and accepted facts, the fruit of wise scholarship directed by learned men for years. Their conclusions are accepted by the Christian world. No facts in science or mathematics are better established. A man who doubts the conclusions in this book is unfit to be a student of this college.'

I quote from hearsay and the memory of many years, but the incident was thoroughly discussed by some of us after class. It aroused a spirit of antagonism. If Christianity was taught as a study, then it should be subject to

the same rules and scrutiny as other studies. It was evident that many of the class were thinking for themselves. Somehow the story of the meeting got into the columns of a local newspaper, a scurrilous sheet, edited by a real character known as Gersh Martin. He was far and away the ablest newspaperman in that little town. His editorials were sometimes reprinted in full in the *New York Sun*. He had no reverence and no fear. He disliked the college, the church, and the so-called respectable element, and said so on all occasions, and made leaders of news no other local paper dared to print. His weekly sheet was denounced by all and read by all, and enjoyed the largest circulation in the town. Gersh himself was a familiar and picturesque figure, as he strolled down Main Street, seldom sober, and wearing a steeple white-felt hat like a circus clown.

The story was told in the *Press and People* in full, with such embroidery as Gersh's fertile fancy suggested. He was a mighty linguist, and was the first, as far as I know, to use capitals for emphasis in the course of his editorials. The paper was all editorial, veritable leaders in the English style — that is, the editor's opinions and comments. There the local correspondent for the press association saw it, and an item floated around the country to the effect that Knox College, founded by Presbyterians and Congregationalists for the sole purpose of preparing young men for the ministry, would graduate a class of which nineteen were skeptics. I have forgotten the exact word, but it was either skeptics or infidels. From that time the Boy reserved the right to study the question of revealed religion and act on his own findings. He put aside the argument of blind belief he had been asked to accept, and tried to arrive at the truth by methods of reasoning.

III

From this time on, the outside world, discourses, and conversation, had less and less effect upon the formation of his beliefs, and what he read became a greater influence. He was less susceptible to the present as lived around him, and fell under the spell of history as recorded in books. Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Robert Elsmere* was published while he was still in college. The furore it created then has been forgotten. It would excite little comment to-day. The Boy was so stirred by it that he wrote a three-column review for the local newspaper. He took the position that the Church was unnecessarily alarmed by this attack on her citadels, that Mrs. Elsmere was a foil for her husband, that if the latter represented the triumph of skepticism she was equally strong as steadfast faith; but he realized too that the Church was disturbed, that its ministers were alarmed and preached strongly against the book because they were vulnerable, that orthodoxy was still a mooted question. In his three columns of solid nonpareil he defended the faith, but he followed Robert Elsmere.

During the next few years the papers were full of the stories of noted heretics, like David Swing, thrown out of their churches with immense excitement; and then in the course of a few years the Church would advance to the same point, and the heretic became more orthodox than the churchman.

He continued his reading of history until the whole matter assumed a different perspective. He realized that the Christian dogma had been taught him falsely, stripped of its historical setting. Instead of being a supreme event in the history of mankind, it was one of a series of events, all bearing a strong resemblance to one another, and all growing out of the fact that man is

essentially religious, that he must have something to worship, that he must make for himself an answer to the two supreme questions, deity and immortality, that he makes his god in his own image, and as he advances in morals and refinement his theism improves.

The foregoing is the religious history of the Boy's soul. In the thirty years since, there has been nothing corresponding with the terrible struggle of his boyhood. He has had no visions, no great lights from Heaven, no still, small voices. Instead he has had time to read and think, undisturbed by religious currents surging around him. The question is, what has he got out of it? What is his present state of mind? What does he believe?

He has not been inside of a church in the last twenty-five years, except for weddings and funerals, which even the deaf do not escape, and æsthetic visits to cathedrals and lesser churches of Europe. His deafness, of course, is the obvious excuse, if excuse is needed, but what would he have done, given the intensive training of the first half of life, could he hear? Of course the deafness has made him immune from many influences which might have worked differently, and also his life the last thirty years has been lived in a large city where one chooses one's circle instead of having it thrust upon one. At any rate, he is no longer on the defensive. For twenty-five years no one has shown the slightest concern as to where he expects to spend eternity. And so it has been necessary that he should show some concern himself.

The men around him that make up his world seem to be divided into two classes — those who go to church and those who do not. He cannot say into those who believe and those who do not. There seems to be little difference between the two classes, except in the churchgoing habit. Some seem to find

in being chairman of the greens committee the same outlet, the same escape, that others find in being vestryman. The churches to which these men belong seem to be extensions of those he knew in his native town, divided by differences unessential to the main purpose. He cannot believe that any great majority of their members are greatly excited about Fundamentalism, but they all feel toward their church something of the loyalty that one feels toward his own club or lodge. It's a sort of 'my church, may she always be right; but right or wrong, my church.'

The Boy, who is now a man, of course, has reached the point where there are only two vital questions, both unanswered: Is there a Supreme Being? Is there survival after death? To answer yes to either is merely an effort of will. There is no evidence either way, no logical justification for belief or disbelief. The Boy answers yes to both questions, because he is temperamentally an optimist, and because it is pleasanter to think that way. But his belief or disbelief will not affect the

facts either way. Nor do they affect his conduct. He feels that the only thing which matters in conduct is character. It is harder to live a decent life than it is to believe this or that dogma, though if believing the dogma helps in the living he has no objection. Character is the finest product we have of this present life that we know. It is not a mere matter of statement, as belief is, but something that must be worked at every day we live. The story of the repentant thief on the cross is one of the most destructive stories we know. One has more sympathy somehow with the unregenerate thief who went to his death sincere and consistent.

The writer is speaking only for himself. He has been curious all these years to see what so much intensive religious training would do for him. His deafness gives him a peculiar isolation, and compels him to work out his own theology, uninfluenced by others. Still he has a sort of conviction that what he has described as the outline of his simple creed is that of a very large proportion of his fellow men.

THE NEW PAGANISM

BY ELLEN DUVALL

If it be true that 'man is a religious animal,' it is more comprehensively true in the sense that he is a worshipping animal; and the instinctive god of his idolatry is Self. Man is a natural self-worshiper, and only religion of some sort can educate him out of this primitive, own-nature worship. In this regard we are all born pagans, and the history of civilization — whether it be

of an individual or of the race — is just this development away from primitive self-worship. With many of us education or civilization fails of its object, and we remain to the end pagans. Generally our true quality is veiled from ourselves and others by conventions, by a decent regard for the opinion of the — always in our eyes duller — majority, by a wholesome fear of the

police, by intelligent self-interest of the better sort. Nevertheless, pagans we are and pagans we remain. Of course, the pagan has his divinity — a little personal fetish perhaps; the family lares and penates; the tribal deity; or any and every sort of god of the market place. But the indestructible evidence of paganism, sure as the Mark of the Beast in the forehead, is just this fixed attitude toward his divinity, Self. For your pagan always wants *his* god to be subservient, to be on *his* side, to be *his* tame confederate and aid; while revealed religion requires a change of heart, that God shall not serve man, but that man shall serve God — for love. 'My son, give me thine heart.'

The world therefore knows just two prayers under which all others, from the beginning till the end of time, may be categorized: one, that of Ajax, the first word of which is supposed by some to have been inscribed over the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, 'Oh, that the gods would empower me to obtain my wishes!' — the typical, instinctive prayer of paganism; the other, 'Thy will be done' — the inculcated prayer of revealed religion. Here is a difference vast as that between Heaven and earth. Show a man's religion, and you most truly show the man.

But it is the new paganism as expressed in present-day fiction that is of immediate interest; for there paganism surely reigns supreme. That our modern fiction holds the mirror up to nature, — pagan nature, — whether of the individual or of social groups, is fairly true; yet it is a menacing truth of disintegration and decay. Not that way does civilization tend, not that way can the race evolve and progress. Of course, the measure of the civilization of the individual is the measure of the civilization of the race. Given developed or civilized individuals, men and women, and we have a civilized

people — ultimately perhaps a civilized world, or a preponderantly civilized world. And to the making of an effective and efficient people there must always go a certain degree of homogeneity — not necessarily homogeneity of blood, but homogeneity of feeling and of thought, of mental vision, and of political and ethical ideals.

There is, however, a marked difference between the old and the new paganism, for while they both pray the prayer of Ajax, — 'Oh, that the gods would empower me to obtain my wishes!' — in the old paganism we see the beginnings of better things, the turn of the spiral toward wider and ascending life. Homer, in his character of Hector; Æschylus in his *Prometheus*; Sophocles in his *Antigone*; Euripides in his *Alcestis*, indeed in all his plays, charged as they are with the sense of justice; Aristotle and Plato in their speculations upon government or politics — all show the ideas and tendencies that have broadened out and bloomed in the civilization of to-day. Dimly yet surely the old paganism recognized, as Protagoras taught, that 'Man is the measure of all things,' that the individual is the unit of value of the social group, be it city, state, or nation. Dimly yet surely the old paganism recognized and taught that on the self-control of the individual depended the safety and welfare of the state. There was, therefore, constructive thinking in the old paganism; its vision was forward, it had hope and faith. In Greek thought man's greatest sin — a root of all evil — was *hubris*, arrogancy, self-sufficiency, pride. To the new paganism man is still the measure of all things, but *hubris* has become the chief of virtues; in the new paganism man cannot be too arrogant, self-sufficient, and proud. Here the contrast between old and new is as direct as great. In the old paganism

force was measured by resistance, strength by its power to withstand and to overcome; man was conceived of and represented as strong in proportion as he was self-controlled. More or less clearly did the old paganism perceive that life, whether individual or social, is not something that goes of itself, but is a definite result of deliberately exercised consciousness and will; and the more complex and civilized life is, the more must consciousness and will be used. Here it was that the best thought of paganism and the truth of Hebraism met and mingled; here imagination and revelation came together, and have flowered out into the civilization of to-day, the approximately Christian civilization of Western Europe.

In the new paganism all this is directly reversed. Life is assumed to go of itself; man's instincts are represented as all-compelling; and his strength lies, not in the control, but in the letting-go, of his passions. Misled in part, perhaps, by Freudian psychology so-called, — which is no psychology at all, but simply a dull, materialistic, mechanistic theory of life, based on one animal instinct only, — our pagan fiction seems chiefly interested in man because of his capacity for concupiscence. The old story of Actæon, chased and destroyed by his own hounds, is as nothing to that of poor modern man as told in so much of to-day's fiction, chased by one passion, one hound, and succumbing to it. And oh, the mortal dullness of so much modern paganism wherein man is depicted as a creature of one dimension only — that of sex. For in the wash of sex all things are wiped out, not only all trivial, fond records, but all distinctions and values, age-long history as well as the everyday experiences of fairly decent folk. And, with all due deference to present-day fiction and its unrelieved paganism, what it is doing

has been so much better done elsewhere. For, if salacity is to be reckoned as also part of the fine art of fiction, then it is far better presented in the pages of the Restoration dramatists. There it is set down for what it is. There there is no pretense about it. It is conscious vice preferred to virtue, and it does not hypocritically mouth as being natural law, or all-compelling instinct. It betokens the manners of a corrupt court, and makes no pretense of representing the average life of the people. To 'the great Goddess Lubricity,' as Matthew Arnold called her, was erected only a temporary altar in a court more foreign than English. She belongs across the Channel, with another set of worshipers, belongs to *L'Île des penguins*, *Thaïs*, *Les Dieux ont soif*, *Madame Bovary* — to a literature, however beautiful in mere words, that has a dire tendency to overemphasize the animal at the expense of the man. *L'Homme machine* of the eighteenth century, and *la bête humaine* of the nineteenth and early twentieth, are theories of man and life that beg nine tenths of the question, and are as exaggerated as they are inadequate.

Then, in contrast to the old paganism, where is the constructive thinking of the new? What is its vision, what its hope and faith, save in those naïve books where the utmost license of the individual is assumed to be the fitting and logical prelude to the perfect Social State? Can this be possible? Do our naïve pagans demand miracles on the one hand, and deny them on the other? Can men really gather figs of thistles and, from the bramble, grapes? For if there be anything in history as the registered experience of the race, — whether we be Pagans, Fundamentalists, or Modernists, — as men sow, so do they surely reap. And the perfect Social State, that fine political and

economic daydream, can hardly evolve from the wallow of individual license.

Is it a constitutional incapacity for straight thinking, otherwise logic, — together with a plentiful lack of humor, — that so characterizes our pagans? If only they had a glint of humor now and then, how much more there would be in their woefully thin pages, how much we should be spared! For wherever there is a saving sense of humor it carries with it a sense of proportion, and the blessed combination of the two implies both sight and insight, seeing and perceiving, a native capacity for straight thinking. But naïve incongruities, inconsistencies, monstrosities, gargoyles all the pages of our pagan fiction; and the drawing of individuals, of social groups, or of society at large, is often at best but unconscious caricature, or at worst is as awry as a child's first attempts upon the nursery slate. For the mere heaping-together of external details does not of itself constitute Realism; that is made of sterner and finer stuff than our pagans deal in, and requires as much, if not more, imagination than Romanticism — the interpenetrative, scientific imagination, far removed from the drab and the unclean. For are these individuals, these situations, afforded us by our pagans probable, or even possible?

For instance, here is the old, ready-made triangle — the lady, the lover, and the husband. This particular situation is done by a master in the deft conjury of words; very decorously done, too, for only recently is this master beginning to show evidences of the prevalent modern pagan mistake, the assumption that frankness of speech is equivalent to freshness of vision. The lady and the lover plan to fly, purposing to leave the lady's house by water, and meet in the evening to carry out this intent. They get into a little boat. Suddenly the disagreeable husband,

who has been covertly watching, appears. There is some sort of struggle; the boats are upset; and the poor lady incontinently drowns. Cooled by the catastrophe, husband and lover recover the body and, one at the feet and the other at the head, they carry her forth and lay her down on the bank. Then the lover gets into his righted boat and drops downstream — disappears, for the time being, into the velvety darkness. And the equally cooled reader pauses. Did it ever so happen? Are we moved, convinced, or even momentarily persuaded? Not at all — not nearly so much as if reading the *Arabian Nights*. To persuade of its truth to life is the least of fiction's art; to convince and to compel is its highest power.

Another gifted writer — and our new pagans are all immensely clever in the mere things of sense-perception — chooses for her theme, under an honored and already used title, a situation prohibited by the Levitical decrees: an ex-lover of the mother is in danger of becoming the legal husband of the daughter. And the gist of the story lies in the mother's torturing doubts as to whether to speak or to keep silence; to sacrifice the daughter's happiness to truth and save the hideous situation, or to ensure the daughter's happiness by silence. For one of the curious inconsistencies of our pagans is that they exalt happiness or self-gratification as the end and aim of living, and then make of happiness so poor and cheap a thing.

Another section of the new paganism, in its obsession with the 'sex complex,' is now beginning to treat us to the maternity craze or urge on the part of the 'healthy, natural woman,' — her desire to have a child without the incumbrance, or formality, of a legal husband, — and the collusive sympathy of the bystander, friend or father,

with her very 'natural' desire. This situation is conceivable, — many situations are conceivable, — but did it ever exist on land or sea outside the harassed pagan brain? Do we know such young women, do we consort with them, are they bred up in our midst? It is only necessary to ask the question to have it answered. Literary art is one thing; pathology is quite another. Of course, plots are precious; there have never been enough to 'go round,' and our novelists are hard put to it to devise ways and means. But even so, and with all possible sympathy for them, they should remember and observe the inhibition laid down by Stendhal: 'Remember, there are things that must never be written.' He may have meant ineffable things that cannot be written, — 'fancies that broke through language and escaped,' — but it is as true of the lowest as of the highest, of the vilest as of the finest. There is a middle register, like the temperate zone, in which alone can a novelist with safety disport himself.

Courage, honor, faith, loyalty to high ideals, are all honored in the breach in our pagan fiction. 'Life is a casket not precious in itself, but valuable only in proportion to what truth, honor, and industry have placed within it.' But of this our new pagans seem to know nothing. It is hard to tell how they do conceive of life, under what images they would fain present it. Here is no spiral, only a vicious circle; no movement in the sense of direction, only a vain treading of water. And the mental and spiritual squalor to which

we are introduced is heart-rending. It were fairly possible to live in Gopher Prairie on Main Street and yet find good in everything; but oh, the desolation of bearing about a Gopher Prairie and Main Street in one's soul! For out of the abundance of the heart — or its leanness — does the mind conceive and the hand write. And where is the understanding heart? Do our new pagans ever perceive that with neither a philosophy nor a religion, with no power of constructive thinking, what they call their truth to nature — to the beast — is utter falsity to man; that they are in reality mental and moral anarchists doing far more mischief than can be wrought by political and economic anarchy?

Civilization, society, government, are held together by thought. Community of interests, — material, mental, spiritual, — in an ever-ascending, widening spiral, bind human life together. To work away consciously from the animal to the human means civilization. To represent the animal as paramount is absolutely unhistoric and untrue. To persuade men that they do, always have done, and may, relax, lower their guard, let go their hold, cease their vigilance with regard to personal self-control, and then expect civilization and society to continue and to advance, is deadly. It is to destroy civilization from within. It is to hasten the sure coming of a political and economic anarchy — from which can there arise the perfect Social State? No — nothing but terrible despotisms of cruelty and darkness.

EVERYDAY LIFE

BY HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

TIRANA, ALBANIA
April 8, 1920

DEAR ROSE, —

Imagine what it would be like if, as you were going quietly about your business, you were suddenly to find yourself in the eighth century instead of the twentieth. That is what has happened to Molly and me — and yet people say the age of miracles is past. I can fully appreciate the sensations of the Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court. The Albanians live to-day precisely as they lived when Rome was a scattering of huts along the Tiber. And I am here to see it!

I still say, as I said to you in Paris, that until you have been back in America you can't fully realize what it means to be going somewhere again, to something you know nothing about, which may turn out to be anything. The sheer unutterable joy of it! To be once more in strange lands, among strange peoples! That first night on the train I could n't sleep for joy at being alive. I lay watching the lights of tiny villages flashing past, and something far down inside me sang to the rhythm of the clicking rails. After a time I spoke to Molly, a little doubtfully, and she answered me with such a ring in her voice that I knew she felt it, too. And had we even suspected what we were going to —!

Listen — I am living in a strange, wild land of incredible mountains; untraveled and unknown, and full of the delight of forgotten centuries. The people? They are most unexpected; a

grave, courteous folk, keenly intelligent and fiercely proud. They give of their best to the stranger within their gates, and expect nothing in return. This last statement will be sufficient evidence that the Albanians are primitive and without culture.

I am working in the hospital, of course. It is a poor thing, but better than could have been expected, and is the result of tragically heroic efforts on the part of the Red Cross and the impoverished Albanian Government. A monument, in fact, to the torn nails, bleeding hands, and aching backs of a few nurses.

Before we came the building was used as a storehouse by the Italian Army of Occupation, and it stands on the edge of the town behind the gendarmes' barracks and a stone's throw from the bazaar — just where the Durazzo road begins to spin out toward the foothills. It is a nine-room, two-storied, mud-brick house, old and feeble. Its red-tiled roof sags wearily, and crumbling walls of a dead garden straggle in the rear. In the background, rising out of purple distance, is a gray wall of mountain whose snow-streaked summit is half hidden by wandering clouds.

By day the unhappy place bakes and shimmers in the heat, its windows staring sightlessly at the painted mosque in the bazaar. By night — you should see it, Rose! I know whereof I speak, for it is night as I write this, and I am on night duty, the only American in the place. By night, my child, hordes

of mangy rats run about the floors, in and out of the shadows. One is staring at me now, with cold eyes. Bats circle through the dark rooms, and bedbugs swarm over the walls and ceilings.

'Italiani, non Albanesi,' said my interpreter casually.

Outside in the garden hideous soft toads flop along the paths; snakes rustle in the tangled grass, and the damp walls drip and glitter in the moonlight.

And in another instant, Rose Lane, I have got to go out into that garden, because there is a tent pitched there in which are the overflow of patients from the hospital.

Don't be too horrified. We are cleaning it all up as fast as we can, and in a little while we shall have an excellent and clean hospital. This is, as I have said, the worst. The rest is a dream of the *Arabian Nights*. And you shall hear about that next time.

TROUB

May 10, 1920

I miss my night duty a little. It was giving me time to adjust myself, and it stopped too soon. You see, there were no other Americans about, so I lost all sense of contact with home, and became acutely sensitive to my surroundings. I was just beginning to understand, when I was plunged again into the very American atmosphere of day duty. I'm sorry. I liked the moonlit nights there on the edge of the town, with only the Albanians and the gypsies to keep me company.

And yet, it may be that night duty is a bad thing, after all. One thinks too much through the long hours. When my evening's work was done I used to stand in the doorway of the hospital waiting for the moon to rise beyond the mountains. Behind me in the darkness the gypsies spoke softly in the lovely Albanian tongue. Water babbled in the gutters; far away a dog howled;

and on the night wind came the reedy notes of a pipe. Above the treetops beyond the barracks a single minaret gleamed white against the mountain wall. Sometimes Constantine, my interpreter, — a slender olive-skinned youth, with the fierce black eyes of the people of the Southlands, — came silently, to stand beside me. And in the midst of this I found myself thinking, with a stupid persistency, of Boston — of why it was that I had to leave there and come here. It seems so idiotic.

Struggling to find some explanation, I tried conjuring up little pictures of familiar places: Major Cranston's office, cool, immaculate, and pleasant in the morning sunlight; Tremont Street at noon, crashing with traffic and smelling of hot asphalt; Beacon Street, turning away its eyes lest it behold the Common, sprawling and full of laughter beneath the trees; Louisburg Square, — there's a personality for you, — her lights shining softly through the dusk, so kind'y, so gentle, with never a frown for the ragamuffin, yet so delicate in her aloofness toward those who do not understand her. She does n't notice that there is a piece of orange peel there at the base of that statue. She would n't mind very much if she did notice. Her thoughts are of other days, and when the thin moon slips along the roof-tops she scarcely heeds.

I don't know why I think about it at all. I'm here, and I'm satisfied to the very depth of me. Why can't I let it go at that? One thing is certain; I don't want to know why I left home badly enough to go home again to find out!

Sunday

Jumping canaries, Rose, we're having a *revolution*! I can't wait for you to answer my last letter. Yes, I know, there is always a revolution in the Balkans, and all that, but I'm *in* this one! It makes a difference.

The present state of affairs was precipitated as follows; Albania has only just become a republic, having finally escaped from the tender ministrations of Turkey and Austria. In April the very first Albanian Parliament met, and plans were made for a standing army, a foreign policy, roads, schools, and so forth. But, being a very new government, it not only had no furds, but was very shaky on its feet. At this moment Italy appeared on the scene and tried being a big brother.

The Albanians don't like it, of course. They'd rather mess up their country themselves. But there does n't seem to be much they can do about it. It is true that from time to time Italian soldiers, in the mountains, disappear and are never heard of again. But then, these little accidents will happen. A revolution, now, would be another story.

Have you ever heard of Essad Pasha? He is Albania's *bête noire*, a traitor, the one man whom no Albanian mentions without a curse. He betrayed Albania to the Serbs once, and now he lives in Paris. That is a trifling matter, however, for he has plenty of money. Money enough, even, to make him king of Albania if he could only get some nation like Turkey, or perhaps Italy, to back him.

One cannot say exactly what happened, but it is known that certain well-dressed European Albanians have been making little trips through the mountains, and somehow the mountaineers have got the idea that the present Albanian government is not a government of Albania by the Albanians, but of Albania by Tirana. Naturally they feel that this will not do at all.

And so for many days there has been a growing tenseness in the air, and our ragged little army of gendarmes has been doing a lot of drilling. None of us

knew what was going on, but something was obviously wrong.

I am on the 'Mobile Unit' now, going into the mountains daily to hold clinics in the villages on their bazaar days, and I have noticed the appearance of barricades at the village gates, and signs of growing restlessness among the people. Still no one says anything.

Three mornings ago we awoke to find the foothills that surround Tirana covered with armed men. Night before last, about eleven o'clock, without any warning, the attack began. A steady pinging crackle which lasted all night. There was absolutely no other sound. The personnel of the Red Cross did a lot of running around, and the night nurse at the hospital spent the night on the kitchen floor, preferring rats to bullets. But no one else seemed disturbed, and in the morning Tirana was calm and quiet. So was the army on the foothills. Can you beat it?

Goodness only knows what will happen next. The Colonel has given orders that no member of the Red Cross shall go outside the city gates without permission. That does n't include the Mobile Unit, of course, so four of us — a doctor, a chauffeur, another nurse, and myself — chug serenely along the Durazzo road every morning, our car streaming flags — white, Red Cross, and American.

It had been my intention, when I came here, to write you of the commonplaces of everyday life, just sketches, you know, full of atmosphere, and so forth. But how can I, when there is nothing commonplace to write about?

P.S. What price Boston now?

Three weeks later

For three weeks we have been in a state of siege. Talk about nervous tension! After two days of it we should have welcomed a good brisk fight.

In the streets, through the heat of the day, groups of men talked in low tones, separating at the approach of a stranger. The prefect was shot down, in front of the mosque, by an unknown assassin. The bazaars were closed. All day, on the shimmering foothills, armed men moved like a swarm of white ants, the smoke of their fires curling up into the blue. Now and then, at irregular intervals, a single bullet would sing over the walls. They got on our nerves, those bullets. One never knew when or where they would come.

At night a strangeness descended upon Tirana. When one walked along the streets, suddenly from a tree overhead would come a sound of heavy rustling. In the dark narrow streets one heard the thud of feet running, and of other feet pursuing. There were signal fires on the mountains. And everlastingly that stray bullet. Day after day our nerves tightened. It seemed as though *something* must happen. But it did n't, until night before last; then it was n't much, and only added to the strain. It was a short, horrible scream, and the sound of a multitude moving over the cobbles in the lane behind the Government House. There was nothing more, though we sat up for hours waiting.

Yesterday morning at dawn Molly and I were awakened by the familiar crackle of rifle-shots, and with one move we leaped for the window. In the courtyard the bullets were already pinging on the tiled walls. 'It's come at last,' we thought, and ducked, as the windowpane splintered over our heads and a bullet lodged in the wall above Molly's bed. We spent no more time at that window, I assure you. Dragging on sufficient clothes to be respectable, we ran out on the little side balcony and watched from there. The luck of us, to see such a battle in

these days of batteries, aeroplanes, and hundred-mile fronts!

Out on the plain between Tirana and the foothills, in the yellow dawn-light, we saw them: a long line of men advancing; and, going steadily out to meet them, our handful of gendarmes, whose numbers swelled momentarily as the men and boys of Tirana raced to join them. Both lines of men were dropping in the grass. There came a double spurt of flame, a sharp crackling, and two long tails of smoke whipped across the plain.

I was jumping up and down in my excitement. Molly says I yelled like anything. But then, so did she!

The firing became constant. Tiling on the courtyard walls chipped off, bit by bit. The morning air stung our nostrils, choked us a little. The crawling lines had almost met. More and more tall mountaineers lay still in the grass.

Suddenly something happened. Exactly what, I do not know. But I saw that the men in the attacking line were leaping to their feet, were running in great bounds toward — the foothills! After them, with wild yells bursting from their throats, ran the gendarmes.

We watched until, even in the growing light, they could be seen no more. Far up among the foothills a house burst into flame.

In the Holy Garden a mourning dove called softly. Tirana was silent.

And Tirana remained silent until about ten o'clock, when the first gendarme trudged wearily across the stone bridge. Behind him, in straggling groups, came the others — all grinning, not one missing, and not one unwounded. And their women went out to meet them. We heard the singing.

At sunset they were still singing, and there was dancing in the streets.

Are you glad, Rose, to be in Paris, and out of horrid revolutions? You are not!

June 12, 1920

Where did you get that idea? Don't you know that the World War was not fought to end wars? It was merely a rehearsal for the next.

I don't know that I can tell you much about what is going on underneath, here. It is all a part of the general clash along the east coast of the Adriatic, of the struggle of Italy and Jugoslavia for the possession of Albania.

No, I don't think we are starting another conflagration — yet. It is, as you said, too soon. But if Albania loses her freedom something will happen right away. She will never submit to it. If you could know the intelligence and fierce pride of these people you would understand. Albania is already the fuse attached to the charge of gunpowder in European affairs, and if she begins to smoulder — !

You are quite right. I can't expect to go on watching fights forever. But who said I expected to? Or even, necessarily, wanted to? Don't misunderstand my frank enjoyment, my dear. It is n't the fights that make life over here worth while to me. They, like men, give a great deal of zest to life, but that does n't mean that I want a fight around all the time, any more than I want a man around all the time.

But about the fights. They are n't what really matters. What really matters is the everyday life, such as I am living now. Yes, one can still have it. And it is nicer here than any place else I've been. In spite of wars and revolutions, and so forth, there is something peculiarly peaceful about this country. The days go by slowly, lazily. No one hurries. There is always to-morrow. We work all day on the Mobile Unit, up in the mountains. When the shadows begin to lengthen we come home, coasting the car down the mountain-side, singing, the wind in our faces. Come home to bathe, and change our

clothes, and go riding up the Elbassan trail, or out the Durazzo road, or to the old Roman Bridge.

These trails! I can't tell you how I love them. The hot baking rocks; the blistered mudholes; the dry rustle of withered grass underfoot; the cool smell of ferns deep in lost ravines; cloud shadows on the mountains; blue columns of smoke far across the valley; the sound of waterfalls. There are places where one can relax in the saddle, and sit looking across the miles of mountain peaks to where the sun goes down into flaming clouds.

You hear a footfall on the rocky trail behind you, and an Albanian pauses by your stirrup. He looks at you with keen, friendly eyes. 'May you live long, Zonja.'

You reply, 'And to you long life.'

Gravely he touches forehead and breast. 'May your trail be smooth, Zonja.'

You watch him striding easily down the steep path. Life could well be long here, you think, for time stops in this land of hot sunlight and color. A day or a century — it is all one.

July 10, 1920

So much has happened since I wrote you last.

In the first place, three days after the revolution Essad Pasha was assassinated in Paris. No one knows who did it, but I should say it was someone with sense. Anyway, there is the end of one of Albania's many troubles.

And now Italy, also, is out of the way. Just plain kicked out. I saw it. But I doubt if getting the Italians out of the country has by any means eliminated Italy.

I hardly know where to begin, I'm so full of the little personal things. By instinct I should start with the moment when the big truck stood waiting in front of the mess while Captain

Stevens said good-bye to his wife, and Mose Williams, with tears of envy in her eyes, pressed her little .25 Browning automatic into Molly's hand. But that tells you nothing of the situation.

It was like this. The revolution was scarcely over, and things settling down to a normal routine, when there began to be little skirmishes between the Albanians and the Italians. Nothing much. Just little pot-shots here and there. But the feeling against Italy was rising. In a little while, no matter what went wrong the Italians were blamed for it, and when you have a situation like that it is time to do something about it. But Italy could n't — or would n't. Anyway, she did n't. The Italian officers kept sending to Italy for reinforcements, but no reinforcements came. Italy was busy elsewhere, and she underestimated the strength of Albania.

After a little we heard rumors of riots in Valona. Then word came that the Italians in Valona had seized every Albanian of fighting age in the town, and put them all in a prison camp on an island in the harbor. My dear, from one end of the country to the other the Albanians rose as one man, picked up their guns, and started for Valona. Day after day they tramped through Tirana; old men, little boys, and hundreds upon hundreds of splendid fighting men. Said Bey, at the head of his own troops, departed the first day. That young man is a whiz! Long life to him!

There were endless rumors of fighting, and then one day, through the hot afternoon stillness, we heard a low rumble, too steady for any thunder. We had heard that sound too long in France not to recognize it, so when an exhausted courier arrived in town two days later we were not in the least surprised to hear that the Italians were shelling Valona from the sea.

We heard how the Albanians had surrounded three hundred Italians in the town of Tepelini, had cut off their water supply, and had kept them there until they were forced to surrender. We heard how the Italians, in their scattered little outposts, were appealing frantically to Italy for help. But none came, and their numbers were thinning daily, thanks to the marksmanship of the Albanian mountaineers.

And, most exciting of all, we heard that the courier had brought a note to our Colonel, asking for aid in caring for the wounded and prisoners. The note was from the Albanians, of course. But the Colonel was in Venice at a conference. What should be done? The Medical Director was fearfully worried. It would never do for the American Red Cross to seem to take sides, yet how could he refuse an appeal for help?

At last he decided to send two operating teams down with supplies. And oh, my dear, Molly and I were two of the four nurses picked to go! Captain Stevens was to be in charge, with Dr. Theobald, a woman doctor, as assistant. We were to take two truckloads of supplies. Which was not so simple as it sounds, since there were no roads, and we should have to go straight across country, trucks and all.

There is no use in my going into the details of that trip. It took us five days to go sixty miles, which may give you some idea of what it was like. We slept on the ground at night; we lived on condensed milk, hard-boiled eggs, and bully beef; we filled in mudholes so we could get across them — enormous mudholes, thirty feet or so in diameter. Twice we barely escaped running off a precipice. The second time the front wheels of the truck actually went over. I was in that truck, and it certainly gave me a bad few minutes. We crossed a morass on a

wobbling plank-walk thing that had been built by the Austrians, who thought it was a bridge. We built a huge raft on two pontoons, to ferry us over a river. We were mistaken for Italians and shot at. I can't begin to tell you all of it. But you shall see the pictures we took.

We spent three days in Fijeri, while Captain Stevens went away to locate the wounded, and then we moved on to Kuta, arriving at the tag end of a frightful battle in which the Albanians descended on the Italian outposts and wiped them out completely. The Albanians turned over the quarters of the Italians to us, and we set about making a hospital of a long building full of wounded. I was presented with a hut and asked to make an operating-room of it in three days. You should have seen me — and it. But I did it, with the help of two Italian prisoners and many buckets of whitewash. On the third day, in the afternoon, it was ready, and Dr. Theobald removed an eye by way of christening. Meantime Italian aeroplanes came over and sprinkled bombs on us, and an occasional shell dropped in our front yard. We could hardly expect anything else, being in the centre of the Albanian headquarters.

It was impossible to move anywhere out of the yard without stumbling on a dead Italian. Poor fellows! It was n't their fault. I pitied them from the bottom of my heart.

We stayed a week, and then Molly and I were recalled to go back on the Mobile Unit. The rest are still there, though there is not much to do now.

On our return we found Tirana celebrating the victory, and learned that the Italian troops were to be withdrawn at once. It's good to be back. Tirana is a lovely place, so green and still. We go riding again over the old trails at sunset, and swim in the pool at the old Roman Bridge. Ramazan is

beginning, and Tirana fasts and sleeps by day, and feasts and sings all night.

This world is a pleasant place.

August 10, 1920

Why have n't I been writing 'rock-bottom' letters? I don't know, my dear. Really I don't. I suppose it is because I have been more preoccupied with myself and Albania than with myself and life. It may be that I am at last grown-up. Anyway I am beginning to realize that if I wish to get anything out of living I shall have to learn how to do it. And it strikes me that one of the first essentials is to 'take the cash and let the credit go.' And now that I don't care terribly about anything I find that I enjoy everything more. It was only when I expected something of life that it pinched me. Since I've stopped caring and expecting, the shoe seems to be on the other foot.

I admit that I am complacent about it. But why not be complacent? This might seem to be contradicted by the way I rush off, with a whoop, to wars. But, as you say yourself, wars are n't really life. They merely help you to appreciate tranquillity.

I have n't been bored for some years. I doubt if I ever am again. Everything is too interesting.

I was talking with a girl the other day. She was twenty-one, and as she talked I seemed to hear faint echoes of myself. She said she was bored. That life was horrible. That she hoped she'd die when she was forty because she could n't bear to be any older than that. (Mercy! I don't think I was ever quite that bad!) She said, a little consciously, that she 's'posed I'd think she was blasé but' . . . And then she explained to me, most earnestly for one so blasé, that nothing in life seemed to have any meaning.

'But why should it?' I inquired.

She looked at me pityingly, the way they do, and said I did n't understand. Poor darling!

Ramazan is over. All day long the great drum of Byram rolls its tremendous voice through the city. At sunset the jar of cannon startles the birds in the square to shrieking flight. But the vivid night-life of the bazaar is over until next year, and its streets are dark and deserted. The sky is no longer red with the leaping blaze from the forges. The shops, where the silks and gaudy handkerchiefs hung in slashes of color, are boarded up and silent. The street of the coppersmiths is full of black shadow, and there is no sound of many little hammers beating on ringing metal. During the day, in the clinic, the long line of patients with indigestion grows rapidly shorter.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
• July 18, 1921

Our trip to South America is all off. Molly's mother died suddenly in June. The poor kid is still numb with the shock of it and not writing many letters. But I think she expects to stay at home for at least two years.

As for me, I fled like a scared child, to the bosom of the M. G. H. I had n't meant to. It just happened. I was spending a week on Pinckney Street, and one day, standing on the top of the hill, at Anderson Street, I caught sight of the familiar ivy-covered buildings at the foot of the hill. 'Good old M. G. H.,' I thought, and somehow, presently, I found myself wandering through the cool old corridors.

It got me. It always gets me. The orderly bustle, the smell of ether and soapsuds, the rattle of trucks, the clang of the ambulance gong! They are all a part of me. The old M. G. H. brought me up by hand.

I watched the preoccupied nurses, hurrying starchily; the house officers

galloping up to 'The Flat,' four steps at a time. I looked out at the red-coated patients under the elms on the lawn. I saw the same old sunlight making the same warm squares of color on the floor of the Big Brick Corridor. And I remembered the old days. I saw myself, a young nurse again, skinny and wild-eyed, chasing to X-ray behind a truck. All at once, Rose, I wanted to belong again. I wanted to hurry through the corridors with my hands full of papers and my mind full of medical terms and hospital gossip. I wanted to feel a stiff uniform collar cutting my neck. I wanted to see the superintendent of nurses coming, and to wonder frantically if my cap was on straight. I wanted to hear the chatter and clash in the dining-room, and the voices of many nurses, all cursing the food — which, by the way, is very good as hospital food goes.

When I finally came out into the stuffy air of Blossom Street I was the slightly astonished possessor of a job, taken for one year. I was to have charge of the Nose and Throat Department of the Out-Patient. I was to teach etherizing, and I was to come July first. That 'one year' scared me a little. I wondered if I'd be able to stick it.

But here I am — and thus far quite contented. It still seems miraculous to me to have everything in the world to work with. I have worked so long with nothing at all. I can hardly understand the complaints of the other head nurses about equipment. It seems so amazing to me to have more than one of anything. I suppose in a little while I'll forget and grumble too. One always does. Then there is the food. Three meals a day, all quite different. To be sure, it begins all over again the first of each week, but when you have lived for a long time upon precisely the same thing three times a day, every single day, you are

overwhelmed at such variety. And the baths! My dear, you can have a bath at any time of day, and use all the water you want to. But the nurses take it quite as a matter of course, and fuss about the rule which says that no baths are to be taken after ten o'clock at night.

My job is devilish hard, but exceedingly interesting, except for having so many helpless doctors around. I'd forgotten they were like this. They never can find *anything*. I never saw the beat of it! Then there is the red tape. I suppose it is necessary in a big institution like this, but it irritates me exceedingly. When I want a thing I want it quick. I don't want to wait until day after to-morrow for it.

Socially speaking, life is most pleasant and busy. I don't have very much time for regrets and memories — yet. What it will be like when the novelty has worn off I can't say.

At the present time I am interested, absorbed, and busy, which is the best thing that could happen to me. I am not restless, as I was when I came home before. I may even be going to settle down. Who knows? Only don't begin writing me about Persia, and Egypt, and Siam. I don't think I can stand it.

June 3, 1923

Really, I had n't meant to go so long without writing you. But when I think of you in Bagdad —!

I've chucked my job, after sticking on it nearly two years. I left in April, and started specialing nights at the Phillips House. Am living with four of the girls who left at the same time I did.

Miss Johnson says that during the last eight months of my being in the Throat Room she expected me to leave any minute. I don't know just what gave her the idea, as I was still fairly contented. It was the Smyrna disaster that upset the apple cart.

I heard that the Red Cross was considering sending people over to do relief work, and that was all I needed to send me flying to headquarters to find out if there was any chance of my going. At the time, they said that nothing had been decided, but asked me if I would consider going to Greece on a publicity job. Would I? My goodness!

In my madness I rushed home and sold my Ford — which I have regretted ever since, as the Red Cross did n't send anybody after all. It was a sweet Ford, though shambling.

Anyway, my restlessness dated from that time, and I finally left, though not till long after the Smyrna trouble was over.

I'm writing this on night duty. Don't worry, my patient is sleeping. I've always liked night work, as you know, and this night duty is particularly pleasant. I'm on the seventh floor, which is always cool and quiet, and has the loveliest view in Boston. On one side I can see all the city sleeping, and on the other is the Charles River, which never sleeps. From sunset to sunrise, the Charles River Basin is a continuous poem.

Have you ever seen the Basin at night — strung with gold chains, and the black water streaked with wavering reflections? All night it is so, and I am never tired of looking at it. At dawn, when the lights go out and the milk trucks are rumbling along Charles Street and the trees begin to show green, there it is again, the old river — softly blue, with the gray bridges looping over.

I like it all, as far as it goes. But it seems strange not to see anything else ahead of me. If I were ambitious in my profession it would be different. But nursing is n't really what I want to do, although I like it, and always have. Its limitations are what I object

to. If I want to go any further I shall have to study medicine. And I would do so if the urge were a little stronger. But it would mean eight years of study, only parts of which would be interesting, and I don't care quite enough about the rest to make the game worth the candle.

Stupidly enough, it seems infinitely more worth while to catch in words the mood of the river than to be head etherizer somewhere. With my mind I perceive that it is stupid, but my perception of it does n't alter my feeling in the least.

I wonder what I should have been like if there had n't been any war? I wonder if I should have been perfectly satisfied with my little world? I think probably. I'm sure I should n't have been lazy, as I am now. And I should undoubtedly have realized my ambitions, since they would n't have aspired to anything higher than a superintendency. I might even have married, as the final Great Adventure — which now seems to me a terrifying and impossible thing to do.

What do I want? The same thing that most people want — leisure. Which is hard to get, in America. Living is so expensive that in order to have enough money to be leisurely you must work for years, your best years, to get it. Then I want a house with a garden, lots of books, and a good servant. I want to study languages, which seem to be my one real passion. I want to be surrounded, not too closely, by people who have the same interests as myself. All this can be had in America, but merciful heavens, what a job to get it! I have to meet a hundred people to find one that is congenial, and that one is always someone who

has lived abroad as I have lived. It's too bad, and it's silly, but it is none the less the fact.

There are places in America where living is cheap, but if you go there you leave everything else behind. I can get all the things I want *separately*, after years of labor, but I can't have them all together. To have one I must do without the others.

I suppose the solution is a compromise. I should settle down to work the rest of my life and, by squeezing every cent, manage to pay for a small apartment overlooking the river, in which all the work would be done by *me*. And, since all the lovely swift days must be spent in labor, I should become absorbed in my job. That is what many of the girls have done since they came back from the war. Quite a few have married, but all those who have did so before they had time to think about it. It is probably an excellent thing to do — if you can do it. I can't. In the course of years I shall very likely acquire congenial friends. And I should forget about wanting to study, because there will be no time for it. Eventually I suppose I shall do all these things. You see, I am really quite sensible in my ideas. If only my emotions were equally so.

If only, at this moment, I could be absorbed in considering the best and quickest way to advance professionally, instead of sitting here dreaming over the river, remembering the hot Albanian trails and the nights of Ramazan, and hearing again the call to prayer, swinging out from the minarets at sunset!

The light is on over my patient's door.

Good-night,

TROUB

'AS THE SWIFT SHIPS'

BY THEODORE MORRISON

I

THEY pass me suddenly as I walk along the beach at night, enjoying the solitude and terrors of darkness, the wind cooling my hair to the roots, and the voice of the sea a steady singing and roaring in my ears. Like flakes of snow in a flaw, like white petals in a gust, they flee rapidly past my shoulder and vanish with a faint, wild cry in the night. But the white they show me is not the white of snowflakes or of petals; it is soft, pure down, fine indeed as the down a snowflake might form with its stiff crystals on a black cloth, but living and ruffling in a blow as the foam is ruffled when the wind drives over the rocks. And it covers warm breasts and sides, like a jacket, for they are the sandpipers, and it is the white beneath their wings that I see as I walk along in the darkness.

They summer in the lakes, and first come to the beach in the autumn. I cannot say precisely when they begin to appear, but always a little before they are expected they have come. It is one of the notes of autumn to be ready early. It is the season of wistfulness, and takes us unaware and unprepared. The chant begins before we are willing to hear it, full of glory as the long lament of color and the rising elegy of winds may be. It reminds us that our own days are falling before we have ripened our strength. 'They are passed away as the swift ships,' and we begin to see in autumn that their poetry is in their flight. We let them go

as carelessly as chips in a millstream, but they are chips afloat on great tides. Nature and matter lie fathomless all about them, illusion bears them on through predetermined dreams, and at some incredible time they must expire altogether. The sandpipers always come before they are expected.

One sees a little troop of them running along the beach with quick legs, bobbing down suddenly as if their feet had met an obstruction while their heads kept on going by a quaint momentum. How indescribably comic is their progress over the sand! A little thrust sets them off; their feet twinkle back and forth in a blur of speed while they advance stiffly over the wet plane of the beach. Suddenly all this forward motion completely stops without in the least retarding by way of preparation; except the head, with its inch-long bill, which describes an arc that carries it accurately to the seizure of some mote or invisible atom of sustenance, the object of this picturesque attack. To see a group of them, with sparkling minute brown eyes and cocked heads, performing these tiny operations with community skill, is to open one's mouth impolitely wide with the laughter that springs straight out of nature, the honest amazement of one creature at the oddity of another.

Samuel Butler, in *The Way of All Flesh*, sends his hero, who has come completely to grief through ignorance of the world and of himself, to watch

the elephants at the zoo for the restoration of his moral faculties. Elephants, I think, could well communicate the touch of nature which a sick soul might need. Fundamental humor and a large capacity for tolerance might easily be bred in the observer of their habits. But it might as well have been sandpipers, with the addition of autumn air and the wet, firm beach underfoot; long lines of breakers tumbling, as it seems, at the eye level of the solitary walker, and mounting each other's shoulders as they burst into white and hurl shoreward. Perhaps when the birds take flight, a sharp-winged little flock piping faintly as they whirl off in the wind, the hero may feel a wistfulness which elephants could not inspire; but let him plunge his senses deep in the autumn air, and the wistfulness will do no harm.

Cardinal Newman spent much subtlety in distinguishing the notes of the true church. Autumn is a kind of lusty and undogmatic church, a sacrament in the blood which sets it singing through the veins, and its notes may be palpably gathered by the walker along the beach. They need no calendar to pronounce their authenticity, nor college of ecclesiastics to dispute them into tenets and ratify their virtue with formalities. About the efficacy of grace in this church, no communicant need trouble his conscience; he drinks it in and it warms him. The same grace is in wine. He may even repeat, as his foot presses the resilient sand: —

'Cup-bearing Spring is gone, but her wine
remains
Spilled on the crimson plains,
And the hills reeling with color beneath
the sun.'

But along the beach he must take these lines as a symbol of autumn in general, and not of the landscape as he sees it bleakly spread before him. No trees are in sight; the only plain is a

long crescent of sand, the only hill a dull promontory like a finger pointing out to sea; and while there are colors aplenty, they are not such as these lines evoke. The beach is desolate. Colors are poured down on it from above, from the sun and the broken flocks of cloud. The walker is not ten minutes from a crowded street, but his view is cut off by bleak, rude wastes of land and water; on one side by the crest of the beach, where the sand topples like a breaking wave and is crowned with lank blades of grass, stiff as swords and sharper; on the other side, seas lift and struggle, forcing their way against a land breeze, which breaks them into lips and roughnesses like half-chiseled granite. And these waves whirl with a green too intense and hardy to be pleasant except to rugged senses, and with the harshest degrees of purple. White veils of spray stream from their tops, as smoke is blown backward from the funnel of a rolling ship. Gulls with glistening wings circle keenly in a glittering ether. One of the notes of autumn along the beach is the colors of the sea, distinct alike from the blue days of summer and the black winter storms. In autumn, emerald greens, areas of purple like gigantic wings, a bay full of bluster and whitecaps and racing shadows of clouds, and a bright ether flowing over the face of the walker as if it were the unending river of life!

The sandpipers, when they are not chased by quixotic dogs and are not engaged in their comical pursuit of food, stand in a little cluster like berries and go to sleep on one leg. Some prefer two; no doubt they were born with a gift for attending to business, and their native sense of the picturesque has atrophied. But often a large part of the flock poise each upon one slender twig — so slender that it

can really be no more than a conventional straight line drawn in brown ink to connect them for our comfort with the earth, and save the brotherhood of science from walking out one day and finding a community floating at rest above the sand with their heads tucked under their wings. How they preserve balance on this interpolated leg, which is off centre, might indeed offer the scientist an evening's pleasant speculation.

Creatures of air, sharp-winged, soft-feathered pipers and flutterers by day and night, have they no need of balance? Observation soon reveals that they have. Watch them on windy days, and you will see that they are half swung about and almost whirled off altogether when their feathers are caught the wrong way by the breeze. This is when their tails point into the wind. The soft down beneath their wings, fine as feathers of snow, is awkwardly ruffled by an adverse current. You will see them running with the wind, rumpled feathers and all, doing their best to keep their tails in line with their heads, until they chance upon a molecule of nourishment, which only their bright brown eyes, cheerfully serious, can detect. Let such a speck come in view, and they round it promptly as if it were a buoy. So, coming up into the wind, they bob down their bills with secure and neatly fitting jackets unruffled by the tides of air.

II

When the sky is in bluster on a bright autumn afternoon, the beach is universally active. The air crackles with its myriad points of light, the sea leaps, the wind blows life into the cheeks and thoughts of the walker. He hears a thousand voices — half-articulate inner sounds of wind, wave, bird cries, the rushing of his own blood, words blown into his brain from old

songs and laments, forgotten harmonies, mysterious because the brain cannot reproduce their natural intervals — and hears them wilder than they are, like a voice echoing in a glen. Or, if the lots are cast in favor of coherence, he may discourse to himself much more clearly. He may see the point of human institutions and affairs with new humor and perspicacity, and criticize them fearlessly. He may settle his metaphysical tenets for as long as an hour. The clean-winged gulls are slitting bright arcs in the bluest of air over the greenest of waves, the long crescent expanse of rusty-red, desolate sand lies ready for eager legs to pace. Neither authority, nor the weight of weariness or convention, nor the necessity of pleading to a special audience, even of one and that one agreeable, can dull or impose unfair conditions upon the flow of wit and spontaneous criticism in which the mind may delight.

Unfortunately, thoughts at such times are deceptive. One lends his heart freely to the great realm of sensation or illusion by which life is manifested to itself, and lending one's self freely to illusion is little else but dreaming. The intellect may blush to acknowledge in a later hour the figments that amused it when the flesh bounded with the stings of autumn, and the white sails bellied out on a blue horizon. But another side of the case is at least possible. The brain has been active and free while the body was eager and sane, and the accumulated results of many such experiences may well be to sink a few vital reflections and affinities of taste, and perhaps a conscious source of moral strength, deep into the mind. Literature and the mind live by the expression of eternal attitudes, and the love of nature is eternal. It is a disposition of the whole man, of the sum of his instincts and the desire of his heart. What would be the

air without birds, or the earth without the sea?

Birds, of course, are one of the notes of which I am making so incomplete and indolent a list. Besides the gulls and the sandpipers, there are the ducks. They may be seen in the waves along the beach throughout the winter. Their particular skill is to ride the breaking crests in the shallows, rising half a dozen times their height on the slope of a wave, and vanishing undisturbed down the other side. If the wave, with its white forelock, threatens to break too soon and bowl them over, they rise promptly with a stroke of their webs, plunge down a quick bill, and plop beneath the surface with a brief show of heels, just in time to avoid the crumbling descent of a rolling green wall of foam. Or at sunset one may see them as he returns from his walk. The crest of the beach stands cold and rude, shadowing all the brown sand to the edge of the tide. Overhead there is still a clear blue, a staggering collection of atoms or tiny motes of sparkling light. Through this ether races the wind, and little troops of snipe whirl over with sharp, fluttering wings. Above them ducks in twos and threes plunge through the sky with outstretched necks, like winged nine-pins. One can hear the whistling of their pinions as they pass; they scrape the air with the friction of their flight.

Another note of autumn is its clouds. There are chill days when all motion is arrested in the air and overhead. The sky is full of monsters, rolled and ragged shapes hanging in still suspension, with edges of sunny yellow, bellies of purple and brown, and horny protuberances of a dozen hues. From the fissures and smaller interstices of the clouds, long beams of dusty light slant through the air, and always there are clear lakes of blue lying like a glimpse of open sea from harbor. How

to express the blue of these lakes! They are a theme for Melville's pen; they set the eyes to singing, they are like the wings of a dove to fly far away and be at rest. In the lower flocs of cloud, which curtain the air thickly above the sea, comes a gap; and beyond, deeper in the sky, lighter and thinner clouds extend into the gap, like sand washed with a faint sunlight, and form the shores of the blue lake. But deep beyond all thought, infinitely far and pure, wholly detached and free from all human circumstance, the lake itself swims, of such a young forgetful blue as if God had made it in the youth of His days and the freshness of His love for the peace of all created souls.

III

The wisdom which a man may find in nature is so sane, so innocent, and so simple, that he need never defend it. Half his world will understand him, and that is enough for the most jealous persuasion. They will understand him the better if he does not attempt to speak. The best defense he could make of any cherished habit of thought or enjoyment, germane and natural as it appeared to himself, might only distort and disenchant his sympathies to others. By the aid of humility, he may come to see that the others are right, that his expressed opinions were really delusions, foreign to the instincts he thought they defended. There is little enough that any of us can understand, and of what we can the inarticulate is more significant. Creeds and faiths explicitly pledged mislead both those who maintain them and those who point out their idiosyncrasies; but such mistakes and inadequacies of human utterance are superficial. They should teach us to allow for a difference between what a man says that he believes

and what the true sources of his nature ought to lead him to believe and say that he believes, if he knew himself well enough, or could be thoroughly consistent and free from confusions. And we must admit that unless we were deceived in ourselves and in others, unless creeds were only half articulate and reasons often false, life would be intolerable, or at least wholly different from human, and no character could be winsome. Our most understanding humor comes from sharing our foibles; friendliness and courage are bred from a common struggle for truth and a common sincerity in our blindness.

But while the wisdom of nature needs no defense, the lover of nature may badly need to defend it, simply because profound instincts urge him toward expression. There is in man as a race an impulse to find out truth, to make all experience articulate; and this impulse, with its moral implications, is more serious than life itself, which for the most part passes in vanity or anticipation. Let a man take pen in hand, then, and protect himself from vanity by what means he may! A lover of nature who invited all the world to go walking with him would be disabused of one sort of vanity in ten minutes. But he may publish his walks to the world, and let his own find him as they will. Poets defend poesie, although of the making of books there is no end.

In autumn along the beach we shall learn that man is a natural creature. His eye was made to delight in birds as they fly, to trace the patterns of foam on the green hollow of a rising wave. His instincts are elemental, designed for his happiness and perpetuation. If they are confused by a too intricate society, he is led on to wretchedness. Yet if they were never complicated or opposed, ambition would never fructify.

The principle in man's life which produces engines and weapons, builds cities, refines the intellect, dissects the body, the instinct which is the nourishing root of civilization, may seem a thwart and a burden to the simple love of beauty and impulsive enjoyment of the world as it appears to the senses. But this instinct is the one means of apprehending the hidden motions and habits behind the appearances of nature, of framing them to purposes which reason or the hope of progress may require. It is the one means of attempting to discover the conditions of a permanent good. From it springs all that is serious in the human drama, great achievements, great aspirations, great tragedies; and thus it enriches the materials of contemplation, to which at last the mind must escape for satisfaction and understanding. Man needs winds to blow through his hair and salt to sting his flesh as he needs poetry, of which they are the source, for the higher unities of his spirit, without which ambition would become an effort never chastened by rest, never enlightened and refreshed by the presence of beauty.

Like history, nature cannot be depended upon to teach any given lesson, for she is just as apt to give her authority to both sides. The observer comes to her predetermined toward certain conclusions, or with questions which, if she were to undertake them, she would propose to herself in a very different guise. No doubt she will modify the notions he brings her, but he himself will largely be the source of their final good or evil. Her wisdom is addressed to a court beyond his view. He comes to her for light, and she gives him the measureless fluid gray of the sea at evening, interfused with a luminous pale yellow which breathes from every point of its tranquil surface; or she pours down the windy colors

of sunset on his head. Wordsworth divines in her

A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought.

Walt Whitman learns 'to speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and insouciance of the movements of animals,' or 'to be the free channel of himself.' Striding along the autumn sand, we may take our own measure in the presence of nature. Any thought must gain honesty and humility from a walk beneath her spacious arches of night and day. To unimpeded minds, with an easy taste for life, nature may teach impulsive ethics, enough to gratify the successive episodes of an earthly career within their own compass. But to those who cannot be free channels of themselves, who need the restraint of deeper reflections, nature may offer beauty and resignation in which their liberty may be found.

The sandpiper running on the beach with his bright brown eye is an instant in a vast natural force; presently he will whirl away, and we shall see him no more, though others of his kind may make autumnal journeys to our coast. We ourselves are moments in a flow of life, an expanding river of human consciousness which is immeasurable, inevitable, and blind. By watching the stars, breathing the tides, we learn palpably with our senses a little of the breadth and the minute exactness of the forces which determine all things. Not a molecule of the rising wave is exempt from the energy which shapes the whole mass; the most careless and fine-blown curve of spray flying like a mane from a breaking crest, is distributed to the last drop by necessary affinities in matter. Yet how wild, restless, and moving is the sea! Life is all illusion; it is a game played for an ulterior purpose, to maintain generations endlessly. 'All nature paints

like the harlot' — colors, bright winds, whatever forms exist for the eye or harmonies for the ear, all that we accept as the tangible presence of things or properties of things, are in reality but a language of imagination, the properties of our response to a world of which science gives a very different report. Thus does nature equivocate with our perceptions, and build us life out of dreams.

That the sea with its bursting hues, the outlines of beach and promontory stained with bright autumn tints, that all impressions of sense are not nature herself, presenting her works to our direct view, but a pictured world, the romance of our own organs, springing out of nature perhaps, yet in no way resembling her, comes at first as a hard saying. But time enrolls this reflection among the most easy and familiar. Without illusion no creature could exist, no knowledge could be possible. Illusion is the whole source of beauty and of mental life. Nor does this recognition detract in any way from the reality of pleasure and pain, of good and evil. That nature equivocates with us is not a reason that we should equivocate with her, or with each other. We are not called upon to retaliate with deceitful morals toward our fellow men or toward our own minds. Life may be the substance of a dream, as poets have declared; but we may act in its course honestly, and treasure its great dramas of hope or ambition for whatever may make them worthy to be acted or felt. Nor shall we be the less resolved for the autumn walk with nature which has showed us how existence feeds upon illusion. From seeing thus clearly, we shall return to labor more cheerfully and intelligently. We shall play our small romances in another spirit, perhaps, beholding them under the aspect of eternity as only brief, fitful themes

which by some miracle are continually vested with enchantment. From the signs of beauty which nature makes to us in stars and in the sea, our thoughts may borrow dignity and nativeness; and in the end we may be more ready to put off the garments of illusion, and go to sleep.

IV

Night transforms the work of day, and if we extend our autumn walks into the darkness we shall meet novel adventures. Pace out on the beach when the air flows with a deep, steady pressure against your shoulders. No stars are overhead; the world vanishes into a black and bottomless ether. The sand is black and wet underfoot; an appearance of light hovers faintly above it by contrast. Successive waves break into white foam out of the invisible ocean, and mount above each other in tiers, stretching out a mile in length on either hand. A deep roaring and rushing of spray chants continually to seaward; the entire night moves and blusters in the air, as if it had struck its tents and were flowing across the world to settle in a new place. You urge forward against this opposing current, with blowing hair, cool cheeks, and leaping blood. Suddenly you stop and start with the shiver of beholding a phantom. At your side, almost at your feet, pale in the darkness, a milk-white river streams noiselessly over the sand. Out of the night before you, at the limit of your vision, the river appears, and runs into the night behind with a long, unwavering speed. A shift of the wind suddenly broadens it. The stream sweeps out like the skirts of a dancer, and you stand in the midst of

it. Then you remember that often by daylight you had seen the loose, fine sand blowing in long, ankle-deep drifts down the curve of the beach, and you sigh with relief and astonishment.

Bend down your ear, and the flying particles will bring only the faintest whisper. Put your hand in the drift, and your skin will barely tickle with their impact. So light and impalpable is the stream that you will scarcely believe it actual. Like moonlit clouds combed out across the sky, the white river flies out of the darkness, now beside your path, now catching your ankles in its rapid sweep, and if you turn your back you will see it beginning at your heels and vanishing away from you in the night with a smooth, aerial velocity, a swift, visionary flight speeding in perfect silence, an hourglass for your meditation. You walk as if among moonlit clouds in the deep sky; sea and night, earth and existence, play only an accompaniment of luxurious dream.

And again your mind is suddenly arrested in its laboring wonder and delight. A little flight of downy breasts hurries by, and a faint, wild call follows back on the wind into which the invisible brown wings have struggled. You cannot now see the bright eyes or the quivering wing-tips, and only when the flock is whirled in an eddy that almost blows them over can you catch a brief glimpse of the white jackets of down fleeing past your shoulder. But you know that the symbol of all wistful desires, all hopes that can only be expressed by the fluttering of wings, all sympathies of the heart which are mute, unfathomable, and strange, has quickened your eyes for an instant as you stride along your mysterious road in the night.

COURAGE

BY BRASSIL FITZGERALD

WHEN they were youngsters of ten and twelve, the Sprague boys used to walk home alone after Sunday evening services. Peter was the elder, a stocky, unimaginative child, dark-skinned and awkward. Davy had nice features. He was fair like his mother's people.

As they neared the foot of Pride's Hill, Peter would take his brother's hand. Davy was afraid. That was on account of the old Baptist cemetery. The stones gleamed, and there were noises in the underbrush that fringed the road. As they topped the rise, the younger boy would draw away a little, and start chattering again.

Even in those days Peter had understood. Davy was different; things bothered him more. But he was smart, smarter than any of the others in the Pine Street school; and he could talk to people, even to strangers, when Peter could only mutter unhappily.

When the war came, it was inevitable that the Sprague boys should be among the first from Braintree to go. A Sprague had followed Ethan Allen down from the hills. There were the many Decoration Days when they had stood very straight and silent beside their mother, while the Grand Army bugler sounded taps. It was in the Sprague blood.

Davy enlisted in Boston, on his way home from his freshman year at Tufts. Two weeks later, when he left to report for duty, Peter went with him.

It was September. The transport was rocking to the first long swells of

the outer harbor. The brothers stood by the rail, watching their convoy nose out ahead. Somewhere in the distance behind them the fog was blurring out the ragged Hoboken water front.

David turned a shoulder against the gray shifting surfaces. 'The old man has it in for me, I guess,' he said suddenly, an apologetic note in his voice. He was looking at his brother's chevroned sleeve.

Peter watched a smudge of smoke on the horizon. 'You'll be on the next list, Davy,' he said awkwardly.

They were silent then. David was wondering what it would be like — over there. How long it would be. Peter was thinking of his brother. He was n't sure —

Beneath their feet the great shafts plunged and recoiled — pushing them steadily, relentlessly, toward the unknown.

It was December. The third battalion had halted along the road beyond M  nil-la-Tour. At eight that night the division would take over a sector from the French. The men had done twelve muddy miles since noon, and they were profanely tired.

The rain had ceased falling and the sky was drawing away, cold and hard. A heavy rumbling came and went among the hills up ahead. A gray-blue camion lumbered by. Its bearded chauffeur dexterously caught a cigarette and grinned his thanks. The poplars dripped. Out of the clumps of O. D. blue shreds of smoke eddied.

Sergeant Sprague, working down the line, reached his brother's squad. Davy was sitting on his unslung pack, a little withdrawn from the others. Peter noticed that as he squatted down beside him.

'How are the feet, Davy?'

'They're sore, Pete. Got any water?'

'Plenty.' He reached for his canteen.

As he took the canteen back, he paused, his fingers on its cover. Out of the distance had come a purring noise — high up. A soft purr with a recurring throb in it. The men grew silent. The noise came louder and louder. Far up in the sky, somewhat off to the right, a tiny black insect was sailing slowly toward them.

'He's looking for the road,' remarked Pete. Slipping the canteen back in his belt he snapped-to the felt covers. The word was passed along to cut out the cigarettes and lie flat.

The Boche plane was droning almost directly overhead. The men lay still. The plane swooped down toward the road. A bomb struck in the field behind them; the explosion beat on them — the Boche had passed over.

A voice came from the next squad, 'Missed us, you ——!' A tense suppressed laugh. The Boche came circling back again. The drone of his engine grew louder and louder. It would be close this time. Davy's hand came into Pete's line of vision. It was very still — the hand. Then slowly, spasmodically it twitched. It twitched as a shot rabbit twitches — convulsively. He was aware suddenly of a fear that had been with him from the beginning. Davy could n't stand it. He was different. He wished to God the war would end — soon.

A flash, and the crash came. On the other side of the road — a bit of iron rang on a helmet.

The plane did n't return. It hummed off toward Ménil-la-Tour. The men sat

up and followed it with jeering comments. Dave clambered to his feet, laughing unsteadily.

Sprague grew leisurely awake. There was a patch of sunlight on the dugout floor. That meant afternoon. He had a vague memory of noise, heavy muffled sounds. He had slept since daylight. It was quiet outside. It had been a quiet two weeks. By this time to-morrow they would be back in reserve. The first battalion would be in to relieve them by dawn. He heard someone passing outside; the creak of heavy boots on the duckboards. Fritz had been lying low. It was a bad sign, that. Well — they'd be out to-morrow. He'd speak to the captain then about Davy. It was nothing to be ashamed of. Davy was sick. His nerves were screwed tight — to the breaking-point. They could see for themselves.

He sat up and reached for his shoes, but the image of his brother's white face, the tense look of his eyes, persisted. Only one more day. The bags at the head of the stairs pushed in. It was Sergeant Ferber.

'Sleep through the row?' he grunted, pushing back his helmet.

'I heard something.'

'They threw some Berthas over — knocked in a piece of the support trench.'

Pete swung off his bunk and began winding on his spirals. Ferber stood watching him.

'Your brother's out of luck.'

Sprague straightened up and waited — tense.

'He sneaked off post five when the fuss started. They picked him up cryin' like a kid.'

It had come.

Sprague drew a quick sharp breath and bent again over his leggings, his back to Ferber. He tucked in the tape ends and turned.

'The kid's all in — he's sick,' he said quietly.

Ferber spat his disgust. 'He will be when they get through with him,' he remarked judiciously.

Sprague's eyes flamed. Then, without speaking, he went past Ferber to the stairs.

The sky was blue overhead. The guns were quiet, oppressively quiet. There was a soft thud above him. A little sand scattered down. Davy — Davy!

The lantern at Captain Doane's elbow flared and smoked. The shadow on the wall behind him bulked grotesquely. He gave no sign. Sprague spoke with an effort, a sense of futility dragging down his words. When he had done, the officer raised his eyes. He looked past Sprague.

'The court can consider his physical condition. That's not up to me,' he said wearily.

Sprague's voice was steady. 'Will you recommend clemency, sir?'

'I can't, Sprague. When your brother crawled off his post, he endangered the whole battalion. I can't let any feeling for you —'

There was more; something about justice and Pete's own record. The words blurred together. It did n't matter. Davy would be put under guard in the morning when they started out. They would n't shoot him — it would be Leavenworth. The *Concord Times* would have it. Jim Wetherby would bring the paper out to his mother.

The phone stuttered. As Doane reached for the set, Sprague saluted stiffly and turned away.

He was passing out of the orderlies' room when someone grabbed his elbow. 'Are you deaf, Sarge? The old man wants you back.'

The captain was waiting, drumming

nervously on the table. 'Price is on number nine. He thinks they've sneaked in and set up a machine gun off to his left.'

As Pete listened, his brother's face grew indistinct. The ground sloped off to the left of number nine.

'They could get the support trench from that position, sir.'

The captain jerked forward, scowling. 'If they've got that support trench covered they've got wind we're going to be relieved. They're going to strafe us when we start out.' He paused, and then went on grimly, 'You know the men. Send someone out to look it over. If the Boches are there, we'll hold up the movement and shell them out in the morning.'

A sense of relief — of escape — flashed on him. It would be a way out. Doane was waiting — giving him his chance.

A way out — for him. He stood silent.

The captain stirred impatiently. 'Well? Tell the man who goes we'll make him if he gets back. That's all, Sergeant.'

Sprague wormed his way out through the narrow connecting ditch to number nine post. A fine rain was beginning to fall. The night was black and warm. Price pointed out through the dark. Crouching together, they waited till a flare light shot up.

'Off to your left,' whispered Price, 'there's a shell hole. You can't see nothing, but there's a couple of Heinies in there with a machine gun or I'll —'

'All right, Price. I'll send someone out to look it over. Don't open up if you hear us. I'll go part way myself.'

Price cursed fervently under his breath. His whisper followed Sprague. 'There's a ticket west waiting for the bird that goes.'

Sprague knew it.

Davy lay crouched, his face to the wall. At the touch of his brother's hand he shivered and turned to stare up at him hopelessly. He tried to smile. His lips twitched.

Pete's face was granite. 'Davy, get your shoes on. The C. O. wants you.'

The members of Davy's squad were rolled in their blankets on the dugout floor. They had drawn away from his corner. One of them stirred in his sleep, but he did n't wake. Davy groped for his boots and stumbled after his brother.

In the trench outside, Pete gripped his shoulder. 'You've got to get out and get out quick. They're going to line you up in the morning.'

His brother's fingers clutched at his blouse. 'My God, Pete! They would n't do that!'

'They've got to on account of the others.' He put his arms around the boy and held him close. Then gently he broke the grasp of his fingers. 'You're going over to the Boches, Davy. They will ship you back to a prison camp. After this thing is over, people won't remember.'

He was glad of the darkness.

'I can't, Pete.' There was nothing left but fear.

'It's your only chance. Sure you can. Come.'

The boy shrank back.

'It's that or the firing squad, Davy.'

A moment later they were on their faces crawling beneath the wire. Out by number nine post. He could hear Davy breathing — quick forced gasps. Groping, he reached and found his hand. They crept on. Out past the

vague hump that was number nine post. Five — ten yards beyond. A flare went up, and before the light failed he had aligned the suspected crater.

Drawing close, he whispered, 'I've got to go back now, Dave. Keep straight on till you strike a shell hole, twenty-five yards out. Crawl in there till it starts to get light and then go over.'

He drew swiftly back before Davy could hesitate, lest he refuse to go on. He could still get him back. He dug his fingers into the earth. The silence pushed down on him — it was too late now. The seconds hung back.

A roar shattered the night. The waiting Boche had swung his gun on the black smudge that had crept too near. A sharp staccato of shots. The silence settled down again. Sprague crept back under the wire. His lips were bleeding.

Captain Doane looked up anxiously. 'Well, Sprague?'

'There's a machine gun there, sir. Thirty yards off post nine.' There was a note of exhaustion in his voice. 'He opened up and got our man.'

Doane fumbled for his pipe. Their eyes met. 'Who went, Sergeant?'

Pete lifted a suffering face. 'Private Sprague, sir,' he said proudly. Then his voice went flat.

'Your lantern's smoking, sir. I'll send Webber in.'

He stopped in the orderlies' room, and then went back to his brother's dugout — to gather up Davy's things. They would send them back to his mother.

GEORGE ELIOT'S 'QUARRIES'

BY CHARLES GARDNER

ON Wednesday, June 27, 1923, there was at Sotheby's a sale of books, relics, manuscripts, and portraits of George Eliot. The sale was 'by order of the executors of the will of Gertrude, widow of Charles Lee Lewes, being part of the property of George Eliot bequeathed by her to Charles Lee Lewes.' Among the manuscripts were notebooks containing what George Eliot called her 'quarries.' These were jottings, in small beautiful handwriting, on the characters and situations of the proposed novels. The quarry for *Middlemarch* is perhaps the most interesting of all. The ages and relations and pedigrees of the characters are noted. A little map of Middlemarch carefully marks the houses and their exact distances from each other. The story is placed at the time of the Reform Bill of 1832 and, to guard against anachronisms, the most important events leading to and from the Reform Bill are noted and dated. There are also notes on medical matters that might concern Doctor Lydgate.

There are two quarries for *Romola*, one of them written entirely in Italian. When George Eliot began to write the novel she was so steeped in Italian that Italian words came more readily to her than English, and not without embarrassment, for her characters would talk Italian, and she had to translate their speeches as she went along.

One of the quarries for *Romola* fetched £52; that for *Middlemarch* doubled it, at £105.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Ouvry,

granddaughter of George Henry Lewes, I was allowed to see the notebooks and quarries and to read them at leisure. In learning, of course, George Eliot was 'the heir of all the ages.' When I got among the notebooks I realized afresh the immense range of her knowledge, equaled only by the discipline by which she kept it in order. I perceived more fully how possessed she was with the scholar's passion for accuracy, how no detail was too insignificant for her consideration. Her place, I can never doubt, is with the men of massive intellect and imagination, with the peaks which, reaching into the rarer atmosphere of the heavens, do not despise the flowers that grow at their base.

Among the treasures retained by Mrs. Ouvry are a sketch for a new novel and a further fragment, which George Eliot may have intended to weave into the story, but which was more probably, I think, an independent jotting for another possible tale.

The opening paragraph of the fragment shows George Eliot's characteristic tendency to study man as a branch of natural history. Here it is:—

The transformations of insects—what nature can do in the way of turning a small pulpy grub that you are liable to eat with your salad into a winged creature of marvelous frame and instincts is a worthy theme of wonder, poetry, and science; but so are the metamorphoses of men in their passage from the stage of the pulpy infant in its first cap and nightgown, apparently shutting its eyes hard against the sight of the world and fighting and screaming at

existence as a means of improvement which it had never asked for, to the definite and solid form of the county or borough member, the hard-working clown at the circus, the busy lawyer, the ingenious inventor in steel, the remarkably plain householder known to a large public as 'the portrait of a gentleman,' the share-compelling swindler, the popular lecturer, the Right Reverend Bishop.

The bishop, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was a beautiful boy of fourteen, under the charge of a clergyman named Dolfus, headmaster of the Kippenham Grammar School. There was a house for the headmaster, but Mr. Dolfus was put into the rectory of the absentee rector, and the 'trustees let the house built for the headmaster to a flourishing corn-factor, and divided the rent among themselves.' Also since 'the townsmen made small use of the Free School, not generally caring that their boys should acquire Mr. Dolfus' hidden learning,' the trustees contrived that only a small portion of the school revenue should be given to the master, and managed to pocket the rest.

Indeed, Mr. Simmons, the great wool-buyer, often contended in familiar conversation that Trustees had a 'natural right' to be paid for their trusteeship out of such revenue as could be economized — always supposing the trust were of a public nature and not for your own nephews and nieces or your friend's widow, or suchlike. Mr. Mathers, who was not a trustee, often contradicted him and said that a man had no natural right to anything but air, and water, and bread or a parish allowance in lieu of it. But he never won the assent of the audience to this narrow view, and he was more than once asked where he would get his law from. . . . Quarreling of this sort seemed a function that went with property, filled up men's leisure, and gave them a point of view on various subjects concerning which they would otherwise have been in the void of neutrality.

There are touches of humor in the description that remind one of *Middlemarch*. However, I do not think George Eliot finally decided to build a novel out of her fragment. It is more likely that she thought of using it for her *Impressions of Theophrastus Such* and then dropped it altogether. The name of the headmaster, Dolfus, is in the manner of that work in which her massivity has become a heavy weight, and the humor caustic rather than genial.

The sketch for the novel is much more complete. Cyril Ambrose, the hero, is a man of inventive power in science as well as philosophy. 'The most fervid yearning of his life is to complete the development of a philosophic system which will make an epoch in the advancing thought of mankind.' But he is sadly hampered with poverty, having married young, and finding himself with a family to support. He has invented a destructive war-machine. If he can prevail on the Government to buy his invention for a good sum, he will be able to leave his journalism, by which he keeps his family, and devote his time and energies to his philosophical scheme. But the War Office is dilatory, and he is embittered as the years slip by, and 'the researches necessary to give a firm basis to his system are not being made.'

The story is at the time of the Napoleonic Wars. Rastin, an agent for a Continental museum, a man of universal accomplishment, and 'understood to know more than anybody else about the secret springs of European politics,' has come to England, and has an appointment with Sir Andrew Freemore. The baronet is an 'ardent patriot, and bitterly indignant at the Continental system, which is ruining the London trade and causing the suicide of distinguished bankers. . . . At the same time, he sees no objection to reducing the harm done to the English trade, by

trafficking to supply Napoleon underhand with the English goods which the Emperor wants for his own purposes.' Sir Andrew believed Rastin to be a secret agent of the English Government and told him about Cyril Ambrose and his invention. The scene takes place in the beautiful gardens at Streatham, where Rastin has already captivated Lady Freemore and promised to procure for her 'a set of jewels made precisely after the fashion of those worn by the Empress Maria Louisa.' Rastin's interest is immediately aroused, and, if Cyril will explain his invention, he proposes to go with him at once to the War Office.

Afterward, at a masquerade, Rastin meets a witty female spy who refuses to unmask. 'They sup together; she denounces him, after he has bought Cyril's invention for Napoleon. The formula of the invention is found on Rastin's person, and Cyril is thus involved in the crime against the English Government.'

'Enough!' we cry. 'That is not what we want.' I have read somewhere that George Eliot wrote one chapter of the new novel, and it was destroyed after her death, because of her known dislike of unfinished work. We can well believe that the whole novel would have been a remarkable product, full of subtle observation, beautiful scenes, and dramatic episodes, but we shall be accused of no detraction from the memory of George Eliot if we say we cannot regret that it remained unwritten.

Let us review her work and her life. To-day it is usual to depreciate the great Victorians, like Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, Carlyle, George Eliot, and to extol its lesser lights, like Mrs. Gaskell, Matthew Arnold, Coventry Patmore, Anthony Trollope. The nineteenth century was loud in its scorn of the artificial, canting eighteenth. Only in the last few years has it become

the thing to admire the cool, detached literature of what is now called the Augustan period. The time for a reversal of our judgments apparently is not yet due.

The reaction against George Eliot has gone very far. She was no artist. She was didactic without the right to be so. She was an overcultured dull woman. She was full of 'the cant of skepticism, the goody-goodness of irreligion.' There were touches of power in her novels, and much heaviness. The centenary notices were rather more appreciatory, as if the writers felt they must say on the occasion what they could. Mr. Edmund Gosse wrote a brilliant article in the *London Mercury* and gave an unforgettable sketch of George Eliot driving through London with a Parisian feather in her bonnet. Did Mr. Gosse really remember all the details he gave? It was a very long time ago. That George Eliot did once have an ostrich feather Mr. Gosse has reason to know, for he owned the pencil drawing of George Eliot thus befeathered, made by Mrs. Alma-Tadema, which he afterward presented to the National Gallery. He gave the impression that George Eliot was habitually overdressed; and, with his perfect mastery over words, slyly slipped the word 'provincial' into such a place as to give piquancy to his whole picture. The truth is that George Eliot was neglectful and old-fashioned in her dress, except under the urgency of her friends. Thus moved, the material of her dresses became more expensive; their fashion remained unchanged.

The present depreciation of George Eliot, so far as we may consider it seriously, has some excuse. Her works have not been considered apart from herself; and the picture of her presented by Mr. Cross to the world was lacking in all charm or attraction. He told the story of her life by means of her letters,

which covered a period of about forty-six years. George Eliot cannot be reckoned among the great letter-writers. Her letters are sympathetic or learned or kind or thoughtful, but they are always restrained, rarely self-revealing or charming. Perhaps to her nearest and dearest she could let herself go. Anyway, judged by those given in her 'Life,' her letters are not interesting. The same must be said of her letters to Elma Stuart, published in 1909. The volume has a few charming letters, but they were written by George Henry Lewes. Her own scarcely bear publicity, and when pruned of what gave them character they are apt to become vapid. There is no bridge between her letters and her books or between her letters and herself. A letter was once an escape for ardent women: to George Eliot it was a prison. She found no escape until, late in life, she began imaginative work. Then she was found to be a master of strong, nervous English; under the inspiration of her passionate but disciplined emotions her language frequently attained to great beauty.

The real 'Life' of George Eliot remains to be written, and it should be written soon, or it will be too late. Mr. Cross gave the image of a suave, benevolent, uncomfortably self-conscious, cultured woman. He was obliged to keep reserve over the most important action in her life. No authoritative word has been given to the public concerning George Eliot's long connection with George Henry Lewes. Mr. Cross's enforced reserve allowed the public to put the worst construction on the meagre allusions, and people resented the hopeless incongruity between the private life of the novelist and the high moral teaching of the novels. No wonder they compared the didactic Sibyl with the fine portrait of Charlotte Brontë given by Mrs. Gaskell, and began to think that the work of

the passionate, heroic little figure of the lonely Yorkshire moors must of necessity excel the work of the pedantic *savante*.

The real George Eliot had a tumultuous inner life. Her girlhood was painfully monotonous under the restrictions of her cramped surroundings. Later she achieved some degree of freedom among the advanced set she met in connection with the *Westminster Review*. Her friendship and union with Lewes, which might be supposed to have satisfied the ardent craving of her passionate nature, was otherwise fruitful. It confirmed her in the faith that there was no happiness in this world until one ceased to make great demands for one's self, and deepened one's impersonal interest in people and things and great ideas. Self-sacrifice was the one lesson of life. Her consolation was in books read, to allay her insatiable desire for knowledge, and in books written, by which she escaped into her imaginative world. Her books were the true fruit of her union with Lewes. He loved her with devotion and complete unselfishness. He guarded her tenderly against the morbid diffidence which was a part of her nature. We may say that he made her as happy as her difficult temperament would allow. When he died and she had worked through her store of memories, the imaginative power waned, and we see her a prematurely aged woman, entering with a shiver into her eternal winter. There are gleams of wintry sunshine after she married Mr. Cross, but underneath flows a river of sadness.

It is assumed to-day that George Eliot was essentially of her time, the mid-Victorian; that her novels are occupied with temporary problems, and therefore are doomed. The truth is otherwise. George Eliot's prime interest was in the unchanging elements of life and character. She began her

literary career about the time Darwin published his *Origin of Species* and paralyzed Europe by his mechanical doctrine of evolution. George Eliot's friends approved. She, on the contrary, wrote: 'To me the development theory, and all other explanations of processes by which things came to be, produce a feeble impression compared with the *mystery* that lies under the processes.' We feel that to-day; the Victorian scientist did not. George Eliot's learning was far too deep and thorough to allow her to fall into the one-sidedness of her time. Her mind was positive and concrete. She was not a born Platonist. Always she leaned to what is an equally persistent state — the Aristotelian and realist. Her contemporaries who had surrendered their Christianity generally turned to Spinoza and became pantheists. The alternative for Lewes was positivism. To her also positivism, with its idealization of human relations, seemed better than pantheism. But though she felt the feminine need to agree with Lewes, yet her mental honesty compelled her to consider positivism one-sided, and she looked rather to a time, which would not be in her day, when there should be a formula large enough to include all sides of our complex modern needs, spiritual and mental.

A comparison with Mrs. Humphry Ward illustrates a striking difference in the way the two women used their experience for purposes of the novel. Both were preoccupied with the new knowledge and the eclipse of the old Christianity. Mrs. Ward reproduces all her phases, which are current phases, in her novels. *Robert Elsmere* gives the particular views of contemporary German critics. Much later *The Case of Richard Meynell* gives the criticism as reflected in the Catholic Modernists. George Eliot, on the contrary, with the exception of *The Spanish Gypsy* and

other poems, did not write of the passing phases of her time. Looking for the unchanging element over the whole history of man's recorded life, she cared greatly to detect it under the mere clothes of opinion and fashion. She loved dearly the great tradition that lies at the heart of the best Evangelicalism, Methodism, Catholicism, Judaism. When she had found the heart she could treat the particular form with reverence. Her presentation of the religious character under different faces is her special glory. Only she could have given us with such perfect comprehension and complete sympathy and truthfulness Mr. Tryan, Mr. Gilfil, Dinah Morris, Dr. Kenn, Rufus Lyon, Mordecai, Savonarola.

It is this universal note in George Eliot's novels that should give them a permanent place in English literature; still it would not save them were the modern charge that she is no artist true.

George Eliot's feeling for the beautiful was excelled only by her passion for the good. Her perception of the beautiful awoke in her when she was still a child; it was nourished by a life of long familiarity with the best European art; it was informed by Ruskin's constant teaching of the absolute importance of truthfulness in art. It is easy to deride Ruskin and ask what art has to do with truth. Yet, if the good, the beautiful, and the true are ultimates, as many affirm to-day, they must be eternally related, and it is our business to see that we do not interpret the true too narrowly. Certainly those in the nineteenth century who believed only in the objective reality of the universe, and rejected all they could not touch and see and handle, reduced truth to a remnant; but George Eliot believed in a world of feeling and of moral values. When her moral passion flamed highest it discovered beauty in all sorts of ordinary men and women. She did not

look for the ideal beauty, like the supreme artists, but she reveals a real beauty in everyday life, like the best Dutch and Spanish painters. Her sense of the good and the beautiful was inseparable, and therefore those who separate art from morality are not likely to care for her work.

The most beautiful scenes in her books are those she wrote when her moral feeling was most stirred: Maggie Tulliver discovering Thomas à Kempis, Dinah praying with Hetty in prison, Savonarola sending Romola back to her husband, Dorothea comforting Rosamond; and a score of other scenes are inspired by moral passion, but they are not therefore the less beautiful — it is impossible to see how they could have been more beautiful. Where there is passion there is beauty, and moral passion is no exception to this law.

There were other elements in George Eliot not so favorable to the creative faculty. She was early 'impassioned with ideas,' to use her own phrase. Her great danger as a novelist was to begin with an idea and make the story its embodiment. Her first four books escape triumphantly. *Scenes of Clerical Life*, *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, and *Silas Marner* were constructed on good yarns. The first sign of a too prominent idea was in *Romola*.

The nineteenth century was much more sanguine than we are that there could be an accurate science of history. George Eliot strove to get a complete knowledge of Florence at the end of the fifteenth century. Florence and its history were to be the background for her imaginary characters. The story, perhaps her best, and one full of possibilities for fine treatment, at first sight seems to have no relation to herself. In reality it grew out of her most intimate life and experience. It is concerned with the idea of rebellion. Her life with Lewes made her brood

over the ethics of rebellion more than over other moral problems. The three rebels are Savonarola, Romola, and Tito. Savonarola's rebellion is treated as obedience to a higher law; Tito's is lawlessness; Romola's wavers, and she is finally brought back to obedience by Savonarola. The scenes and situations are vivid, intense, written in blood, and extremely beautiful. But the background of street pageantry, of Florence occupied by French soldiers, is dim to deadness. Obviously George Eliot cares nothing for Charles VIII's occupation of Florence. She notes his reptilian features and superfluous fingers and, when the most Christian King of the First Nation in the World ogles the Florentine ladies, patiently shrugs her shoulders as one accustomed to such incongruous anomalies in history. There was an opportunity for a splendid treatment of an episode in history full of color and movement. Instead, it is a faded neutral background, strangely enough not spoiling the artistic unity of the book, but serving to throw into relief the intense drama and rich vitality of the chief persons. The faults of the book are plain to everybody; but the scenes that fire the whole of George Eliot's moral passion are surpassingly beautiful, and are written in sustained language of equal beauty, purged of the epigrammatic smartnesses and polysyllabic pomp of the earlier novels. For these reasons some of us could spare *Adam Bede* sooner than *Romola*.

The prominence of the moral idea in *Romola* was ominous. The next novel, *Felix Holt*, began as an idea and was helped by memories. The construction is skillful, but betrays sometimes how it is done. *Middlemarch*, by a happy chance, escapes. At the beginning of her career she had wished to write a story of a young woman married to an elderly clerical pedant, which

should be included in the *Scenes of Clerical Life*. But she closed the series with *Janet's Repentance*, because of Blackwood's want of sympathy for that powerful story. Years later she notes in her Journal, January 1, 1869, 'I have set myself many tasks for the year — a novel called *Middlemarch*, a long poem on Timoleon, and several minor poems.' The name 'Middlemarch' she contracted from 'Middle Mercia,' which meant to her Coventry, to which she had moved with her father when she was twenty-one. Her first thought was of a young and able doctor, struggling in a provincial town. Coventry brought a rush of memories. On December 2 of the same year she notes: 'I am experimenting in a story ("Miss Brooke"). . . . It is a subject which has been recorded among my possible themes ever since I began to write fiction.' Here were two veins of memory; they coalesced in her mind, and the story was conceived before any idea could be fastened on to it. There

are signs that people are one by one rediscovering *Middlemarch*, not without wonder how it got overlooked.

Five years later appeared her last novel, *Daniel Deronda*. Here the story was made to illustrate ideas. It is the profoundest of the novels, its intellectual breadth is splendid and satisfying, it abounds in beautiful scenes and unexpected triumphs of character-drawing, every paragraph is packed with thought; but the story is made — not created.

Taking George Eliot's whole output, we may say that she brought to her work a fine imagination, genial humor, wit, satire, unrivaled learning, a magnificent intelligence. If she errs it is by excess. Her most important faculty for producing novels — imagination — fails in the end to do its full work, not so much because it waned as because other mental passions pushed it aside. Preoccupation with myriad ideas took final possession, and the days of her novel-writing were over.

EVENING

BY GRETCHEN WARREN

ABOVE the gray, the parched horizon line,
 The deep sky rends its breast,
 And from the gaping west
 Pours the swift crimson blood of day.
 Great Pelican! Fold down your evening wings
 To staunch that flood and rest.
 With dark-plumed midnight hide
 Your heart's red tide;
 Cover your wound — and mine.

SCIENCE AND THE MEDIUM

THE CLIMAX OF A FAMOUS INVESTIGATION

BY HUDSON HOAGLAND

[THE case of 'Margery,' a subject of widespread comment during the past year, offers unusual opportunity for the application of scientific method to study of supernormal phenomena. The article which follows seems to the *Atlantic* to deserve attentive reading. 'Margery' is the name familiarly given in spiritualistic circles to the wife of a prominent Boston surgeon, Mrs. L. R. G. Crandon, who apparently developed mediumistic powers about three years ago. According to Dr. and Mrs. Crandon, 'Walter,' the spirit of the medium's deceased brother, is the so-called 'control' or communicator in the spirit world, endeavoring to get messages 'through.' He is credited by them with producing *telekinesis*, or movement of objects without visible contact, as well as with giving utterance to a voice independent of that of the medium, and with producing other supernormal phenomena, such as *ectoplasm* — or, more accurately, *teleplasm* — the visible 'stuff' of materialization. It should be borne in mind that since the beginning of her mediumship Mrs. Crandon has never been known to receive any material reward whatsoever for her powers.

In April 1924, in response to an invitation from Margery, a committee was appointed by the *Scientific American* which undertook to investigate her, and did so in a series of some ninety sittings. This committee was composed

of Dr. William MacDougall, Professor of Psychology at Harvard, Dr. Walter F. Prince, Dr. Daniel Comstock, Mr. Hereward Carrington, and Mr. Harry Houdini, known to many of our readers in a very different sphere of human activity.

The investigation was not satisfactory. A verdict was rendered of 'supernormality not proved.' Specifically, Dr. Comstock found the evidence scientifically inadequate. Dr. Prince and Dr. MacDougall agreed with Dr. Comstock and further maintained that there had been much to indicate normal production. Mr. Houdini, on what seemed to many people inadequate ground, charged deliberate and conscious fraud. Mr. Carrington definitely pronounced in favor of supernormality, and Mr. J. Malcolm Bird, secretary of the committee, wrote a book in which he defended the same position.

In December 1924, Mr. Eric Dingwall, research officer for the English Society of Psychical Research, came to America, studied the case for about six weeks, and was very favorably impressed. However, he reserved his final pronouncement until he could examine the phenomena in his London laboratory. Finally, further investigation was made under rigorous scientific conditions, of which the following gives a detailed and accurate account.

— THE EDITORS]

I

My serious interest in psychic research dates only from last winter, and was excited primarily through various indirect contacts with the Margery case. I was first introduced to Dr. and Mrs. Crandon by Mr. Foster Damon during the latter part of Mr. Dingwall's visit, and by good fortune was invited to attend several sésances in company with four friends from the Harvard English Department, who had known the Crandons for some months. My attitude at the time was highly skeptical regarding the supernatural character of the phenomena, in spite of the fact that both Dr. and Mrs. Crandon seemed to be in every way most sincere in their belief. These sittings took place in the Crandons' séance-room at 10 Lime Street, Boston.

It was customary for guests to arrive at the house about an hour before the séance began. Dr. Crandon especially desired new sitters to come early so that he could talk to them about the case, outline its development, and prepare them for the evening's phenomena. In this connection the visitor was shown numerous photographs and a cast of Walter's psychic hand. Dr. Crandon's large library on occultism was also at his disposal, and material from the literature was often referred to. Prior to the sitting, Mrs. Crandon was in and out of the room, retiring about fifteen minutes beforehand in order to put on the customary bathrobe and slippers.

On entering the séance-room on the top floor of the house, the visitors were generally urged to make an examination of the place. They were then seated and arranged by the Doctor, the victrola was started, and the lights were turned out. The purpose of this victrola, according to Walter, was to soothe and calm the sitters, and to prevent

nervous tension. It took, on an average, seven minutes for Walter to manifest himself, and during that time conversation was carried on in low tones, dealing with Walter's exploits and the phenomena to be expected. Mrs. Crandon was usually advised by her husband not to talk, since her quiet seemed to speed Walter's coming. Dr. Crandon invariably sat at Mrs. Crandon's right, and newcomers were placed at her left. Mrs. Crandon wore luminously painted elastic bands on her ankles and a luminous tape on her forehead, and these were conspicuously visible. Sometimes during the phenomena Dr. Crandon would give the psychic's right hand to the member of the group sitting on his right, along with both of his hands. In addition, he would place this observer's hands in his lap and his head on the observer's shoulder so that all of his bodily extremities were controlled. On certain other occasions, the circle between Dr. and Mrs. Crandon would be broken entirely, the observer on Mrs. Crandon's left holding both of her hands while the one on the Doctor's right held both of his hands. These two methods were called double control and, at later sittings when both the Crandons wore luminous marks on head, wrists, and ankles, consisted of tactual control of Dr. Crandon's head, hands, and knees and Mrs. Crandon's hands, and visual control of their heads, hands, and feet by way of the luminous bands. However, as stated before, at these early sittings the only luminous controls were on the medium's head and ankles.

Walter's first manifestation was usually in the form of a whistle, followed by his voice, a hoarse whisper, coming from the direction of the cabinet, a simple three-sided board structure forming a sort of alcove in which the medium sat. From this stage on, Walter was master of ceremonies, dictating the

nature of the phenomena he would produce and the time to assume the double control described above. However, he was most obliging to us and would comply with requests for phenomena within his repertory for the evening. Small luminous objects were levitated from the low séance-table in front of the medium and moved rapidly through the air within a radius of several feet of her, theoretically by armlike processes of teleplasm sprouting from the medium's body. Luminous objects were even picked up from the floor and lifted two or three feet above the table-top. Furthermore, fingerlike processes were frequently visible silhouetted against these luminous objects. During the sittings Mrs. Crandon was apparently quite normal, and she sometimes took part in the conversation.

Though the Crandons have always maintained that the Walter voice was distinct from that of the medium, I never saw supporting evidence for this. The only time that the voice seemed to travel about the room was when a small nonluminous megaphone was obviously used to make it appear to do so. This megaphone voice was never observed to occur under the double control mentioned above, and it functioned only when the Crandon link was uncontrolled. Furthermore, on one occasion, when Mrs. Crandon's headband was unusually bright, we observed its reflection on the megaphone directly in front of Mrs. Crandon's face. It was also observed that the intensity of the Walter voice correlated precisely with the position of a line connecting the headband and its reflection, leading one to infer that the megaphone was reflecting light cast by the headband as it was held to the medium's mouth. However, the Crandons' interpretation of the megaphone, as given by Walter, was that Walter used it to talk through

for amplification purposes and, since his teleplasmic voice apparatus was made and suspended from near Mrs. Crandon's face, he preferred to hold the megaphone in this position. Furthermore, this megaphone could not be luminously painted, as was the one used for levitation, because the light would tend to cause his voice-making apparatus to disintegrate — it being especially sensitive to light because of its necessary delicacy. On all other occasions when the megaphone was not used, the Walter voice, as a hoarse whisper, came directly from the medium, as near as I could judge, and, though differing in certain qualities, resembled her own in many respects.

The Crandons welcomed our criticisms and suggestions, and several of us were quite frank in our skepticism. We pointed out to them the futility of trying to prove the truth of their hypothesis to the scientific world as long as they insisted on conducting the séances in their own house with so many of the conditions preëstablished. We felt it necessary to put the investigation on a laboratory basis, and consequently suggested to the Crandons that they should go over to the psychological laboratory at Harvard for sittings. They readily acquiesced in this arrangement.

II

Since from this time forth our investigation took on a more serious aspect, it would be well to describe our method of procedure. In the first place let us deal with the conditions imposed on us by Dr. Crandon. We were not to touch or pull any teleplasmic arm without Walter's permission, nor were we permitted any light, white or red, during the séance. Further, we must not without Walter's consent expect to be able to use new methods, apparatus, or controls. I suggested that Dr. Crandon

absent himself from these sittings, but he refused on the ground that Mrs. Crandon needed him to establish the necessary feeling of confidence and protection. He also averred that he had some psychic powers, and maintained, owing to the abnormal nature of the physiological processes involved, that he, as a medical man, should always be in attendance. He was entirely willing to submit himself to search and control along with the medium. Another condition maintained by him was that Mrs. Crandon should not be required to submit to an internal medical examination for the purpose of detecting concealed apparatus. This was imposed on the ground that in order to make such a procedure thoroughly satisfactory it would be necessary to examine the digestive tract, which would be a painful inconvenience to the medium. He did permit us, however, to supply tights securely covering the medium's body. This procedure was adopted on one occasion with no change in the phenomena observed at the previous sitting.

Since the importance of supernormality, if true, was beyond question, we determined to proceed with scientific rigor to establish the nature of the facts by correlating them with the rest of experience.

Let me make it clear that we were not investigating spiritism, but rather supernormal physical phenomena—that is, the apparently rapid growth of certain tentacles from the medium's body, and the accomplishment of physical work by these structures or by other methods—at the time uncorrelated with the physical or biological sciences. The agency of spiritism was merely one hypothesis to cover the empirical facts, and at all times we were careful to distinguish between the observed facts and the causal interpretation thereof. Both the Crandons and

Walter himself were careful to emphasize the importance of this distinction, and in no way resented our meticulous attitude on the point, although Walter frequently jibed us good-naturedly about it. In fact Walter insisted that we were investigating psychic phenomena and not spiritism. However, in the reports of all our sittings we accepted Walter at his face value for purposes of convenience, along with the technical verbiage of psychic research, with the understanding that this usage implied no hypothesis on our part as to the nature of the phenomena.

Our examination was aimed primarily at determining the properties of the teleplasmic structures. The investigation of the voice was for the time being postponed, and we concentrated on measuring physically the effects produced by the teleplasm. Our aim was to collect as many data as possible, correlate them, formulate an hypothesis, and then proceed to check the validity of our hypothesis by the laboratory method.

In addition to this direct attack on the specific nature of the manifestations, we tried to arrange controls that would effectually eliminate the probability of the production of the phenomena by normal means—that is, by the use of the medium's normal anatomy, by apparatus, or by an accomplice. In order to assure proper weight to our evidence, whatever its nature might be, I arranged with Dr. Crandon to introduce, one at a time, certain distinguished scientists who would sit merely as impartial observers, but who would record their observations and criticisms in our official notes, with any addenda or corrections they might wish to include. These notes, limited to empirical observations, were, by the way, taken down on a dictaphone by a controlled member of our own group, sitting in the circle, and

contained detailed descriptions of the phenomena as they occurred.¹

The Harvard Psychology Department kindly lent us a small square room on the third floor of Emerson Hall. This room is only large enough to accommodate the circle of chairs, a table in front of the medium, a cloth cabinet which we had prepared, a table for apparatus, and a dictaphone. The room has no windows, and the only door was locked during the séances. In order to render superficial conditions as similar as possible to those at the Crandons' house, a victrola was supplied. Our object was to obtain optimum conditions for psychic phenomena as outlined by the literature, and at the same time render our procedure as rigorous as possible. Walter's usual playthings were supplied chiefly by us, consisting of several varieties of bell-boxes both mechanically and electrically operated, paper 'doughnuts,' megaphones, and a small basket. All of these things, except the voice-projecting megaphone, were conspicuously marked with luminous paint. In addition to these objects new pieces of apparatus were introduced from time to time.

Our first Harvard sitting occurred on May 19, 1925. Dr. Crandon, the medium, and also Dr. Fawcett, since she was not tactually controlled in

¹ Professor Boring of the Harvard Psychology Department, Professor Wolbach of the Harvard Medical School, Professor Osterhout of the Rockefeller Institute, and Professor E. B. Wilson of Technology each attended a sitting at various times. Professor Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard Astronomical Observatory, was kind enough to attend five sittings with us, while Dr. Hilbert F. Day, the surgeon, was present on two occasions. Mr. J. M. Bird, research officer for the American Society for Psychical Research, also attended a sitting. The medium was examined disrobed by Dr. Deborah Fawcett or another woman before and after each sitting, and the gown and slippers worn into the room were also carefully inspected; on no occasion was anything of a suspicious nature disclosed by these examinations.

the circle at this first sitting, wore luminous elastic bands on ankles, wrists, and foreheads. Dr. Crandon sat on the medium's right and Mr. Damon on her left, controlling her left hand. Most of the phenomena occurred with double control. I tactually and visually controlled Dr. Crandon's hands and Mrs. Crandon's right hand, as well as the Doctor's knees and head; another investigator was assigned the task of visual control of the feet; and a third concentrated primarily on watching the headpieces. Satisfactory control as reported to the dictaphone, therefore, meant visual control, by way of the illuminated bands, of both the Crandons' heads, arms, and legs, with tactual control of Dr. and Mrs. Crandon's hands, Dr. Crandon's knees, and frequently his head. Under these circumstances phenomena similar to those of 10 Lime Street occurred. Apparently something resembling an arm, presumed to be teleplasm, came from the lower portion of the medium's body and moved objects within a radius of several feet of her. This terminal was silhouetted against the luminous surfaces of objects picked up, and showed variations in shape from time to time. Owing to the deleterious effect of light on the teleplasm, Walter would never allow us close scrutiny of the terminals over a large, well-illuminated plaque which we provided. Our only view of this teleplasm at the Harvard sittings was its silhouette over small portions of bright surfaces or over very dimly illuminated large surfaces, and from these glimpses, from the nature of the movements of objects, and from the apparent rigor of control, the possibility of the Crandon hypothesis as to the supernormal nature of the teleplasm stood out in bold relief.

Additional Harvard sittings occurred on May 27, June 3, June 10, June 24,

and June 30. Since Walter declined to go to Harvard more than once a week, owing to the strain on Mrs. Crandon from the heat and discomfort of our windowless laboratory, I suggested that he give an extra weekly sitting at my house. This he consented to do. These sittings occurred on June 22 and June 29, with the Harvard group and most of the usual Harvard conditions.

Since it was natural that an unbiased person would prefer to believe that one of our committee was manifesting the phenomena rather than to accept them as supernormal, we all, as well as the Crandons, wore luminously painted bands on heads, ankles, and wrists at all sittings after the first two, in order to inspire confidence in our outside observers and reduce to a minimum the probability of conscious or unconscious fraud on the part of any of our own group. At most of our Harvard sittings we had an apparatus arranged to pass a slight electric current through the entire circle of sitters, the circuit being closed by the joining of hands and instantly registering with the observer in the hall if anyone broke the circle. We did not bind the medium's limbs for three reasons. In the first place, it has been objected that a clever magician can slip off apparently secure bonds of this kind, and therefore tactual and visual control were considered more effective. In the second place, Mrs. Crandon was quite willing to have us bind her securely, but Dr. Crandon objected on the grounds that, since the psychic was in trance, forced inhibitions of her limbs would tend to waken her, as she was quite restless at times. Thirdly, we were primarily interested, not in concentrating too heavily on controls, but rather in obtaining data as to the nature of the phenomena, from which we could build up a correlating hypothesis. Whatever else happened, we desired phenomena.

III

With the above visual, tactual, and electrical controls established, it became apparent that the problem was reduced to the determination of the nature of Walter's terminal, which obviously came from the direction of the medium and manipulated the apparatus. On several occasions I arranged a separate electric circuit through a d'Arsonval galvanometer to test the electrical conductivity of the teleplasm. A metal electrode was strapped to the middle of the medium's back after she was seated in her chair. Her hands, incidentally, were never released during the time that elapsed between Dr. Fawcett's search and the beginning of the séance. On the table in front of her was placed another electrode marked with luminous paint. If now, while electrically insulated from the rest of the circle, this table electrode were touched by any portion of the medium's normal anatomy or by a conducting substance attached to her body, the galvanometer in the hall would show a pronounced deflection to an observer stationed there to record it. During the sitting when, on request, Walter touched the electrode with his teleplasmic arm, an electrical connection was found to be established through this arm and the medium's body. This interesting experiment indicated several things. In the first place, the fact that the teleplasm conducted electricity showed it was not made of rubber, leather, cloth, or other artificially produced, dry, nonmetallic material; and further, it was a strong bit of evidence that the effects were not dependent in any way on an accomplice, since the current passed from the table electrode to the electrode on the medium's back.

We measured the reach of the teleplasmic arm in various directions by

having it push illuminated riders along ropes running away from the medium's chair-seat at varying angles. Forty-five inches was found to be the maximum reach from the chair, and this reach fell off considerably in planes having an elevation greater than forty-five degrees with the horizontal plane of the chair-seat. This was in keeping with what we were led to expect from Walter, since he had once said, when we saw his tentacle swaying to and fro across the medium's ankle bands, that most of his force was concentrated below the medium's thighs, especially in the vicinity of her feet. At this point it would also be well to mention the importance of the very low séance-table invariably used. On several occasions we requested to have this table done away with to facilitate observation, since it was apparent that Walter could pick things up from the floor. However, though Walter gave us permission to do this, no phenomena started until the table was put back, on the ground that he needed a foundation on which to rest the teleplasm in the beginning and would later tell us when to remove the table. Unfortunately we waited in vain for our permission.

By the use of spring balances we found that the tentacle could exert forces of from thirty to forty pounds in various directions, provided the correct gripping-surfaces were furnished. Of these forces the downward and forward thrusts were maximum and could be exerted against any flat surfaces at right angles to the direction of force, while the pull-back or lifting forces, when large, required loops through which the tentacle could pass and grip. On one occasion we mounted the medium's chair on a balance and had Walter pick up various weights, ranging up to sixteen pounds, in a basket, the order of presentation of

these weights being unknown to anyone in the room save a certain professor attending his first séance. The order registered on the scales was afterward found to correlate with the order of weights presented, showing that actually the force downward of the weights was transferred to the medium's body on the platform; and the scales could not have been tampered with by any possible accomplice in the room aside from the above-mentioned professor. Incidentally it is interesting to note that the extension of Walter's teleplasmic arm caused no alterations in the weight of the medium. On no occasion was the tentacle observed to cut through material bodies interposed between the levitated object and the psychic. It was impossible, for instance, to levitate to a point above the table-top an object from the floor on the side of the low séance-table away from the medium, and it was obvious at all times that the teleplasmic rod acted mechanically as a solid material substance coming from the medium's body.

At one sitting I devised a machine for testing the ability of the rods to perform physical work by raising known weights over pulleys through measurable distances. It was found that a weight of six and a quarter pounds could be lifted two feet in about one half-second by the tentacle pulling the cord toward the medium. This is approximately .05 horsepower. In doing this we observed by the illuminated handle of the weight machine that the tentacle did not contract as would an elastic body, but described an arc from the far side of the table from the medium, backward and upward.

Sitters were occasionally touched by the teleplasm on the backs of their hands or on their heads. The sensations are described in our dictaphonic notes. Code remarked that it felt like

the fleshy part of a hand, rather rough. At the sitting of June 3, Walter, at request, pulled Dr. Boring's hair when the latter put his head on the table. The pull was given horizontally by a fumbling object with a force estimated at about five pounds. On June 29, Dr. Day, with his head on the table at Walter's request, described being rapped on the head with something feeling like the palm of a hand; and on this same occasion another observer said that the terminal resembled a heel pressing on his head. Walter had a great aversion to touching human skin, though he would touch the hair and clothing of sitters quite freely. On a few occasions when he touched my hand I described the sensation as that of pressure from a soft leatherlike object. Walter said at the time that this was a good description.

At the séance of June 22, I introduced a coordinate board, 16×24 , ruled off in inch squares by fine lines of luminous paint. Our object was to have Walter put his terminal out over this dimly luminous field and leave it so that we could read the coordinates to the dictaphone and thereby later reproduce dimensional drawings of the teleplasmic silhouette. Walter was most obliging in this respect, sometimes showing us as many as three different structures on the board at once, although at an earlier sitting, in response to a question from Mr. Damon, he said he had only two arms. However, of these only one at a time was active, the others apparently being motivated by the active arm. This particular active arm always moved rapidly over the coordinate board, and prior to the sitting of June 29 we were never able to get an adequate idea of its dimensions except that it was long, reaching the full length of the board on occasion, tapered away from the medium, and possessed a sort of crook

or hockey-stick formation on the end away from the medium. The other objects on the board varied in shape and were described in the notes as starfish and general irregular forms. One very common shape, however, was that of a rectangle, rounded and somewhat pointed at the front end and about eight inches long and two to three inches wide.

Another interesting aspect of our data was obtained by the use of plastic substances against which the teleplasm left its imprint. Of these, plasticine modeling clay was by far the best. Walter, on being asked the nature of the print we might expect, declared that the teleplasm would leave coarse skin-prints — a correct prediction.

IV

Prior to our sitting of June 29, we were led to infer that some strong tentacle-like structures were operating from the lower part of the medium's body as locus, and acting within the general range and limitations of the medium's own well-controlled limbs. The whole thing was extremely baffling, in view of the fact that we were unable to clinch the matter by seizing the teleplasm, cutting a portion of it off, or turning on a light of any kind. Since if the phenomena were to be accounted for by physiological processes, however strange, it seemed probable that principles of light adaptation might apply to them, I prepared an automatic rheostat for the red light, which was to turn this light on very gradually over as long a period of time as could be desired, in this way adapting Walter to red-light conditions by slow degrees. Though this device was present at several of our sittings, I was never permitted to use it at any time, though we were led to expect that red light might be used in the future.

The sitting of the twenty-ninth occurred at my house in the presence of Dr. and Mrs. Crandon, Dr. Day, Professor Shapley, a certain visiting professor from a Mid-Western university, Mr. Code, Mr. Damon, and myself. A nurse in my employ at the time performed the usual search of the medium before and after the séance, and I searched Dr. Crandon. The trance came on rapidly as usual, and the Walter voice manifested itself. Before the occurrence of physical phenomena I requested Walter to permit me to put someone of our group permanently in Dr. Crandon's position on the medium's right. At all our previous Harvard sittings there had been only one at which Dr. Crandon was elsewhere in the circle, and in this case a member of our group had exchanged places with the Doctor after the séance had started. This, however, was relatively unimportant from our point of view, since we were sure that Dr. Crandon did not materially aid Walter during the double control. However, Walter readily accepted the suggestion and said that we might put Code in Dr. Crandon's place at our next sitting.

In a short time, as usual, Walter's terminals were observed silhouetting against his various playthings. He rang the bell-boxes, tried but failed to put his terminal through a series of holes varying from an inch and a half down, and played with an illuminated spool. It was at this sitting also that he manipulated the work-machine previously described. He further made impressions in plasticine for us, and tried but failed to tie a knot in an illuminated rope. Though a pail of hot paraffin was provided at Dr. Crandon's suggestion, in order to make paraffin gloves similar to those obtained abroad, Walter would have none of it.

At the end of about an hour Mr.

Code at the dictaphone made a most crucial observation to the effect that the psychic's right ankle band was off. That is to say, he could see a complete circlet on the floor where before only a semicircle was visible, owing presumably to the eclipsing of the rear of the band by the medium's leg. Walter immediately denied that the band was off, though most of us had verified Code's observation, and instantly proceeded to cover portions of both bands apparently with his teleplasmic rod. After this the band had evidently been replaced, since by its elongated shape it seemed to be around the instep and heel of the medium's slipper. This discovery was of so much importance that I shall here quote directly from our notes the passage dealing with it:—

'At 10.22 Code reports psychic's right ankle band off. Walter says, "No, 't is n't," and covers part of the complete circle on the floor. The rope is left hanging over Dr. Day's fingers. Walter calls attention to the anklets. They apparently are partially obscured from some sitters in the circle. At 10.23 Walter directs Code's attention to anklets. The left one seems normal, the right one slightly elongated, as if over both instep and heel. Walter says, "I can hide them from you any time I want," and obscures most of the right anklet from Code. It was clearly not the left foot that obscured the right anklet.'

At the end of the sitting both the ankle bands were found on the feet around the instep and the heel, but not around the ankle as at the beginning of the sitting.

The next important episode was the usual silhouetting on the coördinate board, which occurred successfully with several terminals as above described. Professor Shapley then asked to have Walter levitate the doughnut from the coördinate board. We first

observed an indescribably shaped object fall on the board near the doughnut, and lie inert. A moment later a second terminal was seen to pass quickly over the coördinates to the right of the first, and to draw the doughnut to the edge of the board and pick it up. It is interesting to note here that Walter's usual method of picking up the doughnut was by gripping it against the edge of the séance-table or the coördinate board, and thrusting his terminal through the hole. Now it so happened that the visitor from the Middle West had, during the course of the evening, said certain things that greatly annoyed Walter, though he had come with the understanding that he would not deliberately offend Walter or the Crandons. As a skeptical stranger he was anxious to be sure that none of his colleagues should believe him to be taken in by the phenomena. Unable to explain them, and frankly puzzled, he proceeded to make remarks that called forth sharp and stinging retorts from the ever-ready and delightfully witty Walter. When Walter levitated the doughnut and brandished it in the air, it happened to pass very near to the Professor, who blew at it violently as it went by, causing Walter to drop the doughnut from the end of his terminal. Immediately, however, he regained the paper and thrust it back at the stranger insisting that he blow again. This time Walter's grip was firmer and the Professor's blowing was of no avail. This process was repeated three or four times, the doughnut being held out for a few seconds over the coördinate board while the Professor endeavored to blow it away. This was the opportunity I had long been wanting, since it gave me a fairly extensive silhouette of the terminal against the coördinate board, as it held the doughnut in the air for some seconds.

What I saw holding the doughnut appeared to be a human right foot, the toes clamped over the periphery of the disc, creasing it in a way verified by examining the doughnut after the sitting. Further, by shifting my position I clearly saw the ankle and leg silhouette to a point above the knee, and since the operation was successively repeated I was able to check my observations several times.

At the conclusion of the sitting, we obtained from Mrs. Crandon plasticine imprints of her feet and hands to compare with our teleplasm prints. At this point it should be made clear that the medium had not worn stockings at any of the Harvard sittings. Mrs. Crandon laughingly remarked how dreadful it would be if these skin-prints corresponded to the teleplasm. Dr. Crandon, however, assured her that this was more to be expected than otherwise from the literature on the subject, the psychic limbs of other mediums having been replicas of the mediums' flesh limbs, in Crawford's experiments and others.

Immediately after the sitting, when all but Code and Damon had left the house, Code, who is a clever magician, undertook to duplicate some of Walter's physical phenomena on the hypothesis suggested by the slipping of the ankle band and the sight of the leg silhouette over the coördinate board. In the dark room, with his unstockinged feet in sneakers and the usual luminous controls, with Mr. Damon and me each controlling a hand, he found it possible, with a little practice and under cover of an assumed trance-restlessness, to remove his sneakers from his feet and take off the right ankle band with his left toes. He then quickly covered the rear half of the ankle band as it lay on the floor with one of his sneakers, giving the impression that it was still on his ankle.

With his right foot now uncontrolled, he proceeded to duplicate Walter's various effects. He rang the bell-boxes, levitated the doughnut, operated the weight machine, pulled hair, untied my shoe, and produced silhouetting on the coördinate board. In all cases the effects of Code's leg-work produced phenomena apparently identical with those of Mrs. Crandon. He further showed two terminals silhouetting on the coördinate board at once, by the use of his leg and a sneaker, the sneaker producing the same effect as that of the rounded rectangular or oblong object previously described, an effect such as might have been produced by the medium's slipper. In addition to this, by holding the sneaker extended from his foot Code gave the impression of increased reach. The toe of the sneaker thrust through the hole of the doughnut gave the effect of exceptional reach that we had observed on several occasions, when the doughnut had apparently been supported by the rounded end of Walter's terminal. Later, with practice, Mr. Code was able to reproduce three objects silhouetting against the board, by using his leg, the sneaker, and a part of the robe he wore. Presumably some of Walter's shapeless exhibits on the board could readily have been produced by a corner of the medium's robe.

Mr. Code's impromptu performance duplicated the effects in so many incidental details as to leave little doubt that such means actually could have been employed by Mrs. Crandon. If independent movement of the feet were called for to identify foot control, Code provided the correct effect by moving the band covered by his sneaker with his right foot. Light touches by Code's foot or heel gave sensations identical with those of Walter's terminal, while the silhouettes

of toes gave the effect of stubby, ill-formed fingers.

Subsequent examination of Walter's plasticine imprints showed, as mentioned before, coarse skin-marks of whorls identical with those on the human foot. It was impossible, however, for us to identify them with the medium's, because in each case the teleplasmic prints had been stamped over several times by toes and heel, and therefore identity had been lost. However, one of the most interesting things of all was shown by these prints. Traces of lint were found freshly pressed into the plastic surfaces, which in color, texture, length of fibre, and material corresponded exactly with the lint of the medium's slippers. Further, under the microscope tiny traces of sand, presumably picked up from the floor, and the microscopic skeleton of an insect were found freshly pressed into the plasticine. The discovery of the correspondence of the lint was greatly furthered by the fact that the medium, on leaving the house after the sitting, dropped one of her séance slippers in the yard. I found it in the morning soaked with rain and mauled by my dog and so we were able to identify the lint carried into the plasticine by Walter's teleplasmic arm.

V

Dr. Crandon has since accused me of deliberately giving Mrs. Crandon bands that were too large for her, so that they would fall off and thereby betray her. The facts are these: At our fourth Harvard sitting, on June 10, Professor Shapley had pointed out the fact that Mrs. Crandon was in the habit of bringing her own ankle bands with her. These bands had always troubled us because they were much dimmer than those we had prepared, and after Professor Shapley's remark,

for the sake of rigor of procedure, we suggested to Mrs. Crandon the advisability of wearing bands which we supplied, at random, from others all of the same size, and which consequently may have been larger than hers by several inches. These bands were worn without complaint at four sittings. On the sitting of June 29, Mrs. Crandon tightened the bands with safety pins to a circumference of ten inches, the exact circumference of her own bands. At the end of the sitting the pins were still in place, and Dr. Day observed that the bands across instep and heel on both feet were so tight as to cause skin-marks.

We found out on subsequent examination of the medium's own ankle bands that they were luminously painted on the outside only, so that they appeared as semicircles of light to observers even when off and lying uncovered on the floor. We resolved to do away with the medium's ankle bands altogether. Instead we would paste luminous surgeon's plaster on the medium's legs, which could not be removed and replaced, and which, while not interfering with genuine phenomena, would safeguard our control. We accordingly made two predictions: (a) that there would be no physical phenomena, or (b) that the phenomena would change.

We were now certain that all the phenomena of the Harvard sittings during double control could have been produced by Mrs. Crandon's right leg, though we combed through our records to find exceptions to this generalization. The argument that duplication of phenomena does not prove identity, though logically sound in itself, we believed was no longer of significance, owing to the nature of our data. These data all supported our hypothesis: the reach of the teleplasm in various planes, the unwillingness to

start the phenomena without the cover of the séance-table, the magnitude of forces in different directions and their corresponding gripping-surfaces, the method of clumsy manipulation, the horsepower developed, the arc described by the handle of the weight machine, the nature of the silhouettes in which the crude fingers resembled toes, the feel of the teleplasm when touched, Walter's aversion to touching skin, the fact that only one of the three silhouetting terminals had ever been active, Walter's distaste for light, — even the luminous controls being frequently objected to, — the electrical conductivity, and some of Walter's own remarks, especially that his force was concentrated around the medium's feet. There had been the discovery that the ankle band was entirely removed, leaving the leg free to operate undetected — a fact at first denied by Walter, in order, according to him, to save us from the scorn of the visiting professor from the Middle West, but later admitted at the séance of June 30. I had seen the silhouette of the leg in action, toes gripping the 'doughnut'; foot, ankle, and leg to above the knee. Traces had been left of lint in every respect similar to that of the medium's slipper. Finally, Code's reproduction of Walter's phenomena put Walter's *modus operandi* beyond question in our opinion. Our hypothesis embraced and covered all the phenomena of the Harvard sittings.

Though the spiritualists might contend that we had seen Mrs. Crandon's psychic leg, it is hard to understand why such a leg should have to slip off the control band from her normal leg in order to operate, should leave skin-marks, should carry lint from the medium's slipper, sand and an insect skeleton presumably from the floor, and should look, feel, and operate in precisely the same way that her normal

leg would look, feel, and operate. It might be a psychic leg, but from all possible structural and functional objective considerations — which after all are the only considerations whereby experiences in the physical world can be classified — Walter's 'tentacle' and Mrs. Crandon's normal right leg were the same thing.

However, conclusive as was our evidence, we were willing to give Walter one more chance, and it may therefore well be imagined that we looked forward with much interest to the events of the following evening, June 30, our last sitting, expecting either a blank séance or a fundamental change in the phenomena.

VI

On arriving at Harvard, Mrs. Crandon reproached us for having supplied her with inadequate controls on the previous evening, and even suggested our use of surgeon's plaster to prevent the bands from falling off, as she expressed it. Mr. Code sat at the medium's right, Professor Shapley at her left, with Dr. Crandon on the opposite side of the table from his wife and controlled by Dr. Osterhout and Dr. Wilson. Four other persons were present, as well as an assistant in the hall to operate the victrola and listen for breaks in the hand circuit of the circle.

Walter 'came through' promptly with the medium in trance, and reproached Code, Damon, and me for our lack of faith in him the previous evening, though he admitted that the ankle band had been off on that occasion. He further showed an uncanny knowledge of what had happened the night before, after the Crandons had left my house, telling us in a general way of Code's duplication of his phenomena, and of our conversation.

After warning us to control the medium's feet, not only by watching, but also by holding them, he proceeded, much to my amazement, to produce what at first seemed to be his usual teleplasmic terminal on the table, and rang the bell-box. I must confess at this point that Walter, by the scintillating skill of his attack and his caustic sarcasm, was on the top of the heap through the early part of the sitting. However, it soon became apparent that the teleplasm of this evening was not the same as that exhibited on previous occasions. Its reach was only about a third of that formerly manifested. The silhouettes further showed long, tapering fingers instead of the stubby formations previously described. Walter showed comparatively little aversion to touching flesh, and did so frequently by allowing members of the circle to reach over and feel his hand. The hand felt cold, moist, and flabby. The fingers were long, cordlike structures, and articulation was very poor in a hand-shaking process with one of the examiners, who described the hand as feeling like a fly-swatter. It did not fundamentally resemble that of previous sittings, either in silhouette, feeling, or movement, except in the fact that it performed some of Walter's usual manipulations. It was further observed that there were slight but distinct movements of Mrs. Crandon's right arm band correlating with the movements of Walter's hand, leading to the inference that an artificial object was in some way being manipulated, in spite of Code's apparent control of her hand. Plasticine imprints of the teleplasm on this occasion were most instructive in that they showed no skin-marks of any kind, but rather the smooth imprint of fingerlike processes. In addition, the plasticine showed plainly the impress of a small, chainlike structure,

presumably used to aid in the mechanical manipulation of the artificial hand. Besides the silhouette of the hand on the board, the previous shapeless shadow was seen, which we believed to be part of the medium's robe. This belief was strengthened by the fact that Professor Shapley subsequently said that a piece of cloth had brushed against his controlling hand in the medium's lap, immediately preceding the silhouetting. Professor Shapley further noted that during a portion of the phenomena Mrs. Crandon worked his controlling hand to her wrist, and apparently used the fingers of her left hand to aid the phenomena. This was done under cover of trance-restlessness.²

However, the ultimate and final bit of evidence for the natural means of production used at this sitting was furnished by Mr. Code. After our sitting he reported the following story. On the evening of the twenty-ninth, feeling confident that the means of production of the phenomena were known, he began to look with concern on the human problems involved. He felt a genuine friendship for both Dr. and Mrs. Crandon and, being something of a psychologist, realized full well that either one, or possibly both, might sincerely believe in the reality of a supernormal Walter, despite the paradox of such a situation. The Crandons at all times had shown the utmost in good will toward us and faith in the phenomena, and the most likely hypothesis seemed to be that the Doctor, at least, was sincere. Further, the possibility of hypnotic trance automatism on the part of Mrs. Crandon made it seem possible that she too might be genuine in her belief in spiritism.

² Professor Shapley consistently doubted the genuineness of the trance; he believed that the alleged trance-state was used advantageously to cover irregular movements, and to keep the male sitters sympathetic.

Therefore, in order to avoid a collapse of the mediumship, with possible deleterious consequences to the Crandons, Mr. Code visited Mrs. Crandon on the afternoon of the thirtieth, prior to our sitting, told her of our discoveries of the night before, and our expectations for the evening. As a result of his conversation Code became more convinced than ever of Mrs. Crandon's sincerity and good faith, and of the probability that the Walter personality was a hypnotic dramatization developed under powerful unconscious suggestion on the part of Dr. Crandon, the psychic literature, and her circle of sympathizers. He therefore resolved to help Walter to prevent the coming séance from being a blank, in order to avoid a catastrophe at the time. The source of Walter's seemingly supernormal information at the last sitting is therefore apparent, since it came directly from Mr. Code. In addition, Mr. Code testified that he acted as Mrs. Crandon's accomplice on the evening of the thirtieth, and permitted her in trance to work her right wrist band up her arm, and free her right hand from his control. Code further stated that she then proceeded to remove various objects from the region of her lap with her right hand, the bathrobe being thrown open in the dark, and to manipulate them on the table. Once or twice she used her own hand to produce silhouetting on the coördinate board, though the artificial hand was usually employed. In this way the slight correlating movements of the luminous right wrist band previously described were accounted for. At the end of the sitting the medium returned these artificial objects with her right hand. The search made by Dr. Fawcett before and after the séance of course revealed nothing. The things displayed on the table must have been stored away internally,

and no internal examination has ever been permitted.

After the sitting, Dr. Crandon, whose general attitude has always seemed to me sincere, demanded a statement from us to the effect that the séance of the thirtieth obliterated all the suggestions of fraud arising from the discoveries of the twenty-ninth. Unless such a statement were forthcoming, he threatened to stop the series. We gave him a statement that we were sure the phenomena of the thirtieth were not produced by the right foot, and since we were satisfied, after Code's additional evidence, that all supernormality had been explained away, we concluded the investigation. We were unanimous in accepting the hypothesis here described. After such an investigation, where the phenomena and controls were arranged under almost ideal conditions, we felt justified in inferring that all supernormal physical phenomena can probably be explained by normal means.

Since the conclusion of our series of sittings, we have heard that Mrs. Crandon has developed new phenomena. From their description Mr. Code was able to duplicate them satisfactorily under control conditions. Further, Mr. Code has duplicated all of Mrs. Crandon's other phenomena, excepting only some of the earliest, most obvious. His duplication includes the ringing of the bell-box in the red light and the photography of teleplasm under precisely the same control conditions as those used by Mrs. Crandon, in the presence of ex-Crandon sitters who were quite bewildered at his methods of manipulation.

And now we come to the most paradoxical and interesting part of all: the question of motives and reasons for the development of this case. It is the belief of everyone on the committee

that Dr. Crandon is sincere in his belief in Walter as a supernormal reality—as the returned spirit, in fact, of his dead brother-in-law. The specific evidence for our belief in the Doctor's sincerity was accumulated through private conversations and social contacts with the Crandons, and need not be dwelt on here. We believe that a large number of Mrs. Crandon's phenomena have been produced by automatisms aided by high sensitivity to suggestion and a certain amount of amnesia. It seems reasonable that Walter was born through experimental functioning, such as automatic writing, table-tipping, and the like. Incidentally Mrs. Crandon's mother revealed certain automatic powers. In answer to a question of mine, Dr. Crandon specifically denied at my first sitting that Mrs. Crandon had ever shown hysterical symptoms. Though from the start I was inclined to look upon all mediumship, except the deliberate tricksters, through the windows of abnormal psychology, dissociation, automatisms, and the like, I saw little hope of an adequate correlation of this field with the Crandon case, until some of Mr. Code's observations and deductions shed new light on the situation. Anyone who is familiar with ouija-board activity knows that one can write all sorts of surprising things without deliberately frauding. For a highly suggestive person, the progression from this functioning of the subconscious to more complicated activities is an easy matter.

As Mr. Code has ably pointed out in a contribution to the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, the similarity in the conditions determining mediumistic trance and hypnotic trance is most striking. The atmosphere of either séance is charged with suggestion. A narrowing of consciousness is obtained by darkness or by

concentrating on some simple sensory stimulus. In the ordinary hypnotic trance, the subject is urged to render his mind passive. He is then lulled to sleep by the operator, who should have his confidence, with the parting suggestion to do what he is told. Then, in the trance, the subject is apparently bereft of a will of his own. Under the proper suggestions, amnesia may follow this state, as in the case of Mrs. Crandon's mediumistic trances. Furthermore, the repetition of hypnosis tends to render the trance-production easier until a comparatively simple technique may be employed. In my experience, I have seen a light trance produced in suggestible persons who had never before attended a sitting.

Without the actual influence of a trance, subconscious activity may manifest itself and become highly developed through automatism. It is possible for a heavy table to be moved rapidly about a room by a group of people, all sincerely believing that their fingers no more than rest on its surface, although by physical methods it actually can be demonstrated that they have exerted considerable force. Such automatism as this may become highly developed. It must always be borne in mind that the effect on a person of his own automatic action is profoundly impressive. The natural interpretation for such a person with a supernatural bias is that a spirit must certainly be moving him and using his body as a 'medium' of communication. This belief renders the person still more susceptible to further suggestion.

Walter seems to most of us to be a delightful and wholly dramatic impersonation — witty, tactful, obliging, entertaining, full of wonders and tricks, swaggering with confidence, joking with the most boisterous joker, and then in a moment all sympathy and wisdom, ready with advice and counsel. Of course, with a belief in the reality of a supernormal Walter established, it becomes a rather easy matter for the medium and sympathetic attendants to help him consciously at times as one would help any friend to demonstrate important truths, although this is not in the spirit of the scientific method. Into the psychological relations existing between Dr. and Mrs. Crandon, we are, of course, unable to venture. What bonds of affection, reciprocating interest, and power of mutual suggestion may have influenced Walter must remain subject to speculation.

Although we have here stressed the importance of certain functions of medical psychology as a possible explanation of the motives of the Margery case, and though we believe that the application to mediumship in general is very broad, we do not wish to give the impression that we think this is the only explanation of all supernormal phenomena. There are, of course, countless deliberate tricksters who could not come under such a category, and in addition there may well be a general nucleus of truly supernormal phenomena, telepathy and the like, which still defies classification and justifies all the efforts of serious research to correlate them with the rest of human experience.

MARX TO-DAY: CAPITALISM AND SOCIALISM

BY JOHN R. COMMONS

I

KARL MARX, the founder of materialistic socialism, is recognized by economists as one of the three or four greatest minds who have contributed to the progress of economic science. What he did was to take the theories of Ricardo, the founder of materialistic capitalism, and convert them from a political struggle between British landlords and capitalists, over the tariff and the rent of land, into a class struggle between all owners of property and all wage-earners, over the ownership of the whole product of industry. Ricardo had taken for granted the institution of private property, but Marx resolved property into exploitation of wage-earners through the power of the State, which, it was believed, created the rights of property.

Ricardo's theory did, in fact, leave the wage-earner in the position of a commodity or machine, from whose labor the capitalist derived his profits and interest. He looked upon the capitalists' profits as the moving force of industry, and upon high wages as the cause of low profits, and therefore the cause of stagnation of business and unemployment. Marx inverted this and made high profits (including interest and rent) the cause of low wages, and low wages the cause of stagnation and unemployment, because the laborers were not able to purchase back from the capitalists the products which the increasing efficiency of industry enabled them to create.

It must be remembered that Karl Marx wrote his Communist Manifesto at the end of the year 1847, following ten years of the lowest degradation reached by the working people of England and Europe since the time of the Napoleonic Wars. A prolonged depression of business, after the panic of 1837, with falling wages and unemployment, was just then about to precipitate the Revolution of 1848 in France and Germany, and similar but less violent distress in America. It was during these ten years that Marx revised the theories of Ricardo, and during the next twenty years he formulated his revision in monumental detail and published it in 1867.

There is much reason to conclude, had capitalism continued in the same direction after 1847 as it had during the thirty years after 1817, when Ricardo wrote his *Political Economy*, that Marx's revision of Ricardo would have proven to be correct, for Marx described, in fact, what had actually been happening, and he predicted that it would continue to happen.

But there occurred, after 1850, and increasingly since that time, what may be named in part the self-recovery of capitalism, and in part its forced recovery, until to-day what may be named the stabilization of capitalism is apparently strengthening the system more than ever before.

The self-recovery of capitalism began with the general incorporation laws of

the decade of the 1850's. Prior to that decade, in America and Europe, a corporate charter could be obtained only by a special act of the legislature. This procedure, in America, plunged the capitalists into political struggles in order to obtain corporate charters, with the resulting political corruption and antimonopoly opposition. But, by means of general incorporation laws, the issue was taken out of politics, not by prohibiting corporations, as the antimonopolists demanded, but by making them universal. Since that time the capitalists, in order to incorporate, do not go to the legislature for a special act — they merely file their articles with the Secretary of State.

This universal freedom to incorporate has counteracted the prediction of Karl Marx, not by making it false, as a whole, but by splitting it into two parts, the concentration of capital and the deconcentration of ownership.

Marx was the first to establish the inevitable concentration of capital in large units, at least in manufactures, transportation, and banking, through the effects of competition in wiping out the inefficient competitors and converting them into wage-earners employed by their former huge competitors. But he assumed that concentration of capital would be concentration of ownership, and this might have been the result without general incorporation laws. It would follow that ultimately only a few persons would own all the capital, while the masses of the people would become a proletariat of wage-earners and salary-earners, so that the inevitable revolution would occur by mere weight of numbers.

But the general incorporation laws have diffused the ownership of capital while promoting its concentration. And now, since great corporations have discovered how important this diffusion is for the augmentation of their capital

itself, they are consciously spreading their stocks and bonds into the hands of thousands of investors, and are consciously stabilizing values where formerly the 'insiders' employed the new device to exploit investors just as they exploited the laborers. To-day the spread of investments, of insurance and savings, has interested millions of Americans in the preservation of capitalism.

But capitalism has needed legislation for this purpose and continues to need it. Corporate charters are, after all, acts of the legislature, giving to private individuals the sovereign privileges of unity, continuity, and limited liability. But, with these privileges, there are often corrupt insiders who rob investors and menace the stability of capitalism. It is largely by legislation, such as public-utility laws, blue-sky laws, watered-stock laws, and similar measures, that well-meaning capitalists can be protected in the main safeguard of capitalism, the confidence of millions of investors.

This is what I mean by self-recovery and forced recovery. Capitalists could not have recovered general support, since the time of the Communist Manifesto, without the aid of legislation, and legislation is, baldly speaking, nothing less than forced recovery coming to the aid of self-recovery.

Another application of forced recovery has come through labor legislation. In the very year, 1847, when Marx was writing his Communist Manifesto, the Parliament of England was enacting the first effective labor-law in the history of the world — the law limiting the work of women to ten hours per day. Labor legislation has now pushed forward in all capitalistic countries, supported by farsighted capitalists themselves, but opposed by the shortsighted. For competitive capitalism, in its grasp for profits and its

fright of bankruptcy, pays no attention, on account of this very competition, to the health, leisure, or happiness of its employees, considered as human beings in contradistinction to profitable engines of production. When Bismarck was using all the power of the German Empire to suppress socialism and labor unions, he was, at the same time, introducing the most advanced legislation protecting labor against exploitation by capitalists; and, while this legislation has often been denounced as paternalistic, yet when it became evident that socialism and unionism could not be suppressed it was this very legislation that had its part in undermining the propaganda of Marxian socialism against the government of Germany and in furnishing to that country its healthy soldiers and patriotic armies.

II

Karl Marx, in 1847, could not predict this self-recovery and forced recovery of capitalism, either in England, in Germany, or in America, for he had no experience to go on. He knew only the cutthroat competition of individual capitalists, from the close of the Napoleonic Wars to the Revolution of 1848, and it was to that competition that he ascribed the increasing poverty of labor on which he based his forecast of revolution.

Another thing that Marx could not know about was the rise and progress of trade-unionism. It was not until the decade of the 1850's in England and America, and not until the decade of the 1880's in France and Germany, that trade-unionism began to take on its modern form of concerted aggression upon the profits of capitalists. Prior thereto labor had experimented with various forms of coöperation under the leadership of humanitarians like Robert Owen in England and

America; or had joined in political parties designed to accomplish by legislation what they could not do individually; or had pressed for universal education, on which they based their hopes of improvement. But, beginning in the decade of the 50's, they turned to limitation of apprenticeship, to the systematic organization of strikes and boycotts, to the restriction of output, to the establishment of shop rules protecting members against discharge and regulating transfers and promotions, limiting the hours of work and forcing wages above the competitive level.

Here it was that the more intelligent and aggressive element of the wage-earners was accomplishing immediately, within the capitalist system itself, the very appropriation of increasing profits which Marx predicted could come only through the destruction of capitalism. The outcome shows that the growth of trade-unionism, for sixty years following the Communist Manifesto, had a leading part in undermining the doctrines of the Manifesto among wage-earners. For when the Great War came it was the leaders of the trade-unions, men who had actually obtained short hours, high wages, and job protection within the capitalist system, who rallied instinctively and without waiting to think about it, in all countries, to the support of their governments, on which capitalism depended for property and profits. In Germany, even, it was a collective bargain between Stinnes, the business agent of the capitalists, and Legien, the Gompers of Germany, that set up both the Republic of Germany and the recognition of unions in the shops. In America it was the trade-unionists, who knew by experience the destructive philosophy and tactics of communism, who joined almost unanimously in backing the government that was willing to recognize them as partners,

along with capitalists, in this dreadful struggle of war. I know the strong feeling and the shrewdness of capitalists in preventing the spread of unionism, but the history of our capitalist civilization shows that these unions are really the firing line of the proletariat defending capitalism against that other proletariat which Karl Marx would call forth from the factories.

Trade-unionism is, as it were, another application of the forced recovery of capitalism from its anarchy at the time of the Communist Manifesto. And, in our own time, the foreseeing capitalists, who are opposed to unions of labor, are actually copying the shop rules which unions have established, wherever they could, for the protection of hours, wages, and jobs. This, in a way, is again the self-recovery of capitalism.

A serious oversight of Marx was that of the incompetency of labor, as a class, in managing business. It might truthfully be said that the work of one man like Ford, Carnegie, Rockefeller, or Harriman, is equal to the work of all his 50,000 or more employees put together. What he does is to change them from a mob into a going concern. The way in which these great organizers of labor have come forward, under the capitalist system, is the method which Darwin has taught us to name natural selection, distinguished from artificial selection. Artificial selection of leaders in industry, politics, or war, is the popular election by subordinates of their own commanders. But natural selection, in industry, is the self-election of commanders by survival in the competitive struggle for profits. They are elected by their own success, not by the votes of those whom they organize and command. This is the substance of capitalism as against socialism: the foremen, superintendents, executives, boards of directors, are not elected by

the wage-earners who must obey their orders — they are selected from above by those whose sole consideration is the profits that they can deliver. Hence these commanders are not responsible to the wage-earners they command. They are responsible to the capitalists.

In every case that I know of, and in every country, where workingmen have formed the so-called producers' co-operatives, in order to become, as they say, their own employers, and have thus elected their own foremen, superintendents, and directors, they have failed. Laborers, as a class, are incompetent to elect the boss. Individual laborers may rise out of the class, and even rise to be millionaires, but that is capitalism. Socialism requires that laborers shall rise as a class by becoming their own boss as a class. This is incompetency. Labor, as a class, is composed of conflicting religions, conflicting races, colors, sexes, ages, unequal abilities and intelligence, and all of these conflicts and inequalities show themselves in the competition for jobs and wages. When, therefore, they elect the boss, it is not on the ground of his efficiency and discipline, but on account of his sympathy.

The trade-unions have learned this cold fact, that they cannot manage business as a union or as a class. The unions know that they can get high wages, short hours, and job security only because it is the capitalists who take the first risk and who therefore must do the planning and managing. The leaders of the socialists are usually so-called 'intellectuals' and professional people, who flatter or idealize the laborers, but the unionists are laborers themselves and they know by experience that they can get more out of capitalism by bargaining with it collectively than they can by taking it over and managing it collectively.

It is charged by socialists that profit-

making is pure selfishness, the inference being that, if wage-earners were in control, public service and not self-aggrandizement would be the standard of business.' It is difficult to see, however, any difference, in this respect, between profit-making and wage-earning. Both are the process of pure self-interest endeavoring to get as much as possible for self with as little as possible for others. From the public standpoint the real question is, how can this universal selfishness of mankind be so organized that, in pursuing his own self-interest, everyone may incidentally, and without intending to do so, actually promote the common interest? Not much reliance can be placed upon protestations of serving the public. As Adam Smith, the great advocate of private property as the motive force of industry, has himself said in his *Wealth of Nations*: 'I have never known much good done by those who affected to trade for the public good. It is an affectation, indeed, not very common among merchants, and very few words need be employed in dissuading them from it.'

This, I take it, is the source of the strength of capitalism and the source of its efficiency. It is from the institution of private property that this strength is derived. Private property compels efficiency by the penalty of bankruptcy.

Yet the capitalists themselves do not always distinguish between productivity and efficiency. Productivity may seem to be increased by lengthening the hours of labor, or bringing in cheap immigrant labor, or substituting women and children for men. But efficiency consists in reducing the hours and getting a larger output per man-hour. Productivity seems to the capitalist to be measured by success in acquiring wealth. But efficiency is measured by success in producing wealth. Karl Marx was the first to make this distinction clear. It is private property

that permits the confusion to exist, for private property is mere selfishness, and it is only because capitalism has devised, or has been forced to submit to, rules of the game laid down in the common interest that it is arriving at the distinction between getting rich by efficiency and getting rich by exploiting the laborers and consumers.

These rules of the game have a certain effect, if they are properly devised: they arouse in the mind of the capitalist that sense of responsibility in the pursuit of private gain which is coming to be known as business ethics.

There is no single source from which this so-called business ethics is derived. The most general source sometimes referred to is public opinion. But public opinion is ineffective unless backed by some kind of organization with power to inflict some kind of penalty that will be felt by him who otherwise is unmoved by this sense of business ethics. I take it that the amazing increase in numbers, in recent times, of trade associations, whether of business men or of farmers or of laboring men, is a promising source of these sanctions of public opinion.

III

Here is the culminating oversight of Karl Marx in his theory of socialism, and the one which comprehends all the others: namely, the failure to see the importance of custom, and what, in Anglo-American jurisprudence, is named the common law. The same oversight existed for Ricardo, for Adam Smith, and for the capitalistic as well as socialistic economists. For them there was no intervening principle of human behavior between the compulsory edicts and laws of sovereignty, on the one hand, and the individual bargains of private property, on the other hand. Private property, for them, was actually created by the sovereign, and it

logically followed that the sovereign could abolish private property.

But if we recognize that private property — or rather the rights, duties, liberties, and liabilities of private property — is merely an historic custom of private property, superior even to the State itself, and not only quite recent in the history of the race, but also continually changing as economic conditions change, then we can see that between the individual and the State is a supreme principle of stabilization by custom which both regulates the individual proprietor, on the one hand, and overrides the arbitrary will of the State, on the other hand.

The term 'property' is sometimes distinguished as the object which is owned, and is thus set over against the phrase, 'rights of property.' From the economic standpoint, however, we should say that the term 'property' signifies the purely selfish interest of a person in the exclusive control by himself of any object, or even of any other person, whose supply, in general, is limited. Wherever there is unlimited supply which is expected to continue unlimited, there is no need of property. Property is, indeed, the scarcity aspect of commodities, and is just as applicable to slavery, based on the scarcity of labor, as it is to commodities based on the scarcity of food, clothing, and shelter. We may even call property the instinct of scarcity, and make it identical with what we might call the instinct of property, in order to distinguish it from that other phrase, the rights of property, based on custom.

The rights of property signify the rights, duties, liberties, liabilities, immunities, privileges, and so on, which, for the time being, the custom of his associates, or his community, or his nation, may be expected to apply to the individual in the promotion, liberation, or restraint of his instinct of property.

This is what is really accomplished by the trade associations and their standards of so-called business ethics. These associations are the rise of a new custom which tells the individual capitalist what he can, cannot, may, must, or must not do, in obtaining possession of things that are scarce. All customs, from the beginning of the human race, have originated in this way, and business ethics is but repeating for capitalism what custom has always done, from the time of primitive communism to that of capitalistic civilization, in regulating this instinct of property, which is the instinct of scarcity.

It is out of these customs that the common law arises. But we do not reach the need of a common law until disputes arise which must be decided promptly in order to keep the association, or community, or nation, in a peaceable frame of coöperation. In this sense, there is a common law that arises in all private associations without any intervention of the State, as when a board of arbitration is set up by the parties interested, or when factory rules are enforced by superintendents and general managers, or church rules enforced by ecclesiastical authorities. The peculiar common law of the State comes in only when a decision is made by a court which directs the use of the collective physical violence of the community. The capitalistic associations have their own common law, enforced by profit, loss, jobs, unemployment, bankruptcy, loss of patronage, and so on.

In all of these instances the common law authority, whether of the association, the community, or the nation, must decide between the practices of individuals or associations in their dealings with each other, as to which practices are good and which practices are bad, so that the common law of any institution has grown up by the artificial selection and approval of what are

deemed good customs, and the rejection and disapproval of what are deemed bad customs. In the course of time these approved customs become so fully accepted and are deemed so obvious and commonplace that they acquire the name of 'natural rights' or even 'divine' and 'sacred' rights, as they were called by Adam Smith and Blackstone, a hundred and fifty years ago. Yet they are but the gradual evolution of approved practices through artificial selection by the courts, employed as standards in order to decide disputes in a world of limited opportunities.

It is for this reason that approved customs are so powerful both respecting the individual and respecting any effort of the State to change them. They do change gradually, but even these changes are also so powerful that neither can the State refuse to change its statutory law, nor can the judiciary persistently refuse to change its common law, to fit the changing customs.

It is this changing fact of custom and common law which has always set up the principle of stabilization. The common law established in early times, for example, the principles of the market overt, with its publicity, free access, and negotiability of commodities, so that men could know what to expect. The good customs of the market became the common law. The same is true to-day under the amazing changes brought about by a world market and the competition of business on narrow margins. Always the common law attempts to stabilize good practices by excluding the competition of bad.

This early stabilization of the market overt was followed, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, by the stabilization of what has now become the most important of all business assets, the goodwill of a going business, and this turns out to be perhaps the greatest of all regulators of business in

the public interest. For it sets up, as an inducement to the capitalist, the long-time future advantages of fair competition in place of the short-time cutthroat competition that Karl Marx knew about. Marx, indeed, knew nothing of the goodwill of a business, or of the way in which the judiciary, for three hundred years, has been constructing it out of what are deemed to be the good practices of business. Goodwill was not, in fact, a big factor in business until the corporation, instead of the individual or partnership, became the owner of goodwill.

This goodwill idea has been extending, in recent times, to wage-earners as well as customers and investors, and capitalism is learning that its own efficiency turns on maintaining the goodwill of the increasingly independent, free, and organized laborers, as against the old customs out of which the law of master and servant was constructed. Karl Marx could scarcely have imagined such an outcome of capitalism as he knew it about 1847.

One thing to be noted about the evolution of good customs is that they do not advance equally with all capitalists, and this is the reason why courts, legislatures, and commissions are found necessary to assist the more progressive in bringing up the laggards. Karl Marx had before him the destructive effects of the ethically worst competitors in compelling their better competitors to come down to their level. He did not perceive that the State, either as legislature, executive, or judicial interpreter of the common law, might increasingly protect the good practices of capitalism and restrain the bad practices. It has required and is requiring the State, either in its legislative, judicial, or administrative capacity, to perform this service, but in no case can either branch of government go very far ahead of what is customary and

sanctioned by associations, though it may fail to go as far as better customs would already support.

IV

This process of stabilization of capitalism through custom has been passing through two stages, a stage of conspiracy and a stage of regulation. The conspiracy stage reached its climax in the Sherman antitrust law of 1890, and the regulation stage can hardly be said to have had a beginning prior to the twentieth century.

It was in the year 1898 that the coal-mine workers and coal operators, in the bituminous fields which marketed their products toward the Great Lakes, framed their collective agreement based on the principle of equalizing competitive conditions. They established, for the entire area, a complicated set of rules, fixing minimum wages, maximum hours, and mining conditions, so designed that every coal operator, no matter what the differences in the richness of the mines, could get into the market at practically the same cost, including wages, transportation, and mining-conditions. Prior to that time cutthroat competition had reduced profits and wages below the subsistence level for both capital and labor, but since that time a live-and-let-live policy has considerably stabilized competition, though many amendments have been required from year to year and are still required. Here is a notable example of self-recovery and forced recovery in a great industry, extending over four states and superseding, to a considerable extent, both the conflicting laws of the state legislatures and the commands of the judiciary.

In another field, that of railway transportation, the period of conspiracy did not come to an end until the Federal Congress enacted the law of 1906 which,

for the first time, succeeded in fixing, by a commission, the actual rates, and permitting little or no deviation.

In the field of manufactures the new policy of stabilization may be said to have started with the Steel Corporation about 1908, when it ceased the old Carnegie policy of killing off competitors, and adopted the new live-and-let-live policy. This new policy did not finally get judicial sanction until the dissolution suit of the Attorney-General against the Steel Corporation, decided in 1919. Here it was judicially found that although the practices of the Steel Corporation, along with those of its competitors, were plainly concerted movements similar in their effect on prices to those which formerly had been held to be restraints of trade, yet these concerted movements, in their new form, were to be approved because they showed that the Steel Corporation had not resorted to the destructive practices and price-wars that eliminated competition. The court declared that the Steel Corporation had not reduced wages, had not lowered the quality of its product, had not created artificial scarcity, had not coerced or oppressed competitors, had not undersold competitors in one locality and maintained prices in other localities, had not obtained customers by secret rebates or departures from published prices. Neither competitors nor customers, said the court, testified to any oppression or coercion on the part of the company, and they testified to a general satisfaction with the well-known and published policy of stabilization of prices and deliveries pursued by the Corporation.

It is plain, therefore, that the policy of stabilization through publicity, for labor, for transportation, for manufactures, has, within the past few years, become the policy, not only of capitalism itself, but also of unionism, of

statute law, and of the common law as interpreted by the Supreme Court.

The most fundamental stabilization has been that of credit and prices through the coöperation of the banks organized in the Federal Reserve System. This policy can hardly be said to have been agreed upon before the year 1923, when the Federal Reserve Board, on the advice of the leading bankers, laid down the rule, in effect, that the operations of the banking system should no longer be left to the accidents of demand and supply of gold, but should be directed toward stability of credit, which means stability of the general price-level. The country had become prepared for this stabilization of business, credit, and prices, owing to experience with the effects of war inflation and post-war inflation and deflation. The stabilization was brought about by a system which, for the first time, permitted and authorized the bankers of the country to unite through their representatives, but under the supervision of a board representing the people, and to draw up their rules governing discounts and rediscounts, purchase and sale of securities, and other matters affecting credit directly, and indirectly affecting the volume of business and the general level of prices. For the past two years this stabilization has been surprisingly effective, preventing general inflation in spite of the surplus of gold, and, while there may be need of improvements in procedure or in representation of interests other than those of the bankers, which experience will reveal, yet no greater service toward the self-recovery of capitalism can be suggested than this stabilization of credit, business, and prices for America and the world.

V

We may infer from these specific cases something about the ultimate

philosophy on which Karl Marx based his theory of socialism, in contrast to the actual historic process of stabilization through custom and law. Marx took his philosophy from Hegel, who had developed his famous theory of social evolution through the dialectic process of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis. This evidently is the process by which the human mind rises from the observation of a fact to the negation of that fact, and then makes a higher generalization, or synthesis, which includes both the positive and negative observations. In this way Hegel pictured the evolution of what he called the Idea, in the history of mankind, this idea starting with the thesis of primitive communism, then going over to its exact opposite, the extreme individualism of the French Revolution, then culminating in what he hoped would be the synthesis, a great German Empire that should afford the advantages of both the sovereignty of the State and the liberty of the individual.

But Marx inverted this process by changing the Great Idea into tools, machinery, commodities, and social labor-power. It was, for him, the invention and evolution of methods of production of wealth that caused all changes to occur in religion, ethics, property, and the State. The thesis now remained primitive communism, as before, but the antithesis became individualistic capitalism, and the synthesis became, not the German Empire, but a new communism extending over the world.

The outstanding characteristic of both Hegel's and Marx's philosophy was the idea of an impelling force that worked out its evolution regardless of the will of man. The individual was helpless to push it on or hold it back. Consequently, in both cases, the actual historical evolution of collective wills was overlooked. The collective will was

identified with sovereignty, or communism, whereas the collective will is really custom. And in Anglo-American history we find this collective will moving forward as the common law, including under this designation the law-merchant, or the custom of capitalists, as well as the law-agriculture, or the custom of feudal landlords and farmers, and the law-labor, or the custom of labor and trade-unions.

There is, however, a certain parallel between the dialectic of Hegel and Marx and the actual development of the common law. This parallelism may be distinguished as an early period of scarcity preceding the invention and use of the steam engine; then a period of abundance and even oversupply during the nineteenth century; and the period of stabilization, beginning with the twentieth century.

It was during this early period of scarcity that the common law developed its principles of the market overt, while the guilds of manufacturers and merchants were developing, in their own courts, their own rules respecting manufacturing, merchandising, and credit.

The period of abundance, which followed machinery and the steam engine, was the period of individualism and the abolition of many of the restrictions of mercantilism, of guilds, and of ancient customs. This period of abundance naturally became, at the hands of Adam Smith in 1776, the foundation of his doctrine of unregulated private property. According to this doctrine the instinct of property alone, without the aid of legislation or custom, was sufficient to augment the wealth of nations, while, at the same time, owing to this very abundance of wealth, the instinct of property could not injure anybody. But the nineteenth century, with its alternations of prosperity and depression, its overemployment and

unemployment, its unregulated and cutthroat competition, showed the mistakes of this doctrine, and hence, at the close of this century, the period of stabilization began to take shape.

But this stabilization has not been an inevitable evolution of either Hegel's Idealism or Marx's Materialism — it has been the conscious activity of the collective wills of business men, of workmen, of farmers, of the judiciary, of legislatures, and of public boards and commissions, endeavoring to adapt their customs, their rules and regulations, to the new industrial conditions by eliminating such practices as secrecy, extortion, discrimination, instability, and substituting such practices as publicity, security, and what in general may be known as the common-law concepts of reasonable value and reasonable practice. All of this is the conscious efforts of collective wills in thousands and millions of associated efforts, and the process is moving in a different direction from that prognosticated by Hegel or Marx. It is being developed through the age-old practices of custom. We can see these new customs getting themselves into the new common law, and it is not socialism toward which Western civilization is advancing — it is the stabilization of capitalism through custom and law.

Doubtless the most offensive of the theories of Karl Marx was his theory of class struggle between owners of property and non-owners, to be ended by a world-wide revolution, followed by a temporary dictatorship of the proletariat, and then a final harmony of all interests without dictatorship, after everyone has accepted the principles of communism.

The older economists, led by Adam Smith in 1776, had, in large part, accepted a principle of harmony of interests, provided that neither the State

nor any guilds or other private associations should interfere with the natural workings of private property under the motive of pure self-interest. This alleged harmony of interests was plausible enough under the circumstances of the enormous increase of efficiency following the expansion of markets, the invention of machinery, and the application of science to industry, under the inducements of private property. It seemed to follow, since in an age of abundance the opportunities would be unlimited, that nobody could injure anybody else in his selfish pursuit of wealth, because everyone would have unlimited alternatives to which he could freely turn if not satisfied with the treatment he was receiving.

Karl Marx accepted that part of this theory which asserted the enormous increase in productivity of the capitalist system, and, indeed, he made it an essential part of his own philosophy. What he added was done merely by pointing out that this very increase in efficiency created a propertyless class of wage-earners, employed by the capitalists, whose lack of property prevented them from sharing in the increased efficiency of capitalism.

Thus Marx, like the economists, set up the idealism of a future harmony of interests, the one to come by perfectly free competition, the other by perfectly supreme communism.

But this entire idealism of harmony of interests, whether under capitalism or under socialism, falls to the ground if once we recognize that social conflict has always been and always will be a fundamental fact in the progress of mankind. It follows from the mere fact of increasing population and increasing wants and necessities, which, no matter how great the increase in efficiency, are continually pressing upon the natural resources of the world. It is not so much the food supply that is the limiting

factor, at least in our Western capitalist civilization, as Malthus and Ricardo predicted, as it is the coal, iron, oil, water power, and the limited land-sites available for the congestion of population, all of which are required in order to accomplish this increase in efficiency. There has not been and never will be an automatic harmony of interests, because there always will be scarcity of essential resources and of privileged areas of land through increasing pressure of population. If harmony of interests is actually attained, it can be accomplished only as we go along, from day to day, dealing with each conflict as it arises, and settling it the best we know how.

This is what is meant by the concepts of reasonable value and reasonable practice which guide the courts in deciding disputes. These are economic concepts growing out of a free, equal, and public balancing of conflicting economic forces in a world of scarcity, and depending upon a thorough investigation of all the contending interests.

The concepts of reasonable value and reasonable practice are acquiring new and larger meanings than ever before, owing to this new stabilization of capitalism which may involve secrecy, discrimination, and extortion. Their significance arises from the need of deciding economic conflicts as we go along, without waiting for ultimate ideals. But instead of a two-sided class conflict, as Marx predicted, we have actually millions of individual conflicts and thousands of class conflicts at every point where scarcity of resources places its limits of opportunity upon the individual, or class, or even the nations of the world. There is abundance in some directions, scarcity in other directions.

These conflicts over scarcity ultimately press upon the judiciary and the legislatures for decision. Yet these two

branches of government have shown themselves often incompetent to decide class conflicts. The legislature does not accurately represent the parties to the dispute. It is the lobbies that are more truly representative of classes than the legislatures. The judiciary, on the other hand, while it is suited to decide individual conflicts where the rules of the game have previously been laid down, yet is unsuited to decide the conflicts of classes themselves where the rules themselves are developed.

This incompetency of legislatures and judiciary has led the people of various states and the nation to install a set of commissions designed to deal with the more urgent of these class conflicts. The Tax Commission deals with the conflict between taxpayers as to how the burden of taxes shall be shifted between farmers, business men, and laboring men. The Railroad Commission deals with the conflict between public utilities and the shippers of goods or the consumers of light, heat, water, and power. The Industrial Commission deals with the conflict between employers and employees. The Market Commission deals with the conflicts between buyers and sellers. These commissions differ from courts in that they deal primarily with classes, while courts deal primarily with individuals.

All of these commissions are not a recognition of Karl Marx's two-sided class struggle between owners and non-owners, and certainly they are not an acquiescence in the older theory of harmony of interests. They are a recognition of the hard fact that conflict of classes is with us continuously, but that this conflict is as many-sided as there are classifications of the people according to their economic interests. It is not really a struggle between classes, as understood by Marx. It is a struggle between classifications — for no individual is tied up to a single class, as

Marx contended, and as might be true in Europe, but every individual belongs to as many classifications as he may have conflicting economic interests.

In American states, if there is anything like an economic class-struggle, it is a three-cornered and not a two-sided struggle, for there seems to be a line-up separately of capitalists, farmers, and wage-earners, each rather highly organized, and each not only shifting its alliances back and forth with the others, but each continually shifting within its own membership. It is doubtful whether either our legislatures, our commissions, our judiciary, our politicians, our lawyers, or our professional men, can successfully deal with such an economic conflict. And it is evident that these several interests are already taking the matter in their own hands, dealing jointly and directly with each other through their own representatives, sometimes under the supervision of governmental bodies. The single rule of the game, that they should lay their cards on the table instead of playing a secrecy game, might lead to some agreement respecting the facts, at least, if not the policies, which then could be accepted by legislatures, commissions, and judiciary.

At any rate, when once it is recognized that there is no such thing as an automatic harmony of economic interests, either under capitalism or future socialism, and that economic conflicts are not merely conflicts between individuals, which can be decided in court after the damage is done or is imminent, but are conflicts between classifications of individuals, which might be adjusted before a break occurs, then some progress can be made toward approaching, not an ultimate ideal of harmony, but merely that series of next steps which will keep the concern improving from day to day — the Reasonable Stabilization of Capitalism.

THE MOSQUE

BY ELGIN E. GROSECLOSE

I

'*Shukr* Allah,' grunted the *charvadars* as the carriage creaked over the last stony ridge and we could say that we had crossed the Sirdar Kuh. The horses, even in that chill air of mountain-top and early dawn, were hot and panting from their exertion. Only the camels seemed tireless, lumbering on down the mountain-side, soon lost in the lavender blur of tumbled rock.

The morning light began to pour over the edge of the horizon like an advancing mist. The sun rose, a giant in shining armor, until on the floor of the plain before us the city toward which we had been journeying lay revealed, shimmering like a mirage. Above the waving foliage and expanse of flat roofs could be seen distinctly, like a huge inverted cup, the blue dome of a mosque.

No one understands the mosque, certainly no Christian — least of all this poor wayfarer in a land of cupolas and enchanted turrets. It is not a temple, as was the tabernacle of the Lord round which the seraphim hovered. No incense burns before a mystic shrine porticoed over some sleepy deity. Allah to these people is no sculptured lord dwelling in an habitation of stone, but an invisible Everpresent having the Universe for his abode. Neither is the mosque a house of prayer, although prayers be chanted there, for wherever the True Worshiper may be at the stated hour of his orisons, there he kneels down. It is tended by no

sacred priesthood as are the temples farther east, and to a less extent the orthodox churches of the West. But, whatever place it may fill in the lives of the prophet Mohammed's followers, there is no dweller in these parts but feels its unseen powerful influence, and I was to spend the better part of a year seeking to analyze, understand, and crystallize this elusive essence.

With the coming of day the semi-arid desert that stretched before us began to be dotted with life. The roads that radiated from the city were silvery skeins of a spider's web, upon which, threaded like beads upon a string, traffic began to appear, now discerned, now disappearing in tiny puffs of dust.

The road down the mountain-side now began to drop in sheer descents that were no more than rough stairways. How beasts and vehicles came up from this side, only Allah knows. Of course, neither in the ascent nor in the going-down were our wagons and carriages loaded. Long ago it seemed, though only the night before, we had put those burdens on the camels, and they with their soft padded feet were now plodding among the rocks far below, unmindful of burden, unmindful of mountain and rock, unmindful of master, unmindful, it seemed to me, of time and eternity.

The horses were dumbly brave. It was bravery to have a juggernaut shackled behind, which at any momentary slip might come crashing down,

crushing and carrying to destruction in the bottomless abyss below. Brakes were of no avail; a pole set between the spokes helped but little. With staves and hobnailed boots it was hard enough to keep footing for two feet, much less four.

The road tumbled on down in cascades. The drivers grunted, and kept trudging on. Our great relief was to turn our eyes from these hills to the immense plain sweeping before us, to the city, and particularly to this silent blue dome which rode so calmly on its bosom. Within its shadows must be rest! The nearer edge of the plain ran up into these mountains, the farther edge dissolved into the vast void which was the horizon. Midway between lay the city, a broad field of green oasis against a yellow haze. Yet it was not green — the combination of flat adobe roofs and the green of gardens is a blend which is closer to shell-pink than anything I know.

The rocky path which we had been treading finally began to yield to a broad graveled highway that curved in and out among the slopes of the mountain; what we had been on was apparently the last mile which the Persian authorities had never summoned the energy to finish. Instead of dropping straight, this highway followed the convolutions of the mountain so as to gain the easiest approaches. It was only at intervals that we could catch visions of the plain, but each time the city glowed more precisely and more enchantingly on its surface. At other times we looked across the valleys to the forbidden ranges that reared there, snow-capped and awful. We could catch glimpses of a vista where they curved and led seemingly into the very bowels of the universe. There in this chaos of nature the snow crests became blue in their iciness and blended in the deeper blue of the sky,

while below the hard bare surfaces caught the sunlight and returned it in a constantly changing panorama of color. Here, where Nature rolled her tremendous drama, surely the people were possessed of some of this restless volcanic spirit, ready to break forth in warfare or flaming fanaticism.

By noon we had reached the bottom and were moving across the flat tableland. As the mountain range receded we seemed to be in a great saucer, surrounded, save where this range was thrust out like the prow of a ship, by the encircling level of the horizon. By dusk we had become a part of the *mêlée* of traffic in the city, caught in the jam of donkeys, camels, beggars, shopkeepers, and bawling porters. By the time we had forced a way through the streets of the markets and the dark vaults of the bazaars to the haven of the mission compound, the last glancing rays of the sun had turned the city into a violet dust. When we had refreshed ourselves in the cool shadows of the garden and I was considering the experiences of that day, — the mad descent down the mountain, the dreary ride across the plain, — I began to realize that the mosque rising lightly over the city, which had first caught my eye as dawn appeared that morning, was the only thing that had really interested me and piqued me. It had been tiny then, and now its dark shape above the garden wall was not large; but it was the spirit of this people rising to meet and understand this force which in nature moved and revealed itself so tremendously in the mountain and desert which screamed without. And that is no small thing.

II

Mornings I was awakened before daybreak by a high chanting cry proceeding from the near-by roof. It was

the muezzin, calling, 'Come to prayer, come to prayer; prayer is better than sleep.' As the cry was taken up by others among the Faithful, it spread from roof to roof, and ran through the bazaars like coals carried by runners in the mountains, until its message reverberated to the edge of the city to ripple across the illimitable sea of waste land that lay without.

Five times a day that cry could be heard — in the early dawn before the last twinkling stars had disappeared, thrice during the day, and at night when quiet had again dropped over the city. Like the church bells which once were heard in every village and city in our own country, this cry had in it an appeal to the spirit — only it was finer, for no thing of brass or iron can rival the sound of the human voice crying to its Lord.

Of all the muezzins who issued the call to prayer the one that strode the gateway of the mosque fascinated me most. He was a white-bearded old man with a bright-green sash and a blue turban — the sash indicating that he was a sayid and a lineal descendant of the Prophet. For all his age his voice was still strong, with a moving quality that seemed to command, if it did not invite, the True Followers of the Faith to enter within the sacred enclosure with their petitions.

Not being one of the Faithful, I had not as yet been permitted to enter that gate. Often I passed through the great square running before it, where merchants under little awnings squatted among their wares, and beggars cried for alms, and long lines of camels passed and repassed. The gateway with its two slender minarets was very ancient — how old I do not know — and its high Gothic arch was encrusted with a marvelous blue tiling scrolled in designs of flowers and verses from the Koran.

The dome of the mosque rising behind was of this same indescribable blue — a blue the art of making which has been lost in Persia these many years. Around the base were inscriptions done in tiles of black and yellow, and from it also sprang enameled jasmines to clamber up the curving surface; the tiling had, however, fallen away in many places, leaving vegetation to creep through the crevices.

There was nothing remarkable about the size of the mosque. Indeed there are finer ones in a dozen different parts of the world. There is, for example, that marble gem in the deserted palace of Agra, with its delicate cupola like a rare suspended pearl. And, not twenty miles from Agra, that sandstone replica of the Mecca mosque which the Moghul Akbar built in his play city of Fatehpur Sikri. There is Haggia Sophia, within the shadowed recesses of which one can still almost hear the faint wailing of the imprisoned priest. But these are all show places to which any Feringi may gain admittance, while this, set here in this cloistered Persian city, exists but for these people, and on them alone does it shed its benign influence.

Although I was later admitted, at present I was to feel its spell only through the life of the people about me, in the sounding cries of the muezzin calling to prayer, and in the solitudes of my garden. And of that garden I must speak a word, for to the Persian, whose empire is an empire of dry plain and barren mountain, these gardens are sweet havens of refuge; and has not the Prophet also made the garden the symbol of Paradise, when he says: —

But for those who dread the majesty of their
 Lord shall be two gardens,
 With o'erbranching trees in each,
 In each two fountains flowing,
 In each two kinds of every fruit?

My garden was such as is contained in every Persian home. A large square pool, flanked on either side by willows and poplars, and at the end a tiny fountain, which played save when Abbas diverted the water for the more mundane uses of the melon and lettuce patch. There was an arbor over which a rose vine clambered, and here of evenings Abbas would bring tea, while we sat and talked or listened to the muffled sounds of the street outside. Abbas moved about quietly, sprinkling the flowers with water from a goatskin bag, plucking with suppressed mutterings an intruder worm from the satin petal of a rose, or a stray weed that dared to grow in the presence of the garden queen. The sounds of traffic in the streets rose to an inchoate murmur at times, and of evenings there would be dogs barking at the occasional wayfarer, or a Persian lover strumming on a lute. There were arrivals. Persian guests, wrapped solemnly in their long abbas, would drink tea, puff a while at the *kalyan*, and then discuss in dignified tones the events at Teheran, the beauties of some rare rug, or favorite passages from the Persian poets. Finally they would depart, leaving the garden quiet again as the deserted halls of Xerxes.

I often wondered what gave the garden its calm, why it soothed so mysteriously. Was it the sharp contrast to the heaving world of nature outside the city? When I thought of that remorseless desert and the terrifying mountains, I questioned if this peace could be real — whether there were not sleeping in this city, in this garden, savage forces which one day would take shape as suddenly and as fearfully as some desert whirlwind. But because it was so like all other Persian gardens, because they all seemed so other-worldly, because they seemed to typify the East that slept

about me, I looked for another explanation than that of enclosing walls, running water, and softly moving leaves. And Marden, the lean missionary, whose two children used to tug at my coat-tails and clamber over me demanding that I tell them stories, gently chided me because I gazed at that large round dome, and blamed it on the mosque.

Marden was right. That savage force which sleeps in the very nature of things here did rise, and it was from the mosque itself that the tocsin was sounded.

III

Whether because of some nonchalance toward me, or because of some feeling near kin to affection which I inspired among these people, they fortunately permitted me to enter the enclosure of the mosque. It was an experience I shall not forget. Heretofore I had been playing around the edge of things, and until I had penetrated the reserves of their religion I could not say that I had known these people. Here, within this ancient court, in the shade of these broad-spreading chenars, would I feel and taste this mysterious sense to its depth.

The interior of the mosque was a large square open court, enclosed at one end by the Gothic gate, at the other by the mosque proper, opening on the court and covered by the turquoise-tiled dome, and on the sides by pavilions where sat the mullahs and lawyers, teachers, clerks, and doctors. The court held a long pool of water which reflected on its quiet surface the chenars which bordered it and the waving outline of the dome. There was a small fountain where worshipers might wash their feet and hands before praying. A few were making their genuflections toward Mecca, but under the chenars a group

of boys were playing, and in one of the stalls a number of students were listening to a *mushtahid* expounding the Koran. Some of the students, on seeing a Christian enter, eyed me askance, but turned again to their studies when they saw that I was escorted by one of the most reverend of their number. The boys playing greeted me, however, with a respectful 'Salaam, Sahib,' as I stopped to watch their game.

I remember distinctly the gray-bearded old mullah who was kneeling, his toes curled under him, reading one of the holy books, moving his body in a gentle swaying rhythm as he counted the verses, and murmuring to himself in a subdued monotone. I asked him what he read, and he, raising his eyes from his book and seeing that I was an infidel, betrayed no disdain or resentment, but told me the story.

'It is a story, Sahib, of a certain rich khan who had a servant, and this servant's wife fell sick. The doctor who was called looked gravely at the woman and declared that the only medicine that would save her was the liver of a certain horse. You know our customs, Sahib — what low esteem a woman receives and in what high regard a fine horse is held. But the khan commanded three of his horses to be killed that the woman might be cured. The doctor was astonished, and demanded of the khan where he had learned such manner of doing. The khan's reply, Sahib, I recommend for your thought. He said: "Such, O servant of the world, is to be learned from looking into the face of the Lord."'

The old mullah in telling the story had used more words than I have here set down, and when he finished his eyes were flashing with a prophetic fire.

'Would you care to climb to the top of the minaret with me?' he asked. 'It is time for the azan, when I must call the Faithful to prayer. Come.'

The narrow curving staircase leading to the top of the tower was very dark, being lighted here and there only by the tiny vent-holes that had been pierced through the masonry. Moreover the steps, built high in the rise and narrow in the step, were broken in many places, so that it was only with much panting that we finally rested under the parapet at the top. The city spread before us, a receding terrace of flat roofs over which the poplars and chenars cast dappled shadows, while at the edge the level plain began, a moving sea of pastel tints and shades that tapered off into the airy void of the horizon. This minaret rising into the air was the highest point in the city, and from it we seemed to dominate the little world that wavered before us.

'As this minaret mounts unsupported above the city, so must the soul in seeking its God grope Heavenward alone,' said the old man. 'Supported by buttresses, or joined to other structures, it ceases to be a tower. And so it is with man. No priest can guide, no tongue but his alone can utter his soul's cry.'

As he talked, I began to understand the democracy of the East. He explained why there is no vested and privileged priest-caste here, why no man has special entry into the divine presence, why no one may pray for another, why there is no apostolic succession and none ordained to pronounce even a benediction. Within the following of the Prophet exists a brotherhood which — though it extends no further — is capable of bringing into union the Aryan Persian, the Semitic chieftain, and the savage from Africa, to kneel without let or hindrance side by side in the same mosque, or to marry their daughters with the others' sons. I began to understand that species of democracy which Loti so well describes,

which I have often coveted for the West, and which I myself have seen manifested in the sitting down together of the khan and his servant to drink tea in the same tea house or to smoke from the same kalyan.

But more vivid to me than this opening-up of his faith was the ardor with which he seemed to be inspired, and which in truth glowed so warmly everywhere about me. Whether or not this light that I saw was one which, kindled to love or wrath, consumes us quite, I was certain that its fierce burning was much more to my liking than that cold phosphorescence which lies pale on so many of the altars of our own faith. How was I to know that, when it had been lit in the night camps of Genghis Khan a thousand years before, it burned of conquest and swept down out of the steppes to harry the known world so that the Eastern Church to-day still yields the prayer, 'Deliver us, O Lord, from the scourge of the Tatar'? Or to know that though it was now no more than a smouldering coal laid on the lips of the Believers, giving them tongues of prophecy, the mosque had never tamed the savage motions in the breasts of those who worshiped there, and that at certain seasons of the year there issued forth from its Gothic doorway the raging fires of fanaticism and religious bigotry that stirred even onlookers to trembling?

IV

For several nights in early spring, when the rest of the living world was joyous and putting on new garments, when the nightingales were busy in the tree-tops and the brown branches began to bud, when even the rough bare desert was here and there touched with green, I had heard sounds of lamentation in the streets. An incoherent babbling rose above the city

like a giant groaning in slumber. Passing one evening near the mosque, I heard within the high-pitched voice of a mullah and the doleful wailing of a large throng. The court was so crowded that the women were forced to crouch among the dogs in the street outside.

During the day too there was a strange excitement in the air — not the hushed expectancy of joyful news, not the pleasant spirit of the Persian New Year's, that happiest of festivals, but the taut and agonized nervousness that precedes a bullfight or a leading out to execution. Processions of men began to appear in the streets, shouting incoherent names, gowned in black, with backs bared, and carrying in their hands peculiar lashes made of chains. The crowds of Mohammedans in the streets thickened, moved with more than ordinary tension, the Christian population began to stay indoors, and the governor increased the number of police. The ten days of Moharram had begun.

Moharram is the name of the month in which Hosein, son of Ali, who was son-in-law to the Prophet and contender for the Caliphate, lost his life in battle with the opposing force of the Ommayyad dynasty. That struggle for the mantle of Mohammed created a hundred years later the schism which has ever since divided the Moslem world into two great parties. The bitterness it engendered is so powerful that it proved during the war a successful barrier to that grandly conceived scheme of uniting all Islam into holy war against the Infidel, and particularly prevented the coming together into one Pan-Turanic empire of the scattered elements of the Turkish world which the Young Turks, with Soviet assistance, so strenuously fostered a few years ago. The anniversary of that unsuccessful struggle for the temporal dominion of a spiritual

empire is here a festival of barbaric and fanatic mourning against which the enchanted spirit of peace is unavailing.

Hosein was killed on the tenth day of Moharram; for nine days the people mourn and display their grief with increasing abandon, and the tenth day is the climax of this terrible crescendo, when the scene of the massacre is reenacted in bloody detail. More vivid than memory of that celebration are the words of my diary written at the time, which I now quote: —

Wednesday, April 11. — For nine nights the city has been filled with the wailing of the crowds listening to the stories which the mullahs tell them of the martyrdom of the early leaders, while during the day processions have filled the streets, shouting the name of Hosein.

This morning Crothers and I went down into the bazaars where the chief processions pass. Never have I seen such masses of people moved by the single idea of grief. We could hardly push through the crowd, and only by means of the sharp command '*Yohl vers!*' (Give way!) and the fact that we were Americans did we manage to pass.

In the streets the people were in constant motion, but in the caravan-serais and open spaces they stood about mimbars that had been erected, from which mullahs recited the story of the massacre of Hosein and his followers. At intervals the people would break out in great sobbing, and would show their grief by universal swaying and beating of the heads.

Crothers and I found a vantage point on a quoin of the street where two of the chief bazaars intersect. Processions of these festal mourners moved up and down both streets, and a cordon of Persian gendarmerie was vainly trying to regulate the traffic. A porter bound toward his master's with a basket of melons had been caught

in the press. He was a pitiful figure, helpless as the swaying of the crowd carried him first one way and then another, at any moment threatening to crush his pannier into a ruddy juicy pulp. For a moment there was an open space through which he might escape, but it was not in the direction he desired, and he persisted, with a donkey's stubbornness, in his efforts to make his way through. Finally he was irresistibly caught by an eddy and swirled off into a side street.

A procession larger than the others now appeared down the maddening vista. A man bearing an odd branching standard surmounted by a number of queer objects — lighted candles, tinkling bells, a hand of brass, a banner — was at the head, followed by a mullah chanting the names of the imams. Behind them came a long double row of men facing each other, with bared breasts which they beat in unison with the mullah's chanting. Like waves enchanted by witches' music, the line of white arms rose into the air, poised, and descended upon the expanse of breasts, with a sound resembling the beating of a stormy sea upon a coast. Here and there breasts broke out in bleeding from the repeated striking of bare fists.

A rhythmic swish could now be heard in the turmoil. As the long line of mourners moved slowly on, the sound drew nearer and increased, swelling above even the roar of the traffic, the wailing, and the thuds of flesh against flesh. Down the vaulted avenue appeared a long column of men with bared backs instead of bared breasts. Each man carried a lash which we could see was made of many strands of steel chain. It was the swinging of these chains that made the terrible sound we heard. In rhythm the lashes swung into the air and, as the name of Hosein sounded, came down with heavy force

upon the bared backs. Flesh quivered as the lashes came down first upon the right shoulder and then upon the left, and then rose into the air, trembling, to descend with the reiteration of the martyr's name.

The column moved slowly on, and for a moment the din seemed slightly to diminish. But only for a moment, for the blare of trumpets sounded and a band, with cymbals, drums, and horns, burst forth in a wild music. The effect of this new provocative was to double the exultant crying of the people, and the force and frenzy with which the flagellants beat themselves. Across the way an old fellow, who had until now watched the spectacle unmoved, burst out weeping.

Thursday, April 12. — To-day is the Tenth of Moharram. Everyone is in the streets. Even Abbas, the very acme of faithfulness, who works day in, day out, early and late (though never very hard), to-day refuses to toil, as he must go and join the throngs. All the shops, even of the Armenians, are closed tight. The winding processions can hardly pass, the streets are so crowded. To-day the breasts and backs are covered, the black gowns and lashes have been discarded, and in their stead appear long processions of men gowned in white, with shaven heads, and bearing unsheathed swords in their hands. As they rigorously chant the litany they raise the swords and strike their bared heads until their garments are spattered with blood.

We watch the processions from the roof, as it is hardly safe to go below. On the roofs along the way the women, forbidden on the streets to-day, have taken vantage place to gaze. The horrible sound of the chanting, the sodden intonations as the host of swords waves in the air above the mass of white heads and swishes downward, is a gigantic discord. The scene overpowers one

like a heavy smoke; the spectacle, blood-spattered and dusty, swims before the eyes in a nauseating blur. Shut out the sight, close the ears to the sound, stop the nostrils to that horrible odor of bodies, sweat, blood, and dust, and even the atmosphere seems dense and heavy with tragedy. As far as we can see are these processions winding through the streets; everywhere the packed masses of white devotees, flanked by the steaming mob, crying in madness over the awful chastisement, weeping over the loss of Hosein, calling aloud his name, until it seems as though pandemonium has broken loose.

By a back street — filled, it is true, with the frenzied mob, but less infuriated than elsewhere — Crothers and I come to the Ali Gapou, where, in the great maidan of the governor's palace, all the processions must pass sometime during the morning to be reviewed by the dignitaries of the city. Through Riza Khan, chief of the gendarmerie, a sheltered spot on the roof has been given to us.

Column after column staggers through the great gate — staggers, for they have become so wearied by their self-mutilation and loss of blood that the lines swerve and falter. The processions of the boys are the more vigorous, and several still beat their heads with such zeal that the gendarmes are forced to take their swords away from them. Relatives of others walk behind with staves to ward off the intoxicated blows, but some, crazed by the general fanaticism, evade these well-meant protectives by suddenly stooping and striking their heads with redoubled force, as if to make up for the strokes they have lost. My attention is called to one more maniacal than the rest, but as I watch he collapses and is carried away by friends.

Two men come who do not strike their heads with swords, but to show

their ardor walk along with swords fastened about them that prick with every step they take, while tiny flesh-hooks hang from every part of their naked bodies.

'Let's get out of here, or we don't know what we shall be seeing next. I'm getting nauseated.'

The grand frenzy continues unabated until noon, but when the sun crosses the meridian it begins to die away, and the white columns disappear from the streets. Back in the garden, the shouting in the streets becomes a low murmur of weeping, and finally a peculiar hush in strange contrast to the preceding cacophony settles upon the city. Abbas returns, his bloodshot eyes gazing at me sullenly.

Friday, April 13. — The city is again quiet, but it is as though a great storm had passed. The atmosphere is still electric. The tension is evidenced by the rumors that early in the day are brought to us of mutterings against the Christians. Some fearful ones beat at our gate.

'The mullahs are saying that the Armenians must be done away with. May we stay here, Sahibs?'

The gendarmes pace restlessly up and down the street, watching for any outbreak. But nothing happens.

The tension of the city is like that eternal dripping of water endured in the Middle Ages. I have moved about all day trying to compose my thoughts, but they are broken as, precisely at the stated hours, like a well-timed clock, the flutelike voice of the muezzin pierces the air. Everywhere I look I see the mosque. Its dome rising above the wall reflects the gleaming sunlight like a thing of flint and brass. Its blue surface in this spring air is icy, the two slender minarets like forbidding watchtowers. Where is the peace my fancy beheld spread like a net around

it? Was it a mirage of the mind, reflected by the longings of a fretful spirit, or does it still exist in reality, with this unrest but the movings of an unseasoned soul?

Marden drops in to ask me over to supper. What a contrast to the atmosphere of the city is that of this pleasant missionary home! In the cool, well-stocked library Marden and I talk before supper of the work that is being carried on by the mission. Over the mantel hangs the picture of a Man. As I gaze at that saintly face and feel the divine peace radiating from it and pervading the room, I forget that once there was more blood shed over the hanging of His pictures than in all the terrible celebration of yesterday. After all, the divine presence is eternal; if the struggles of Leo the Iconoclast against the clergy were cruel as this festival of yesterday was bloody, it only means that we still are all barbarians struggling to pierce the mists of the mountain-top.

Supper is announced. The children laugh as they dabble with their milk and bread, while Marden and I talk and their mother vainly tries to quiet them. After supper they are put to bed.

'Uncle Dubie must tell us a story,' they demand; so Marden lets me lumber up to the nursery — like a bear in a fairies' house.

We all sing a song, — 'Now the day is over,' it is, — the children say their prayers, and then they tumble under the quilts to be put to sleep by 'Once upon a time.' As I remain silent, they grow insistent.

'Well, then, peace, and I will tell you a story.'

But as I say the word 'peace' I realize it is superfluous. For here is that brooding dove itself which with my net I had sought to catch under the mosque and in my Persian garden.

OUR EMBATTLED FARMERS

BY ARTHUR P. CHEW

I

THEY told me when I moved from Minneapolis to Des Moines in 1921 that in Iowa I should n't see any wild-eyed farmer radicals like those who were making life a burden to the sober and respectable citizens of the Northwest. 'You won't find fanaticism of the Non-partisan League brand in Iowa,' said a banker. 'In that state the farmers know which side their bread is buttered on. They never have a crop failure and they understand the meaning of business principles. Socialistic experimentation like that now undermining the prosperity of North Dakota has no attractions for them. They would rather trust to work and thrift.'

That was encouraging. Although I had friends among the farmer radicals of the Northwest, I was beginning to quarrel with them. Their habit of blaming everything that troubles the farmer on bankers and grain speculators was getting tedious. They suspected me of coldness to their cause when I doubted the power of grain exchanges to control prices and suggested that credit stringencies sometimes indicate an actual shortage of bank resources rather than just a mean streak in bankers. When I ventured to hint that economic principles are a safer guide than political prejudices in forecasting wheat prices, I was given up as hopeless.

Accordingly I welcomed the prospect of getting into a more congenial agrarian atmosphere. But this prospect

soon went glimmering. Shortly after my arrival in Des Moines I attended a convention of the Iowa Farm Bureau Federation. This organization was thought conservative, and had much respectable backing. I expected it to hand out a realistic view of the agricultural depression then at its worst. Instead, I found the meeting industriously working itself into a passion against bankers and middlemen and Wall Street in the old familiar way. A director of the Federation played the part of witch doctor.

'There is no mystery about the trouble with agriculture,' he said, amid applause. 'It is the victim of a trick that I have seen worked twice before, after periods of fairly good times. Each time the trick has been worked by the same crowd. They resort to it whenever the ordinary working of our financial and economic machinery fails to do a clean job in trimming the farmer out of his earnings. It is a religion with Wall Street that the farmer must not be left with any spare cash, lest he should start loafing and run the country into a shortage of cheap food and cheap raw material.'

'Usually our economic machine is pretty efficient in separating the farmer from his legitimate profits. Merchants and manufacturers overcharge him for household supplies and for tools and implements. Railroads levy toll upon him. Bankers load him down with high interest-rates and extra commissions,

evading usury laws by collecting interest in advance and compelling him to leave on deposit a part of the money he is supposed to be borrowing. Grain exchanges manipulate prices against him, and packers squeeze him by collusive buying.

'Nevertheless, a little money sometimes sticks to the farmer's hands in spite of these exactions. This happens in periods of exceptional commercial activity, and in war-time. Then it becomes necessary for Wall Street to work its master skin-game. It does so by manipulating credit and currency. Deflation is a dangerous two-edged sword. But Wall Street knows how to handle it so that it damages agriculture more than it damages industry and business. That is proved by the history of every deflation crisis this country has gone through. Right now business is beginning to recover and the stock market is forecasting industrial prosperity, while agriculture is sinking deeper and deeper into the hole. You can't get away from it. Farmers are just pawns in the hands of market crooks.'

It would have taxed A. C. Townley and the other crusaders of the Nonpartisan League to beat that for an all-round denunciation of Big Business. Moreover, the Farm Bureau leader was not expressing the views of a small minority. Later events, notably the election of Brookhart to the Senate, proved that the stereotyped radical explanation of agricultural distress is deeply rooted in Iowa. Senator Brookhart is completely committed to that theory. Even to-day, with agriculture making rapid recovery from the post-war depression, Iowa farmers are very radical. It is from Iowa that the loudest clamor comes for price-fixing and other nostrums.

Failing to escape from farmer radicalism, I tried to understand it. It

did n't seem practical to go on the idea that all its smoke comes from no fire at all. There were then two possible approaches to its secret. One was on the assumption that its leading ideas were in the main correct — that agriculture really is playing a game in which the cards are stacked against it. The other approach was on the theory that perhaps the farmers have a chronic grievance, which has not been correctly diagnosed, or which for one reason or another they are loath to recognize. There was here a problem in psychology, as well as in economics.

II

Farmer radicalism varies in degree in different states, but not in kind. Curiously there is more of it in the newer and richer farming regions than in the older and poorer ones. Its special preserve is the richly productive land of the Middle West and the Northwest. You don't find much of it among the stony hills of New England or in the less fertile lands of the Middle Atlantic States. Evidently it is not specifically a product of poverty. Singularly enough, moreover, it is not materially influenced in its ideas by the varying economic circumstances out of which it seems to arise. The radical ideas now being propagated in Iowa, as a result of distress attributed to the post-war depression, are much like those preached by the Nonpartisan League in North Dakota in the boom years of war-time.

In the last few years the main idea of the farmer radicals has been subjected to searching tests. Their central doctrine is that business and finance, through their control of economic institutions, manipulate the prices of farm products so as to create an unnaturally wide spread between the value of such products on the farm and their value when sold to the ultimate

consumer. Out of this artificial price-spread are supposed to be drawn all the illicit profits of banking, milling, grain-dealing, and so forth. Wide spreads do, of course, exist between country and city prices. The question is whether those spreads represent loot or expenses unavoidably incurred in handling farm products.

On the theory that they represent loot, the remedy for the farmer is simple. He has only to go into banking and milling and grain distribution, and the loot will remain in his own possession. Even if he is inefficient at his new job he cannot fail, since he is tapping a supposedly copious source of profits. But what happened when the Non-partisan League of North Dakota went into the banking business? Did it find the game so easy and profitable that every farmer of the right political persuasion could be given all the loans he wanted at low interest-rates, without in the least endangering the banking system? On the contrary, it made a disastrous and painful discovery that there are costs and risks in banking just as in farming.

Another enlightening experience has befallen North Dakota in connection with its experiment in milling. After two years of operation, the state flour mill is a losing proposition. It is said to be dropping a thousand dollars a day. Its aggregate losses already exceed \$700,000. Although under competent management, it has not yet built up a broad and steady market or got its costs down where they should be. North Dakota farmers are so convinced that profitable milling is easy that they will not let the manager of the state mill do what other millers find it necessary to do in producing the best grades of flour. In making the best flour a proportion of hard wheat of high gluten-content is required. Many successful millers buy some wheat of

this kind in Canada, when home supplies are low. But when the manager of the North Dakota mill wished to follow their example he aroused such a storm of opposition that he had to drop the plan. The farmers could not believe there was no profit in milling except at the price of bringing in foreign wheat. Such a notion contradicted all their ideas of milling-profits.

One of the chief articles of faith among our farmer radicals is the belief that grain exchanges manipulate prices at will. Recent Federal legislation bringing grain exchanges under government supervision indicates that the radicals are not alone in their view. And yet the collapse of the U. S. Grain Growers, Inc., in 1923, and the more recent abandonment of another big scheme for farmer-controlled grain-buying suggest that the road to easy money is no smoother in the grain trade than in milling. Search for statistical proof of price-manipulation by grain exchanges has always broken down.

I asked a Minneapolis attorney, who has appeared in many grain cases for the Nonpartisan League and is a recognized authority on the grain trade, whether it is possible to show that grain prices have heretofore been regularly juggled against the farmer. This attorney is a strong opponent of future trading. He thinks the mere volume of future trading in wheat is *prima facie* proof that it is larceny. But he confessed that he has never been able to show by price statistics just where the larceny takes place.

Investigation by the Government into the wild markets of last winter has brought an official declaration that excessive trading was a factor in the situation. Apparently, however, all that the most powerful speculators can do is to throw a little more weight into the scales as they are moving under

the influence of supply and demand conditions. Bull and bear markets cancel one another eventually, and the effect they have on the farmers' ultimate earnings has probably been vastly exaggerated.

Another explanation of the farmers' troubles that has been to the fore of late attaches great importance to the tariff. Much of what the farmer produces must be sold in a world market exposed to the full force of foreign competition, whereas most of the things he buys are sold under effective tariff-protection. It is inferred that the farmer sells at low world-prices and buys at high American prices. The late Secretary of Agriculture, Henry C. Wallace, held this view. He accordingly championed the McNary-Haugen bill, which contemplated price-fixing for the purpose of making farm-commodity prices equal to those commanded by protected factory-goods. There is still a strong demand in the Middle West for legislation 'to equalize tariff benefits.'

But the trouble with this theory is that the dependence of agriculture on foreign markets before the war apparently did not hurt it much. Farm earnings were unusually favorable from 1900 to 1920. In that period farm-commodity prices rose faster than the prices of other goods. From 1880 to 1920 the average value of farm land in the United States more than trebled. In some states it increased tenfold. Such increases could not have taken place had farm-commodity prices been unprofitable. American agriculture in the past has undoubtedly been compensated in some way for its exposure to world competition. Urban growth may have strengthened farm-product prices as much as the tariff strengthened the prices of factory goods. Or, on the other hand, the effect of tariff protection on factory goods may have been less than is supposed.

In any event, history furnishes no proof that it is a disadvantage for agriculture to sell abroad. Agricultural commodity prices have been relatively lower since 1920 than the prices of other goods. But this has probably been due more to the overexpansion of agriculture in the war period than to anything else. Cotton has suffered less from price depression in the last few years than any other leading American crop. Yet half our cotton crop regularly goes abroad. It is evident that selling in the world market does n't hurt agriculture when the supply of its products is not in excess of the demand. When the supply is in excess of the demand, neither tariff nor price-fixing will cure the trouble.

III

When I got this far in my search for the roots of the farmer's discontent, I began to think that perhaps there was nothing really ailing him except poor business judgment and inefficiency. That is what most of the bankers of my acquaintance said. They attributed all the farmer's troubles to his failure in time of war to prepare for peace. They said farmers who made big money in war-time saved nothing in liquid form as an insurance against the inevitable post-war depression, and persistently hugged the delusion that war-prices would continue indefinitely. Such conduct, said the bankers, inevitably produced disaster.

That looked plausible. What could be responsible for the visible woes of the farmer, if he was not robbed either by means of grain exchanges and financial institutions or through the tariff? Moreover, how was it possible to square the idea that the farmer has a real chronic grievance with the evidence, afforded by price statistics and advances in land values, that agriculture has been a profitable business, on the whole, for

several decades? Unless this apparent inconsistency could be dissolved, there was no use in going any further. The farmer was just a grouch, blaming the results of his incompetence on other people.

Light was cast on the problem by a peculiar contrast between the economic position of Iowa and that of North Dakota in the crisis of 1920-21. There was apparently more distress in rich Iowa than in North Dakota, despite the extent to which the latter state had suffered from a succession of indifferent crops. Eugene Meyer, Jr., head of the War Finance Corporation, appears to have been the first to explain the paradox. During the war and the post-war boom North Dakota was in bad repute in the investment world on account of its politics. In consequence, its credit-supply was shut off and it did not participate in the land boom that swept neighboring states. It entered the deflation period with no great burden of debt, and without inflated farm-valuations.

Opposite conditions existed in Iowa. That state, with its rich lands and its reputation for conservative opinions, had received unlimited credit. It had plunged heavily into land speculation, on a wave of rising farm-valuations. As a result it found itself burdened in 1920 with an enormous load of new debt assumed at unheard-of price levels. When corn fell to thirty cents a bushel and hogs to seven cents a pound, the prospect of meeting those obligations looked slim. Accordingly radicalism waxed in Iowa while it waned in North Dakota. Debt and doctrine seemed to be united, if not as cause and effect, at least in some intimate relation. It was evident that the prosperity of agriculture is not always identical with that of the man who works at it.

Search for the true nature of the

farmer's grievance seemed easier when a distinction was made between agriculture and the farmer. When they are confused, a good financial showing for the one necessarily implies equally satisfactory conditions for the other. But you can have poor farmers in a profitable agricultural system, just as you can have poor wage-earners in a prosperous industrial system. This was demonstrated by the fact that rich Iowa was harder hit in 1920 and 1921 than North Dakota. In these two states the prosperity of working farmers seemed to vary inversely with the extent to which farm incomes were high or low in proportion to farm valuations. Agricultural distress and radicalism seemed to have about the same geographical distribution as did overcapitalization of farm properties.

At bottom the problem of the farmer is much like that of the wage-earner. It turns largely on the distribution of income between the capital and labor employed in production. Farmers own only a part, and a decreasing part, of the capital invested in agriculture. Where radicalism is strongest, the proportion, although not the absolute amount, of farmer-owned capital is less than elsewhere. Less than half the farm land of the United States is owned by the men who work it. Tenants renting all the land they till comprise more than 38 per cent of all farmers. Total mortgage-encumbrance on all classes of farms in 1920 amounted to nearly eight billions of dollars, having increased from \$3,320,470,000 in 1910.

Obviously a large part of agriculture's earnings goes to persons who do not farm. Every claim of the capital invested in the business is satisfied in full before the claim of the farmer and his family for a labor income are considered. In the crop year 1924-25, for example, the interest paid by farmers on mortgage and other indebtedness,

according to the Department of Agriculture, amounted to 6.4 per cent. Contrast that return with what went to the farmers as a reward for their labor and management and the labor of their families. This averaged only \$649.

If the 6.4 per cent that was paid out in interest by farmers in the crop year 1924-25 represented merely a return on actual capital employed in agriculture, their position might be tolerable. But it included a return on water as well as actual agricultural capital. Throughout a large part of the Middle and Northwestern States, land values have undergone manifest inflation in the last few decades. In Iowa from 1890 to 1920 the average value of farm land increased from \$28 an acre to \$227 an acre. Iowa farms had an average value in 1920 of \$35,616. On such valuations it is hard for a farmer to pay interest at 6 per cent out of corn and hogs and have anything left for himself.

An idea of the extent to which Iowa farm-land values were inflated in 1920 is given by the ratio borne to them by cash farm-rents. Cash farm-rents show better than anything else what the actual current earning-power of land is. In accordance with Ricardo's famous law, they comprise the total annual production of the soil, less only a return representing the minimum that competition for land forces tenants to accept. When cash rents are low in proportion to land valuations, the latter are excessive. That was the case in Iowa in 1920, when cash rents, according to the Department of Agriculture, were only 3 per cent of farm valuations. In other words, the farms were capitalized at about double their current earning-power.

It is customary for farm land in growing regions to be capitalized at more than its current earning-rate. The difference represents hope for the future. But sometimes the hope is

destined never to be realized. This is so when the land is really at grips with the law of diminishing returns, but people are ignorant of the fact because time and experience have not yet proved it. When such a condition develops, the first reaction of the farmer to it is likely to be a feeling that he is not getting enough for his products. That seems to be what is going on in Iowa. Farmers there think they are not making progress toward independent farm-proprietorship because the prices of their products are too low, whereas perhaps the real trouble is that the prices of their farms are too high.

What the burden of advancing land-values means to the farmer of the Middle West can perhaps be divined from the enormous rate at which tenancy has increased in that region. Tenancy is an inevitable product of landownership. It tends to arise as soon as land becomes capable of yielding a surplus over subsistence. When that point is reached owners like to retire and live on the surplus. But tenancy increases also when it is cheaper to rent than to buy land, as happens when valuations are inflated.

Tenancy increased from 23 per cent to 41.7 per cent in Iowa from 1880 to 1920. In North Dakota the increase in the same period was from 2.1 per cent to 25.6 per cent. In South Dakota the increase was from 4.4 per cent to 34.9 per cent; in Nebraska from 18 per cent to 42.9 per cent; in Kansas from 16.3 per cent to 40.4 per cent; in Minnesota from 9.1 per cent to 24.7 per cent; and in Oklahoma from 0.7 per cent to 51 per cent. Contrast these figures with what happened in all the states north of North Carolina and east of Kentucky and Ohio, except New York and Pennsylvania. In that region the percentage of tenancy declined from 1880 to 1920. Apparently the explanation is that in the Middle West and the Northwest

the land-valuation situation made it cheaper to rent than to buy land.

The increase of farm-land values and the growth of tenancy are a measure of the success agriculture has had in the past. High land-values indicate the estimate placed on farm earning-power. Tenancy shows the extent to which farmers have been able to retire and live on the agricultural surplus. But the very fact that this process has taken place is a warning that it cannot be repeated indefinitely, and a sign to the alert farmer that the immediate future of American agriculture is likely to differ from its immediate past.

IV

Farmers in the Middle West and Northwest are dissatisfied with their earnings because they seem insufficient for current needs and future independence. Certainly the road to full ownership is steep when annual farm-earnings are less than annual capital values. Farms that yield a surplus of only 3 per cent on their valuations certainly cannot produce their own purchase money. But may not the trouble lie with the valuations to a greater extent than with the earnings? When earnings are persistently capitalized at an excessive rate, it helps the average operating farmer very little to increase them.

Tenant farmers escape the burden of excessive land-values in part but not altogether. It affects their rents to some extent, and blocks their road to farm-ownership. Farmers trying to complete payments on overcapitalized lands are in a worse case. They are not only overburdened with annual charges, but their hope of reaping a profit in the future out of further increases in land values is diminished in proportion to the extent to which they are paying too much now.

Many farmers are probably kept from seeing the drawbacks of overcapitalization by their hope that the process will continue long enough to let them out of the business with a competence some day. Increasing farm-land values carried the last generation of farmers to prosperity. In the sixties and seventies of the nineteenth century, farmers taking up lands on the rich plains of the Middle West could afford to ignore a few years of low income, because they knew rising values would put them on easy street eventually. Most farm landlords are ex-farmers.

Naturally the working farmer to-day hopes to win through in the same manner. He does not realize that a farm capitalized at \$200 an acre has usually much less chance to double in value than one held at a tenth of the price. Farmers, in short, have an obstinate delusion that the normal course of land values is perpetually upward. Their solution for every farm problem is higher prices for farm products, so that higher prices for land can be paid if they are in process of buying a farm, and exacted if they have one to sell. They are blind to the profound significance of the change that has taken place in farm-land values in the last half-century, perhaps because the change has brought about a corresponding change in their economic status and in their prospects, which they would fain deny.

One need not go outside the United States for proof that farm valuations cannot advance indefinitely. In the East they appear to be approaching stabilization. From 1900 to 1910 the average increase for the entire country was 100 per cent. But the increase in New England and some of the Middle Atlantic and Lake States was very small.

Nor did the East keep pace with

the West in the increases that took place in the next decade. Pennsylvania was in the front rank of Eastern states in land-value increases from 1900 to 1920. And yet in this period Pennsylvania farm valuations advanced only from an average of \$46 to an average of \$75 an acre, whereas farm valuations in Iowa in the same two decades rose from \$43 to \$227 an acre. It is hard to explain the failure of the East to keep pace with the West in advances in farm valuations on any other ground than that the Eastern level of values is nearing high-water mark, and that buyers and sellers of land are aware of the fact.

It is significant, too, that cash rents are higher in proportion to farm valuations in the East than in the West. This is a sure sign that Eastern farmland values meet with resistance when attempts are made to force them upward. Cash rents in much of New England in 1920 ran from 6 to 8 per cent of farm valuations, or more than double the rate in a large part of the Corn Belt. Landowners would unquestionably have capitalized these high rental returns at correspondingly high farm-valuations, had they been in a position to do so. But they were in no such position. The natural level of cash farm-rents is above, rather than below, the current rate of return on fixed-interest-bearing securities. Otherwise, farm landlords would prefer to sell out and buy 5 per cent bonds. When they accept rents yielding less than the going rate of interest on the capitalization of their farms, it is because the nominal value of the land is not its real value. Valuation and actual selling value, in other words, are two different things. The contrast between rent ratios in the East and in the West is a sign that farm valuations are too high in the West, rather than that they are too low in the East.

Farm-land values and farm-commodity prices must be stabilized somewhere. But it is just this obvious truth, with its practical consequences, that your typical radical will not recognize. He hates to admit it because his habit of mind makes him identify his real interest with the return accruing to the capital invested in agriculture, whereas the working farmer with a lessening property-stake in farming should be more concerned about the reward for his labor and management. Increasing land-values, even when they can be counted on, do not benefit the farmer until he cashes in on them by a sale and retires. Increasing farm-commodity prices benefit the working farmer only when the increase is not absorbed in higher charges for land and capital.

What usually happens is shown by the way an Oklahoma farm landlord of my acquaintance sizes up his personal problem. This man is a scientific farmer. He values one of his rented farms at \$100 an acre. Under good management it would produce a return justifying that valuation. Farming practice in the neighborhood, however, is poor. Consequently the farm does not produce an income warranting the price set upon it. Other farms just as good can be bought in the neighborhood for considerably less.

Accordingly, the farm is to be held off the market until better farming practice in the district has increased its selling value. Then the owner will dispose of it to some hopeful young farmer who for the rest of his life will battle to meet the annual payments. At the same time other working farmers in the locality will be burdened with increased charges as a reward for their greater productivity. Increases in agricultural efficiency, when they do not chiefly benefit the consumer in the shape of lower prices, are very apt to

mean higher land-values rather than larger current incomes for the producers.

Every plan for relieving agricultural distress which does not take this fact into consideration is likely to fail. Our farmer radicals centre all their attention on commodity prices. Their efforts are devoted to getting larger farm-incomes, either out of the middleman or out of the consumer. But work in this direction has two fatal weaknesses. It is based on the questionable assumption that farm-commodity prices are usually unfair, an idea that is disproved by the extent to which American agriculture as a whole has thriven in the past; and it neglects the necessity for preventing increased farm-incomes from contributing to the further overcapitalization of agriculture.

I have suggested that this capital defect is probably due to the average farmer's inability to see that times have changed since his grandfather rode to affluence on a wave of steadily advancing land-values. To-day advancing land-values are a barrier and not an aid to the progress of the average working farmer. It is as a producer rather than as a landowner that he should look at his problem. As the amount of land and capital necessary in agriculture increases and his own share of it diminishes, he should turn his attention more and more to preventing too much of the return from going to the passive partner in his business.

It would be wrong to say that the farmers have no serious handicap except overcapitalization of farm lands. Their troubles have been aggravated in the last few years by disparities between prices of farm products and prices of other goods. Wheat-growers

and livestock-raisers face increasing foreign competition. Wastes in distribution are a cause of loss. Farmers are also handicapped by the extreme difficulty of adjusting their production accurately to the demand. Moreover, since the depression of 1920 and 1921 there has been distress in regions where land valuations are obviously not inflated. This is true of many grazing-areas. Beef-cattle producers have had perhaps a harder time in recent years than any other group of agricultural producers, and yet as a whole they are not burdened with heavy land-charges.

Full allowance should be made for these qualifying considerations. And yet, when this is done, the importance of overcapitalization as a cause of agrarian discontent is not materially lessened. For one thing, most of the farmer's other grievances have a tendency to correct themselves. This is particularly true of price disparities, which tend to disappear from the action of the well-known economic law whereby capital and labor flow in and out of different enterprises until their returns are approximately equalized. Losses due to inefficient distribution diminish as improved marketing-facilities are developed, and better use of supply and demand data helps the farmer to gauge his production more nearly in accordance with market needs. But overcapitalization tends constantly to nullify the results, at least from the standpoint of the working farmer, of everything done toward solving the other problems of agriculture. Until that trouble is eliminated, farming will not be a means of wealth, or even of reasonable prosperity, for the men who work at it.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON SOCIAL WORK AND KANGAROOS

DURING the winter you hear vague hints about it; in early spring the murmurs become insistent; by mid-summer there is no escape. The Joan of Arc Club, the Pollyannas, and the little Liberties must go to Bronx Park Zoo! They make intricate plans whereby each individual may see the animal dearest to its imagination, and the day is set — a selection involving, in our polyglot neighborhood, the Mosaic Law, the Papal Bull, and the Lutheran doctrine. We are going to Bronx Park Zoo!

You mention it casually at dinner. You note the incredulous expressions and the ominous silence of the older, more seasoned workers, but you pay little heed. All winter you have been inwardly scornful of their lack of enthusiasm for instructive recreational work.

And yet — when the chosen day dawns clear and warm you are aware of a shameful hope dying. But at 3.25, when you look from the office window on to an empty playground, a new one springs up in your heart. At 3.30 you glance out again. The playground swarms. It resounds with cries of 'Teacher, we're ready! We're ready, Teacher!' They are shiny as to face, a bit ragged as to some clothes and a bit dressy as to others — net and lace confirmation-dresses rubbing against dirty gingham, unadorned heads bobbing about next to hats of Sicilian lace, trimmed with tenement-made flowers. They carry bottles of water, lemons, and pink paper bags from Rose Sternhill's mother's store. 'It's so sick

we get on the subway train, Teacher!' 'We got some for you, Teacher!' You hear a titter behind you and turn to glare at your fellow workers in a group at the door, but you start off with a wildly beating heart.

'My mother says it six o'clock I mus' be home, Teacher!' 'Gertrude Krumpea's gotta take her little brother, Teacher! Oh, Teacher, Gertrude's gotta take —' You look at Gertrude, smiling sturdily up at you, and decide that her Teutonic efficiency can handle that fat little four-year-old clinging to her skirt.

You begin to count them. Everybody begins. You think there are twenty-three. Only twenty-three! Gertrude says there are twenty-four, without even glancing up from her little brother's nose she is then attending. Gertrude is right. You shoo them toward the car-line.

You accept tolerantly the sally of the young and facetious conductor of the trolley and assure him that they *are* all yours. You begin to seat them. Then, as you drop wearily into the space Margaret Maggochi and Mary Fiorito have been fighting to preserve for you, the conductor yells maliciously, 'This way out! *This way!* Here, you! Let 'em off! *Let 'em off!*' You raise your voice above his to tell Ida Mongolies and Gussie Turgel that they cannot go out by the window, and with the aid of the facetious young conductor you get 'em off.

Hurrying before the wheels of two impatient trucks, you assure Rose Koleck that indeed he was a nice man, grab Gussie from the jaws of death of the on-going trolley, give Margaret her

two pennies to squander on gum at the subway entrance, and drive them down the steps, refusing one stick of gum.

They scream at the darkness below and rush back. Gertrude asks whether this is like Hell. You assure her that it is, and count out twenty-three nickels from the store in your pocket. They put hands over ears as a train approaches, and again rush at you. You scream silently that the train will not hurt them if they let it alone, and pull Teresa Astarita — and Gussie — back from the edge. You count them again. There are thirty-one. You beg them to stand still one minute, just one minute!

When they are seated in two long neat rows in the car, awed into wide-eyed quietness, you are glad. Glad that for once the collective blankness of the subway faces has been broken, wrinkled into separate expressions of surprise, sympathy, consternation. The old gentleman on your right asks with keen interest about the lemons and the water bottles. Anna Romano has begun on her lemon, greedily. You begin to believe, oh, to believe absolutely, in the dark tales she has told of the time she went on the subway before — 'So sick I was my mother thought I would die on her!' Her skin is a greenish white. You glance hastily away. Rose Sternhill is beginning on hers, and the same threatening pallor is spreading beneath her dark eyes.

Ida Mongolies punches Gussie Turgel in the side, or so Gussie says. There is violent discord and endless ethical discussion. You try to arbitrate, and understand in a flash why nothing can be accomplished at Geneva. The owners of the disturbed expressions begin to get off, station after station, and you become less self-conscious about the hue of complexions. What happens now will be a family affair. The subway becomes an 'El' just there and you smile benignly at the unified shout of

delight, as though it were a surprise you had had especially prepared.

You drag Gussie from her conversation with the guard, who looked like the candy-man on her corner, and marshal them through the gate of Bronx Park.

You beg them not to waste all their excitement on the bison. You lead the way to Bearland. You try, agilely, to be at every cage in response to every query. You look frantically at the placards and, feeling infinitely wise, introduce each slouching beast by name, age, and habitat; and, on further inquiry, you explain where he sleeps, when he sleeps, what he eats and when. What he *likes* to eat? Oh, what he gets! While that novel idea is being absorbed you take them to the indoor mammals.

With shrieks of joy they discover revolving doors. They play merry-go-round. They want to play tag with the tigers. They mimic the monkeys until the monkeys drop despondently from their swings and eye *them* with an increasing interest. You continue to be zoologically intelligent, question-proof, until Anna Romano, in her even, monotonous voice, pointing to the girth of the hippopotamus, asks, 'Teacher, what's in his belly?' Colombo Polombo saves you by announcing firmly that she must see a kangaroo. She studied about one in her geography and, though she does n't believe there is such a thing, there was a *picture* of it. You assure her that there are kangaroos and that in due time she shall see one, and then you suggest fresh air.

Outside on a bench you refuse hunks of Italian bread and lollipops and little almond cakes — they've been in Rose Sternhill's mother's store for weeks awaiting this day. Colombo again mentions kangaroos. You reassure her and let Gussie and America Fuligini go for water. Water! Everybody goes for water. 'Ain't a bit o' fun in Central Park,' pipes Tessie

D'Est, the traveled; 'can't get a drink there a-tall.'

Colombo Polombo must see a kangaroo. There is nothing more important than that. You search a guard. He waves vaguely toward the west. You grasp Colombo by one hand and order the other twenty-two to follow. Gertrude leads them, smiling, her fat little brother asleep in her arms.

But between Colombo and her heart's desire are gray foxes, and peacocks, and swans, and the parrot house, and reptiles! You look at your watch. Five forty-five! You pull them away from the crocodiles and make them skip, in spite of Teresa's blistered heel and Angelina's hurt toe. You see a giraffe and a zebra. You call Colombo's attention to them particularly. But Colombo's hopeful expression is drowned in tears. You say, 'Colombo, I'm terribly sorry'—and you look steadily away. Your hand is dropped.

The returning train is empty, and a song of thanksgiving rises in your heart. You refuse to scoop any of the chocolate out of Gussie's palm and relax in the joy of achievement. 'Look at Anna, Teacher, oh, look at Anna! She's sick on you!' You look. Her head flops, and she is green. You hasten with her to the vestibule. You hold her head, but you speak heartlessly: 'Anna, stand up now and behave yourself!' There is a tug at your skirt. Rose Sternhill is there, and Carmela Gillio, empty bottles and lemon skins in their lax hands. You resort to threats: 'If you children get sick, I shall never take you out again!' They raise weak eyes to your granite-like face. . . .

In the wee small hours around eight o'clock you drag yourself up many winding tenement stairs, returning each child by hand to each bowing and smiling mother, and wonder not at their gratitude. Warily you take

yourself to the House, where cool, well-groomed, and smiling fellow workers inquire pleasantly into your afternoon.

In the dark hour of three you awake. Somebody has spoken in a hauntingly unsatisfied voice about seeing a kangaroo, and when you doze again a frieze of kangaroos goes loping round about your tired head.

THE WIDOW'S FRIEND

'Just her luck,' said the neighbors, when the day of the Widow Marr's auction sale dawned bleak and gray. The Widow Marr, in all her forty years among us, had never had any luck. She was poor and mildly insane, and recently she had quarreled with her sons and their somewhat termagant wives. All that remained was to sell her belongings and, on the proceeds, enter an Old Folks' Home—if the proceeds were enough to finance that long-drawn-out homesickness.

The morning brought rain that was almost snow, but toward noon the skies cleared and volunteers carried the widow's goods into the pale March sunshine. Chairs and tables, pictures and rugs, dishes and pans, stoves and clocks—everything that had framed the meagre life of the Widow Marr since she came thither as a bride from her ancestral home on the mountain. The widow and her goods had grown old together, old and patched and rickety. Would anyone want them? No one wanted the widow; what market would there be for her nondescript and undistinguished chattels?

It seems, however, that the world, even in backwaters like ours, has an insatiable lust for goods. Things, any thing, can be sold—at a price. If a thing won't sell by itself, lump it off with a heap of other undesirables and someone will want something in the heap badly enough to bid for it.

What the purchasers do with all the wrecks they buy at country auctions passes comprehension, unless they use them to repair similar wrecks at home.

In spite of the weather there was a goodly crowd gathered in the widow's yard when the auctioneer arrived. He was an elderly man from whom the steam of life had escaped in many vaporings of this sort; he had all the patter of his trade, but there was no longer that hypnotic enthusiasm in his voice that compels bidding. The sale began badly and limped along indifferently, until the Man with the Brown Beard took hold of the case.

He was a stranger to me and to most of us. Someone said he lived on the mountain, and was one of the Van Armand boys. Another thought he was a Van Loon. The names meant nothing to me; yet I seemed to have known him always. He was tall and spare, and wore a threadbare overcoat; his brown beard framed a face that was disconcertingly Biblical in the beauty of its calm and gentle strength. The Jesus of picture and sculpture — no less!

The Widow Marr was by no means friendless among us, but until this man arrived she had had no active aid at the court of salesmanship. He it was who marshaled us hither and thither, bade us carry this or that, steered the auctioneer from one heap of battered treasure to another, privately called attention to hidden utilities as he circulated through the crowd and stirred timid souls to bid. Subtly but unmistakably the atmosphere of the Widow Marr's dooryard changed from gloom to hope, became charged with the electricity of competition. Even the auctioneer took fire; his 'Fair Warning,' which had been all warning, was now a challenge; the clerk at his elbow made frenzied jottings, so fast did the sales come.

It was the widow's friend, too, who led the way to the outbuildings when the household goods had been sold. There we found, in profusion and confusion, the tools and implements with which Tom Marr had massaged the face of Mother Earth with painstaking skill. On the way thither our guide reminded us of Tom's virtues, his industry and his ingeniousness. Tom, indeed, had his own ways of rigging tools; Tom might have been an inventor if he had been practical-minded instead of being interested only in growing things. Visions of patents danced in our heads; under the magic of that suggestion we bought Tom Marr's relics avidly.

While the auctioneer and the clerk were compiling their accounts the Man with the Brown Beard took the Widow Marr into his wagon and set off toward the mountain. 'Just a visit,' the neighbors said, 'to settle her mind a little before she goes to the Home. His folks and her'n are connected some way by blood. Or maybe just friends. Anyway it's a good place for her.'

I was unloading my purchases when they drove past. The widow, small and shrunken on the seat, was straining her eyes toward the mountain. He stood beside her, his tall body swaying to the rhythm of hoof and wheel, the wind tossing his beard, and the sunset full in his face.

That was three years ago, and the Widow Marr is still on the mountain with the Van Loons or Van Dorens or Van Somebodies. The Man with the Brown Beard is no doubt there also, ploughing and reaping and folding sheep in season. But although in these three years I have traveled and thought and written almost without ceasing, I have never been able to shake off the impression that I saw Christ Jesus saving the Widow Marr

that afternoon. I do not want to shake it off; otherwise I should hunt out his farm and ask his advice on sheep. That is too big a risk at present. But if life ever becomes utterly unbearable, then as a last resort I shall go up the mountain, find the Man with the Brown Beard, and tell him my troubles. Mind you, I know not this man, — I have never seen him since that day and may never see him again, — yet if he were to come to my door and say 'Follow me' I would go as surely and as confidently as the fishermen left their nets by Galilee to follow Jesus.

TOWARD THE ROYAL TOMBS

NIGHT, deep and still, lay over the country west of Peking. Under a handful of stars, the palace road flowed wanly between black willows. Black and still, the fields stole away at either side. On that dark plain lay palaces and ruined palaces and the adorable, wild gardens of dead princes; there were rosy-hued temples there, and a great military camp, and towns, and the huts of farmers. But all alike were swallowed up in night, all things erased, save the handful of stars and the black blot of the plain. In some far village a watchman's rattle clacked, ceased, and all was still again.

On the palace road under the willows fell the soft tread of camels and the slap of slippered feet. And all at once the road was full of torches burning white holes upon the night, of ghostly white funereal robes, and the flash of gilded banners. Tongues of light fled away hither and thither among the willow branches. And on the flickering fringe of the torches' glare came a host of shadowy shapes — monstrous beasts riding high on the shoulders of men, troops of plumes and fronds and garlands, dark palanquins bearing I know not what mysterious mourners, guards

mounted on slow-stepping ponies, a catafalque whose ninety bearers staggered under its weight. It was the funeral procession of the Little Emperor's mother. Silently — how silently! — it glided out of the night. No whine of bamboo flutes, no groan of funereal drums — as though it were more fitting thus for a ruined dynasty to pass to the tombs in silence.

Slowly and dimly a pale light moved in the sky and filtered down through the branches of the willows; the torches drew in their glare, colors came forth. Green and gold were the robes of the attendants, red and gold the canopy of the catafalque.

Then suddenly, as if to heighten that last gesture of regality, dawn flung across the east a banner of imperial yellow. The breeze of dawn sprang up. The willows shivered. Across that trembling screen of black and gold passed in semi-silhouette the phantasmagoria of the funeral procession — silent, undulating camels bearing with majestic deliberation their loads of burial trappings; towering guardian lions made of cedar leaves; palanquins of papier-mâché for the imperial mother's goings and comings in Paradise; offerings to be burnt before the gods. In a last flare of yellow light the dawn poured forth upon the gold-embroidered canopy of the catafalque.

Stop, O Memory! Stop before the cold light of day, before the camels grow lean and dingy, before the emblems droop and the robes of the attendants turn to faded tatters, before the torches grow cold. Stop, above all things, before the procession arrives at a tea house. For then the imperial lions will be abandoned in the dust, and the catafalque left in the middle of the road. The emblems will be flung aside, and the holy offerings. The funeral cortège will sit at the side of the road, drinking tea and laughing.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

SOMEWHERE in the activity of a New York critic, author, and playwright, **Edmund Wilson** has found the opportunity of listening to a most enlightening conversation. Speaking of Evolution, we should like to have heard what the Iguana had to say to Balaam's ass. ¶In his essay on 'Anonymity,' **E. M. Forster**, the gentle and distinguished English novelist, remarks that 'Anonymous statements have . . . a universal air about them. Absolute truth, the collected wisdom of the universe, seems to be speaking, not the feeble voice of a man.' ¶In the Anonymous paper that immediately follows, the author, outwardly healthy, yet condemned by the doctors to die within a few months, describes his attitude toward Death, and his ordering of what remains of life, with such knowledge and courage as compose 'absolute truth.' ¶Through dark and often stormy experience, **Agnes Repplier** has accumulated evidence somewhat inimical to that institution occasionally referred to as our 'national art.' **Frank Brandon** hits a stubborn nail on the head, a nail that cannot be hit too often or too hard. In life, as in his true dialogue, Mr. Brandon plays the rôle of a professor. **Benfield Pressey** has come to understand freshmen and deans while serving as assistant-professor of English at Dartmouth College. For the last four years Mr. Pressey has written the article on English and American literature for the *New International Year Book*.

* * *

Milutin Krunich first contributed to the *Atlantic* in June 1917, when, as a lieutenant in the Serbian army, he related his brave and dramatic story, 'The Graveyard by the Morava.' **Bliss Carman** is a poet of Canadian birth, whose pen persuades us that the modern muse trips to as delicate a music as her ancient sister. ¶A master of contemplation, whether his concern be advertising, deafness, or democracy, **Earnest Elmo Calkins** has recalled his youth in writing the religious history of a boy's soul. ¶An

Atlantic critic, **Ellen Duvall** opens a new debate with matter sensible, fresh, and pithy. ¶In this number we publish the third paper of **Helen Dore Boylston's** trilogy, 'Coming of Age.' Following the war Miss Boylston served through two Albanian revolutions, and was one of the few neutral eyewitnesses of the Albanian-Italian struggle. On her return, she joined the staff of the Massachusetts General Hospital. Readers who have followed Miss Boylston's earlier career in the September and October issues of the *Atlantic* will wish to know that she has given up her nursing and is now devoting herself to writing.

* * *

Formerly an instructor in English at Harvard University, now a member of the *Atlantic* staff, **Theodore Morrison** has turned to Shelleyan account a bracing walk along the October sands. **Brassil Fitzgerald** served in France with the 101st Infantry. ¶English author and critic, **Charles Gardner** observes that George Eliot is more read in America than in England to-day. **Gretchen Warren** (Mrs. Fiske Warren) — poet, reader, and lover of the classics — lives in Boston. ¶A Columbia graduate, **Hudson Hoagland** took his master's degree in chemical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1924. Mr. Hoagland is now studying for a doctorate in psychology at Harvard.

* * *

John R. Commons is a professor of economics at the University of Wisconsin, and a director of the American Bureau of Industrial Research. ¶Missionary service in Persia has enabled **Elgin E. Groseclose** to enter where, otherwise, angels would fear to tread. ¶After conspicuous work as an editorial writer on agriculture and finance, **Arthur P. Chew** has become a member of the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Chew has diagnosed the trouble which has at times caused our most conservative farmers to see and be 'red.'

A few months ago the *Atlantic* ventured to criticize the colossal extravagance incident to the American standard of a car apiece, or something like it. Letters still stream in.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

No longer young enough to be a banker, I have become a candlestick-maker. It is necessary to live on a small income; our outgo has to be carefully planned from month to month.

Our consciences had not yet quieted down after reading the confessions of an automobilist, when some repairs became necessary on our car which would cut badly into a sum of money we were reserving for some clothes. So we became very thoughtful. Ought we to sell the car we bought on the installment plan at a time when I needed it to go from place to place in the work I was then doing, or have we a right to keep it?

We should not suffer without the car. We could afford some things which we now must deny ourselves. I could wear a new suit on Sundays instead of the one that has been cleaned and repaired a number of times. Wife and daughter could wear things of silk that now must be of cotton, except on rare occasions. We could walk to school, to work, to shops, even to the movies. Occasionally we could go by electric to the city on a shopping-expedition, or for a treat that we cannot afford now. A street car would take us near enough to church so that we could go once a Sunday. Our home is very comfortable, with a porch in front and a tree in the back yard, so we should not be shut in. No, we should not suffer if we had no car.

But some things we do because we are the owners of a car. I drive to and from work. My work, which involves climbing stairs a good deal, is very tiring. I can drive home to lunch, breaking the monotony of the mechanical work, and can be refreshed by the influence of my wife and daughter. For this daily pleasure I should have to substitute a lunch from a dinner-pail, and that would take away from my efficiency. In the evening the short drive home is just enough to take the sag out of my steps. If my wife is tired out from her day's work, I take her for a short spin out in the open. Ten minutes take us miles away on the boulevard. Sometimes, if we have more time, we circle a hill in a neighboring suburban town — a hill that has so many roads curving in and out among palatial mansions with wonderful grounds that again and again we get lost there, much to our delight, always coming out much nearer home than we expect.

On Sundays, even after attending one or more services, picking up friends who otherwise would stay at home, we fill our Ford with friends and

lunch, and go — keep going till we get hungry. Then we eat by the roadside, at the beach, or, if we don't get hungry too soon, in the deep shade of a cañon beside a running brook.

How is it possible that my family and friends, just folks, can be such delightful companions? How can we explain that sandwiches and coffee taste so exquisitely delicious? What gives us the pleasure we take in sky and trees, in cañons and mountain-tops, in the roaring breakers at the seaside? What makes us so richly enjoy our friends? Whence comes that wonderful appetite and the pleasure in satisfying it?

'The ownership of a Ford,' is the answer.

So then, Mr. Banker, shall I sell the Ford and be reduced to living within the radius of from six to ten city blocks? Or shall I keep the Ford and live, *live* in the wide, wide world?

Good-bye, dream of silk things for wife and daughter! Come, old suit, be furbished up once more and serve another three months! We'll get into the car and go so that no one sees what we are wearing!

Can we get lost on Oak Hill to-day, I wonder?

And, Mr. Ashdown, should our recklessness make us go on the rocks, won't you let us take up a note for thirty days?

Respectfully yours,

M. S.

* * *

An interesting postscript to Leo Crane's 'Let Joy Be Unrefined!' is this clipping kindly sent us by Mary L. Ellis.

WIND RIVER, WIS. — The Shoshone Sun Dance was held on the Wind River reservation July 24 to 27. Mr. Oliver Hower, superintendent of St. Michael's Mission, was requested by the Shoshone tribal council to ask a special blessing on the dancers at sundown on the second day. One of the old chieftains said to him: —

'Your way of worship is not like our tribal way, but we do not pray to the sun or dance to the sun, or to this fire, or to these colored poles, but we pray to the same Great Father you pray to.'

* * *

The comradeship of 'over there.'

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

To borrow a bit of slang, Helen Dore Boylston was certainly 'there.' Her diary, in its first installment in the September *Atlantic*, carried this reader back to 1918 in one jump. They called it the 'Yellow Tea Room,' in Châteauroux, where Base Hospital No. 9 of the A. E. F. was located. So many *infirmières américaines* came down there, with majors and others, in the evenings, that an American name was given the café. So many came there, after hours of the sort of work

Miss Boylston did. After so many backs had been rubbed, so many dressings applied — but what use to speak of it, unless to those who were 'over there'? The poor benighted ones who condemned Julie Gamelyn and Peter Graham as immoral — how can they know conditions, from this side of 'Periscope Pond'?

Before a stay in the hospital, one major and his adjutant sat, of evenings, in the garden of the Château of a French village, and listened to the tales of two French nurses who had been through the same trials as the author of the diary. One had the Croix de Guerre, because she transported wounded from a French hospital under the bombardment of the enemy Taubes. They know what conditions were.

To speak of tales in a French garden brings me to Mildred Aldrich — one beautiful afternoon was spent at La Creste, in Huiry, the 'Hilltop on the Marne,' talking with the lady who saw a bit of the war from her garden. This was in July of 1919.

Yes, the war may be over — and a source of ennui to most to have to read of it — but it happened!

GEORGE B. STEBBINS

* * *

Liberals and Conservatives alike are concerned with finding a way out of Mr. Nixon's 'Evangelicals' Dilemma,' which appeared in our September issue.

SEWICKLEY, PENN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The Reverend Mr. Nixon's article, 'The Evangelicals' Dilemma,' is, as you say, such as to earn the sympathy of many. One reader, certainly, found himself interested in Mr. Nixon's analysis, and grateful to him for his definitions. But why the concluding paragraphs? Why must the Liberals go consciously about it, that they may meet the pragmatic test?

To one, at least, it seems that, historically considered, Christianity has succeeded where it has lived and worked spontaneously; that wherever it has assumed to be 'a judge and a divider' it has become self-conscious and ineffective. Martin Luther is a significant figure in the history of the human spirit, up to the point to which a pure and inner conviction brought him, but no further; the like may be said of John Henry Newman.

Why, then, insist that Liberals be conscious of a mission and a 'task'? Why not be satisfied that they hold precious the truth as they see it, live by it, and leave the future and its justifications to the God in whom they trust?

Yours respectfully,

BAYARD H. CHRISTY

WEST NEW BRIGHTON
STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Dr. Nixon's article in the September *Atlantic* is to be especially commended for its frank facing of the dilemma of the Liberals. This commendation comes from the enemy's camp, since I belong to the minority group in the Presbytery of New York. We who are conservative maintain that the history given in Scripture is trustworthy history, and that the facts given in it are adequately certified by the evidence furnished, and we believe that this certified history is the scientific basis of Christianity. The interpretation of these facts — the philosophy concerning them — will always be, however, a sphere of thought more or less fluid. Against us, the Liberals believe that Christianity is dependent on no such basis, and in reality that no such basis exists, and they make out Christianity rather to be a subjective philosophy that can live, even if these supposed facts are discredited. But since this philosophy must, in its very nature, be fluid, changeable, uncertain, all hope of agreement is sure to be disappointed. No man can long agree even with himself, once he sets sail on this flowing stream of thought, no longer bound by an unalterable history.

In our position we face some dilemmas, but does one of them begin to be as appalling as that which confronts our Liberal friends when they first reject the truth of the only possible scientific foundation for our faith?

We can only hope that the terribleness of that dilemma may drive Dr. Nixon and his comrades once more to examine the evidence for the facts of Gospel history.

MEBANE RAMSAY

* * *

Opium — and a pair of rubbers.

NANKING, CHINA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

One paragraph in 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' — the paragraph that answers that question, 'What happened after all the natives were converted?' by beginning with the Word as preached by the well-meaning though deadly uninteresting Mr. Rudge and ending with the ravages of the opium traffic — is so irresistibly illogical that it recalls an incident in my early teaching-days at a New England boarding-school.

I must have been curled up in my favorite bay-window, looking at the Boutet de Monvel Jeanne d'Arc, or I should never have overheard this parental outburst, meant only for the ears of the head mistress: —

'And so we decided to put her in school and I'd like to look over this school and see if it suits. We had her in a day school at home, supposed to be a good private school, and the other pupils

abused her awfully. One girl jumped on her spine and punched her in the stomach and she came home in the rain *with only one rubber on*. And she caught an awful cold and typhoid fever set in and while she was sick grandma — my mother-in-law — fell downstairs and broke her leg and we had to have two trained nurses. And then we had to take them both to Florida! And before we were through the whole thing cost us fifteen hundred dollars, and as I said to the principal of that school: "If you had only bought Ethel a pair of rubbers or hired a carriage to send her home! Anything would have been cheaper than this."

Sincerely yours,

JEANNIE J. CLEMONS

* * *

When Boswell walks in Reading.

READING, PENN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Can you spare a little space to a misguided unfortunate who has lived happily in the 'Land of Ain't' for nigh half a century? J. H. E.'s entertaining letter in the September Contributors' Column has served as an active, if irritant, topic of conversation in the clubs and circles of society that he has not penetrated, despite his recent acquaintance with and knowledge of 'Pennsylvania Dutch folk.'

Can it be that to his final meed of praise, 'Above all, they are thrifty,' he did not add the words, 'and truthful,' because of contrast? My reason for this thought is because he tells an interesting — but very ancient — story of an experience that he states he and his wife had, in which the other actors were a caboose, a little boy, and his 'mom.' ('Ain't, mom, when the little red car goes by it's all?') That same story was told by our ancestors the very first day that a train ran through Reading. This gentleman admits having favored this 'foreign' city as his place of residence for a period of ten years. For many times ten years we have told this same old story to every carpetbagger who comes. Invariably the result has been the same — in a few days we hear it repeated as a personal experience.

I have passed this same grade-crossing thousands of times since my nurse first poured the

story into my infant ears. At every hour of the day and night I have seen trains go by, but I have been less fortunate than your correspondent, for never yet have I seen this little boy and his 'mom' patiently standing there all these many years in order that he may 'say his piece' to strangers in a very strange city.

I have a very wide acquaintance among these people, who must seem even more 'quare' than Lucy Furman's young women did to the Kentucky mountaineers. They represent every mental and social grade, but none to whom I have spoken has ever heard anyone say, 'Is you on yet?' Can it be that this gentleman and his wife associate only with people who have vivid imaginations? 'Pennsylvania Dutch' cities contain as many kinds of people as do cities in sections of the country where true culture reigns; but here, too, there is an old saying — and in English, mind you — about water seeking its own level.

Yours respectfully,

A CITIZEN OF THE 'LAND OF AIN'T'

* * *

The gentle art of chaperonage.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Have experiences with the *Atlantic* similar to this one of mine been often related?

A few years ago I took with me on a boat trip, for leisure moments, my copy of the current *Atlantic*. While I was sitting on deck reading, a man in the party began to discuss with me an article he had just read in his copy of the same magazine. After this we talked of *An American Idyll*, by Cornelia Parker, then being published, which had charmed us both. From that beginning our friendship continued until we decided to attempt to make an idyll of our lives as the Parkers had done. The success we have made may be judged by the determination of some of my friends to carry a copy of the *Atlantic* when they go traveling.

My husband has often said that he was first attracted to me because I was reading the *Atlantic*. Needless to add, we consider this magazine an important part of our home life.

V. H. W.